

CHATTERBOX.



1898.

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET

THE YOUNG OF HEART SERIES.

Books for both sexes and youth of all ages, from eight to eighty, including all who have a heart for pathos, humor, and sterling worth in literature. Thoroughly illustrated, concise in form, and attractive in appearance. This series will consist of new copyright volumes and choice selections from standard works of appropriate character.

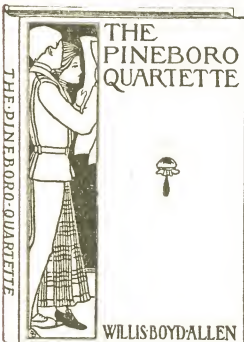
Each volume, thin 12mo, special cover design

50 cents



1. Hero-Chums.

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, author of "The Heart of Old Hickory," "The Valley Path," etc. A splendid story of a strange friendship formed between a highly sensitive and hero-loving cripple boy and a rugged old miner. Illustrated.



2. The Pineboro Quartette.

By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN, author of "The Gold Hunters of Alaska," etc. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. A capital story, full of interest and healthy excitement.



3. 1000 Men for a Christmas Present.

By MARY A. SHELDON. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. An excellent historical story of how Washington's ragged army crossed the Delaware, Christmas Eve, and captured a thousand Hessians in the midst of their festivities.

4. Daddy Darwin's Dovecote.

By JULIANA H. EWING, author of "Jackanapes," etc. One of the most pleasing stories by this gifted writer. Illustrated with numerous text and full-page drawings.

5. Rare Old Chums. By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, author of "The Heart of Old Hickory," "The Valley Path," etc. A splendid story, full of interest. Illustrated with full-page and text cuts.

6. The Drums of the Fore and Aft.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. Illustrated with full-page drawings. A handsome edition of this powerful and pathetic little classic.



7. The Strange Adventures of Billy Trill.

By HARRIET A. CHEEVER, author of "Little Mr. Van Vere of China," etc. Illustrations and cover design by Etheldred B. Barry. A charming little story of a canary's misadventures as told by himself. A veritable "Black Beauty" of a bird story.

8. A Boy's Battle.

By WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, author of "The Heart of Old Hickory," "The Valley Path," etc. Illustrated with full-page half-tones. A splendid story of a boy's battle for self-control, and how, after many trials, he came off victorious.

9. The Man Without a Country.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Illustrated with full-page half-tones. Probably no story has ever been written that appeals more to one's patriotism and love of country than this powerful narrative.

10. Editha's Burglar.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Illustrated with fourteen half-tone plates from drawings by Henry Sandham. This is one of the prettiest, daintiest little stories that the author has ever written. Its sales have already reached beyond one hundred thousand copies.

11. Jess.

By J. M. BARRIE, author of "The Little Minister," etc. Illustrated with full-page plates. An extremely interesting story of Jess and her Window in Thrums.

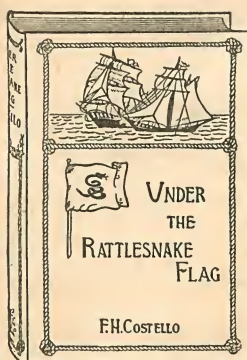
12. Little Rosebud.

By BEATRICE HARRADEN. Illustrated with about fifty full-page and text cuts. A charming story written in the author's most pleasing manner.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

HISTORICAL STORIES FOR BOYS.



Under the Rattlesnake Flag.

By F. H. COSTELLO, author of "Master Ardick, Buccaneer." Illustrated with full-page half-tone pictures from drawings by J. Steeple Davis. 12mo, unique cover design. **\$1.50**

A splendid sea story of the fateful early days of the American Revolution, told with absorbing

lute fidelity to its historic setting. In many ways the author is considered the equal of Clark Russell, especially so in his thrilling descriptions of sea fights.

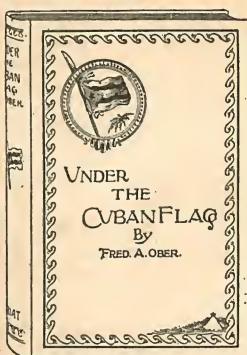


The Boys of Fort Schuyler.

By JAMES OTIS. An intensely interesting historical story, dealing with the siege of Fort Schuyler in the Mohawk Valley in 1777 by the British troops and Indians, under Colonel St. Leger and Joseph Brant, chief of the Five Nations. Illustrated with full-page drawings by George Foster Barnes. Square **\$1.25**

12mo, cloth, handsome cover design.

It is full of exciting incident from beginning to the end, and is unquestionably one of the best historical Indian stories ever written.



Under the Cuban Flag;

Or, The Cacique's Treasure. By FRED A. OBER, author of "Travels in Mexico," "Knockabout Club in the Antilles," etc. Illustrated with full-page drawings. A thrilling story of adventures with the Cuban Insurgents, admirably told. Small 8vo, handsome cover design. **\$1.50**

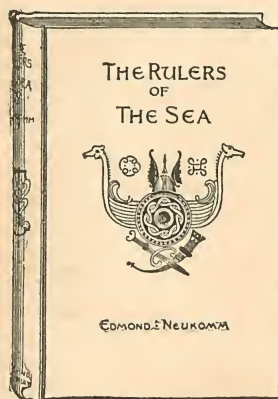
The author has travelled over nearly every foot of ground in Cuba, and is thoroughly posted on Cuba and the Cubans, what led up to the present war, and what has taken place during the fight for independence.



The Minute Boys of Lexington.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER. Illustrated by A. B. Shute. An excellent story for boys, founded on historical data, and full of healthful excitement throughout. 12mo, unique cover design. **\$1.25**

While giving the actual happenings of one of the most auspicious days of the early Revolution, it makes one, through the principal characters, feel as though he were himself taking a prominent part in the stirring events.

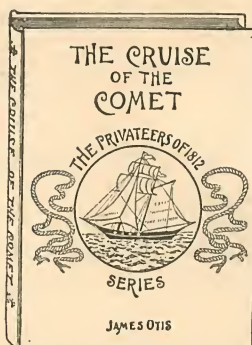


The Rulers of the Sea.

By EDMOND NEUKOMM. An intensely interesting historical story, illustrated with numerous full-page half-tones. 12mo, **\$1.50** cloth.

The story deals with the discovery of America in the year 1000 by the Norsemen; the early Norsemen's Colonies in America from the 10th to the 14th Century; the new discovery of America at the end of the 14th Century, and ex-

plorations in Brazil four years after Columbus's discovery of America.



The Cruise of the Comet.

By JAMES OTIS. Illustrated with eight full-page half-tones. The initial volume of a new series of historical books for children, entitled "The Privateers of 1812 Series." Small quarto, appropriate cover design. **\$1.25**

An intensely interesting historical story of a privateer sailing from Baltimore during the War of 1812.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

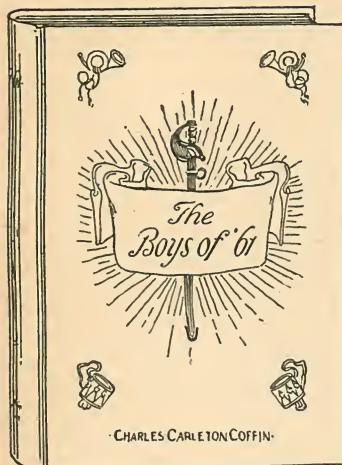
DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

FAMOUS WAR BOOKS.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

By JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY,

Formerly Assistant Secretary of the Navy.



The Boys of '61;

Or, Four Years of Fighting. An entirely new edition, uniform with "The Boys of '76," printed from a new set of plates and containing about 180 illustrations. A record of personal observation with the Army and Navy, from the Battle of Bull Run to the Fall of Richmond. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of "The Boys of '76," "Our New Way Round

the World," "Following the Flag," etc. With numerous full-page and smaller illustrations. The most successful boys' book published for years. Handsomely bound in extra cloth, gilt, handsome new design. **\$2.00**
Reduced to

Old Edition, illuminated board covers, \$1.50

This most interesting and popular book, a success from the day it was issued, is still almost as much in demand as ever.

Carleton's Famous War Stories.

Winning His Way.

in illuminated board covers.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of "Boys of '61," "Boys of '76," etc. With twenty-one full-page plates. Small quarto. Bound **\$1.25**

Following the Flag.

in illuminated board covers.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of "Boys of '61," "Boys of '76," etc. With eighteen full-page plates. Small quarto. Bound **\$1.25**

My Days and Nights on the Battlefield.

By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, author of "Boys of '61," "Boys of '76," etc. With eighteen full-page plates. Small quarto. Bound in illuminated board covers. **\$1.25**

The above three famous books for boys are here reissued in attractive forms, large type, and spirited illustrations, to find renewed favor with the generation which is taking the place of that for which they were originally issued.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.



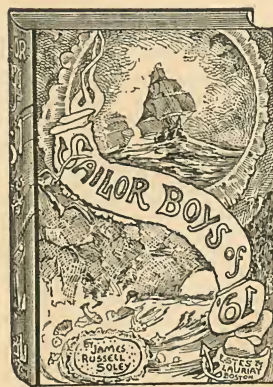
The Boys of 1812

And Other Naval Heroes. By JAMES RUSSELL SOLEY, author of "The Blockade and the Cruisers," etc. With upwards of forty full-page and smaller illustrations, all from original drawings. Quarto. Handsomely printed from large type, and bound in illuminated board covers and linings. **\$1.50**
Reduced to

Same. Neatly bound in cloth, with emblematic cover design,

\$2.00

This attractive volume—a reigning favorite with the boys—is a worthy companion to the famous "Boys of '61." It is an exciting narrative of our great naval war with Great Britain, including authentic accounts of the different battles and some romantic adventures of the participants therein. It gives the glorious traditions of the United States navy, from its smallest beginning during the Revolutionary War, and extending down to that with Mexico.



The Sailor Boys of '61.

By Prof. J. RUSSELL SOLEY, author of "The Boys of 1812," etc. Elaborately and beautifully illustrated from original drawings. Handsomely printed from large type and neatly bound in illuminated board covers and linings. **\$1.50**

Same. Extra cloth, with emblematic cover design,

\$2.00

A companion volume to "The Boys of '61" and "The Boys of 1812," the leading favorites with the boys. This volume, like its predecessors, is handsomely gotten up and illustrated, and successfully vies with them in interest, giving an accurate and vivid account of the naval engagements of the great Civil War, and the deeds of its gallant naval heroes.



HIS FIRST SHOT.

Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



BOSTON: DANA ESTES & COMPANY, 196 SUMMER STREET.



1898.

	Page		Page		Page
A Boer Raid	68	George Stephenson's First Loco-	340	Swans at Weymouth	254
A Boy's Adventure on the Prairie,	242,	motive Engine	410	Sword or Horn?	85
	254	Generous Appreciation	139		
A Captive Eagle	38	Genius or Labour?	179	The Bittern	404
A Country Pump	220	Gnu Buck and Lion	110	The Constable's Stories, 150, 153,	152,
A Coursing Incident	175	Greed of Gold	175	218, 271, 278, 310, 346, 378, 382,	402
A Crimean Hero and his V.O. ...	411				
A Cunning Monkey	188	Heindrich Strauss	175	The Crocus	117
A Curious Duel	59	Hips and Haws	74	The Curlew	358
A Dog's Thoughts	194	Home, Once More	75	The Dodder	187
A Farm-house on Fire	333	Horses in Transit Across the Sea ...	44	The Dog with Many Friends ...	386
A Fight with Rats	291	How and Where Birds Sleep	46	The Domestic Ass	285
Albino Monkeys	111	How Tim Drumghoul Saved Farmer		The Dying Robin	291
Alpine Heights	47	Ryan's Stackyard	122, 130	The Gift from the Gate	206
A Lych-gate	29	Hunting Emus with the Bolas ...	132	The Great Stone Face	102
A Missing Note	212	Hunting for the Ruby Tiger	383	The Heath	261
Amongst the Blackbirds	150			The Holly	411
A Mother's Love	46	Keeping St. Paul's Day	27	The Hop	387
An Aid to Memory	331	Killed by Riches	374	The Hunter and the Bear	68
An Eagle's Attack on a Halibut ...	267			The Ivy	28
A Night Attack on a Boers' Camp...	50	Larger than he Wanted	267	The Kea, or New Zealand Parrot ...	411
A Night in the North Sea	359	Life Periods of Animals	94	The Klipspringer	276
An Outspoken Dean	269	Lily Bell	173, 181	The Last Look at Home	349
An Unexpected Visitor	206	Lost, Stolen, or Strayed	355, 363	The Legend of the Thimble	410
An Unselfish Snail	131			The Little Lighthouse Boy	2, 11
A Talkative Man Reproved	223	Modern Giants	335	The Milkmaids of Dort	74
A Telegram from Home	317	Monkey and Weaver Birds	74	The Moose or Elk	239
A Troublesome Debt	306	Monsal Dale, on the River Wye, in		The Mule and the Thorough-bred	
Attacked by an Eagle	316	Derbyshire	87	Horse	367
A Village Flood	327	Mother Carey's Chickens	252	The Real Culprit	156
A Young Soldier's Adventure	374	Moths	342	The Red Whortleberry	68
				The Saüba, or Parasol Ant	358
Battle with an Albatross	143	Napoleon and the Sailor-boy	367	The Squaw's Revenge	318, 323
Bear-spearng	18	On a Ranch	223	The Stickleback and his Home ...	299
Bees and Butterflies	275			The Story of an Ugly Dog	51
'Best of Friends,' 162, 170, 178, 190,	196,	Pace, the Jester	86	The Story of Dargai	335
202, 214, 230, 228, 234, 246, 250, 261,	266,	Phil's Brother	390, 394, 398, 405	The Story of the Amaranth	239
274, 286, 290, 298, 306, 314, 322, 330,	342,	Polly's Kiss	170	The Yagaboud	232
350, 354, 362, 370, 394, 399, 405		Prairie Life and Adventure, 6, 14, 22, 30,		The Value of Experience	76
Brave Act in the Zulu War	260	34, 42, 54, 61, 66, 78, 82, 94, 99, 106, 114,		The Viking's Ship	38
		123, 134, 140, 146, 154		The Wonderful Recipe	326
Condemned to the Gallies	195	Puzzlers for Wise Heads, 2, 18, 39, 50, 70,		The Yak	231
Crocodiles and their Ways	236	87, 103, 126, 139, 158, 174, 190, 206, 211,		Tiger and Crocodile	398
Cunning of the Wolf	11	239, 254, 286, 302, 315, 334, 347, 366, 383,		Transport of Cattle from America...	19
Curiosity Punished	53	398, 411		Trifles	6
				Trout-fishing on a Highland Loch...	375
Dean Swift and the Printer	14	Ready-witted	103	Union is Strength	36
Eagle and Cygnet	98	Retribution	167		
England's National Buildings, 70, 166,	194	Ringng Curfew	19	Victoria (ross Heroes, 4, 37, 59, 71, 82,	
		Robbery under Arms	114	110, 148, 164, 199, 242, 278, 303, 347,	383,
Eskimo and Seal Dog Watching for		Robin Hood's Race	340		411
Game	364			War Spies	10
Flower Legends	282, 303	Sea Postal Service in 'the Good Old		Which was it?	47
Foiled!	2	Times'	282	Woman's Wit	59
Forced Rhubarb	300, 308	Snowdon	238	Worth Having	372
Furness Abbey	371	Something about Storks	91		
		St. Mark's Day	127	Youngsters in Popular Tales, 26, 58, 90,	
		Stories in Stones	127	98, 118, 138, 186, 210, 226, 258, 293, 338,	
		Streasley-on-Thames	108		379, 386

CONTENTS.

POETRY.

	Page		Page		Page		Page
A Japanese Rat Story ...	170	Evening... ..	331	Little Strokes	131	The Cost of a Joke ...	338
A Man of Sense	70					The Countryman and the	
An Idle Girl... ..	61			Polly's Song	363	Razor-seller	82
An Old Man's Lesson ...	148	Granny's Hamper ...	405	Pride in the Garden ...	245	The Hospital Nurse ...	44
A Parting Word... ..	196					The Lady of St Ouen ...	366
A Tale of a Bell	207	Happy Ted	228	Spring	110	The Linnet's Petition ...	156
Autumn... ..	335			Spring-time in the Copse ...	140	The Silences... ..	91
A Very Natural Mistake ...	242	Inquisitive Maud ...	203	Summer... ..	199	The Wanderer's Return ...	93
		In the Wild Wood ...	396			To the Lark... ..	104
Discretion, the Best Part				The Battle of Blenheim ...	86	Whittington	163
of Valour	39	Keepsake Mill	166	The Big Round Moon ...	231		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

COLOURED PLATES.

[illegible]

Chatterbox.



The Thievish Magpie.

FOILED!



THE Magpie is common both in Britain and Ireland, and, indeed, all over the continent of Europe. It is rather smaller than a crow, though of the same family. It has a long tail, shaped somewhat like a fan, and plumage variegated between black and white, with a greenish and violet tinge about the head and neck. It is a really pretty bird, but with a very bad character, as it is sly and mischievous, extremely vigilant and cunning, both in eluding its enemies and in seeking its own food. Its note is a harsh chatter, which it keeps up as long as any obnoxious person or animal is near its haunts. In diet it is almost omnivorous—frogs, rats, mice, all are welcome to the magpie, while it is detested by the farmer's wife on account of its destruction to the eggs and young of every kind of bird. The nest is large and dome-shaped, the eggs of a pale, bluish-green colour, spotted with olive-brown.

The magpie is easily tamed, when it becomes impudently familiar, and it can learn to say a few words in a fashion. Both in its wild and in its tame state it likes to seize and carry off bright and glittering articles, which it will hide in the most out-of-the-way places, such as in the hollow of a decayed tree, or underneath a slab of stone. The magpie is looked upon by many people as a bird of evil omen—in some way or other connected with witches and evil spirits.

This is especially the case in some parts of the North of England, where strange reasons are given for its persistent wickedness. Some folk say that it was the only bird that would not go into the Ark with Noah. The following uncouth rhyme is common among the country people of different districts:—

'One is sorrow, two is mirth;
Three a wedding, four a death.'

Many superstitious persons, whether they see one, two, three, or four of these birds at the same time, think it safest to make the sign of a cross in the air, at the same time taking off the hat, and spitting three times over the right shoulder. It seems strange that in this enlightened age even country-folk should be so superstitious, but we all know that superstition dies hard.

In the picture before us we see a magpie which, under the impression that its old friend Jowler is enjoying a nap after his mid-day meal, is attempting to carry off a bone. Jowler, however, is wide awake, and resents this theft in a decided manner.

K.

CARBON is found in nature in three distinct forms; the diamond, coal, and plumbago, commonly called black-lead, are actually one and the same thing—namely, carbon.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. TEN sip. A musical instrument in use in the seventeenth century.
2. Rest Jane! A non-commissioned officer in the army.
3. A nice sun. Something unpleasant.
4. Prime stool. A chief town of any place.
5. I met R. Worn by a Church dignitary.
6. L. heard. One who makes a public announcement.
7. S. no lies. The female of a royal animal.
8. He lost. Slaves.
9. Hire a bin. The ancient name of a neighbouring country.
10. A. in a cell. A union usually for some special purpose.
11. No hour. A feeling which should guide all our actions.
12. Get a tun, L. Worn on the hand.
13. Her hat. The warmest place in winter.
14. Do wash. Though dark, seen most in the light.
15. A don's hut. One hundredth part of a plum.
16. The prop. A seer; a teacher.
17. I love to ruin. A change, seldom for the better.
18. Green seas. Impetuosity; earnestness. C. C.

2.—WORD PUZZLES.

SUPPLY the blanks in each of the following sentences with words all spelt with the same letters.

1. Will you — a few minutes and — this letter for me? You are close upon the —
2. If that — is not more civil, I shall — him to his superiors.
3. How can you — the urgent entreaties of your —
4. If you want to find the cottage of your — father, you must go right through that dark —; you will find the ground — than it is here.
5. The history of — is interesting, but that of Greece is — so.
6. He caught — large fish in his —
7. The — of the house has sailed down the — in a small boat.
8. There was once a — of savage people living on the banks of the river — C. C.

3.—RIDDLES.

1. WHAT is that which has neither flesh nor bones, but has four fingers and a thumb?
2. What is that which is always behind time?
3. How would you express by one letter and two figures an earlier time than three o'clock? C. C.

[Answers at page 18.]

THE LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE BOY.

A Christmas Story.

FAR away on the stormy coast of North America there is a cluster of small rocky islets, upon the largest of which a lighthouse was built many years ago, in order that its brilliant light might warn passing ships to keep away from the dangerous shore.

These little islets of the sea are not connected with the mainland, even at low tide; they are entirely surrounded by deep and stormy water, so that Robert Carroll, the keeper of the lighthouse some twenty years ago, lived there a very secluded life indeed. His wife, his little boy David, and a young man named Abner, who acted as assistant keeper, being all the faces he ever looked upon from one month to another, except on those days when a Government vessel brought him a stock of oil for the lamps and of food for his family.

You might think that little David, who was only twelve years of age, must have found his life on the lighthouse a very dull one, but it was not so; he had been brought there at two years old, and had never again been on shore, therefore he knew no other kind of life and felt perfectly happy. He had plenty of work to attend to, and when not busy he could always find amusement for himself in standing in the lamp-room on the top of the lighthouse tower, watching the flight of the wild sea-gulls as they hovered screaming above his head, or throwing food down to the stormy-petrel as it dashed along the surface of the waves. Besides, he never wearied of watching the ships that came in sight day after day, their white sails gleaming for a moment on the horizon and disappearing again into misty darkness, or at times sailing so near the lighthouse that David could almost count the men on the decks. Oh, those wonderful ships, how beautiful they seemed to be! Where had they come from? What kind of cargoes had they brought from far-off lands? And those outward-bound vessels, where were they going to? had they any boys on board? would these ships ever come back again? or might they not be dashed to pieces on some distant rock, perhaps for lack of a warning lighthouse, such as the one which was his home?

But David did not idly pass his life in such thoughts as these. We have said that he had work to attend to, and we shall now show what were the duties of the day. First of all, he had to help his father and Abner to clean the lamps, sixteen in number, and fill them with oil; and this was no light work, for the oil had to be carried from the lowest part of the tower up a very steep and winding stone stair to the lamp-room at the top. Then David had to wash down the long stair, to learn his lessons, and, strange to say, he had to cook the food, make the beds, and wash the dishes. Strange work for a boy, was it not? And why should he have to occupy himself thus when his mother also lived in the lighthouse? Why did not she attend to the womanly duties of sweeping stairs and cooking meals? Ah, this was the sorrow of David's life—his dear mother was an invalid, never able to rise from the bed upon which she had lain for six years, except for a few minutes at a time when her husband would lift her into a chair, and place her by the open door that she might inhale the fresh, reviving sea breezes. Then, away back to bed again, where she patiently lay week after week, her frail fingers always busy knitting stockings and vests for her husband and her dear little boy.

Now, David loved his mother with the fondest affection, and would have done anything to please

her, anything to bring a smile to that worn and faded face; therefore he learned his lessons with diligence, repeating them to her generally in the afternoon, when the lamps were all burnished bright and filled with oil, the tower stairs swept, the dinner-plates washed and put away in their places.

This was mother's time to have a talk with her dear boy. She would draw him close to her side, hear him repeat his lessons, and tell him many things which he did not know, for Mrs. Carroll had been a well-educated woman, much more so than either his father or Abner had been.

But, above all things, the tender mother would strive to teach little David his duty to God and to his parents, to be loving, unselfish, truthful, and obedient, and to note well how the lamps were lit and tended; 'for who can tell,' she would say, 'but that some night you might find that the care of them would fall upon you alone, and, if you did not do your duty, then ships might be wrecked and hundreds of human lives lost.'

This thought seemed very awful to David, who would listen to his mother with a flushing cheek and earnest eyes; and no wonder, for she had often told him of one fearful night, shortly after he had been brought to the lighthouse as a two-year-old baby, when, a terrible storm having risen, five poor shipwrecked seamen had been saved by his father from the boiling waves, and brought into the lighthouse, where both father and mother had laboured till morning to nurse up the feeble, flickering spark of life, which had been so nearly put out for ever. Stories such as this had had the effect of making David very watchful over the lamps, and very willing always to help Abner in keeping them in good working order.

And so the time went on till the eve of Christmas Day. A week before, the Government vessel had arrived at the island with stores and also with a letter for Abner, the assistant lighthouse-keeper. This letter when opened proved to be a messenger of evil tidings. His good old mother lay in bed sick unto death; she begged that her only son would hasten home, if possible, and receive his mother's blessing before she died.

Now, this was a most serious request. It was mid-winter, and, though the weather had hitherto been singularly calm and tranquil, a storm might arise at any moment, when, of course, Robert Carroll would require some help in the lighthouse. 'Father, could not I help you?' said David, with a beating heart; 'do not keep Abner away from his dying mother, he loves her so.'

Robert Carroll looked anxiously at his boy. 'Well, David,' he said, 'I will risk it; but, if we have a heavy storm while Abner is away, you must exert yourself, or I shall never be able to trust you again. Go and tell Abner to speak to me.'

Away ran the delighted boy on this errand, glad to please Abner, of whom he was very fond, but, above all things, proud to think that he was to be trusted, that he was to be his father's assistant—why, he might almost lay claim to the title of assistant lighthouse-keeper! Ah, poor David, had he only known what lay before him!

(Concluded at page 11.)



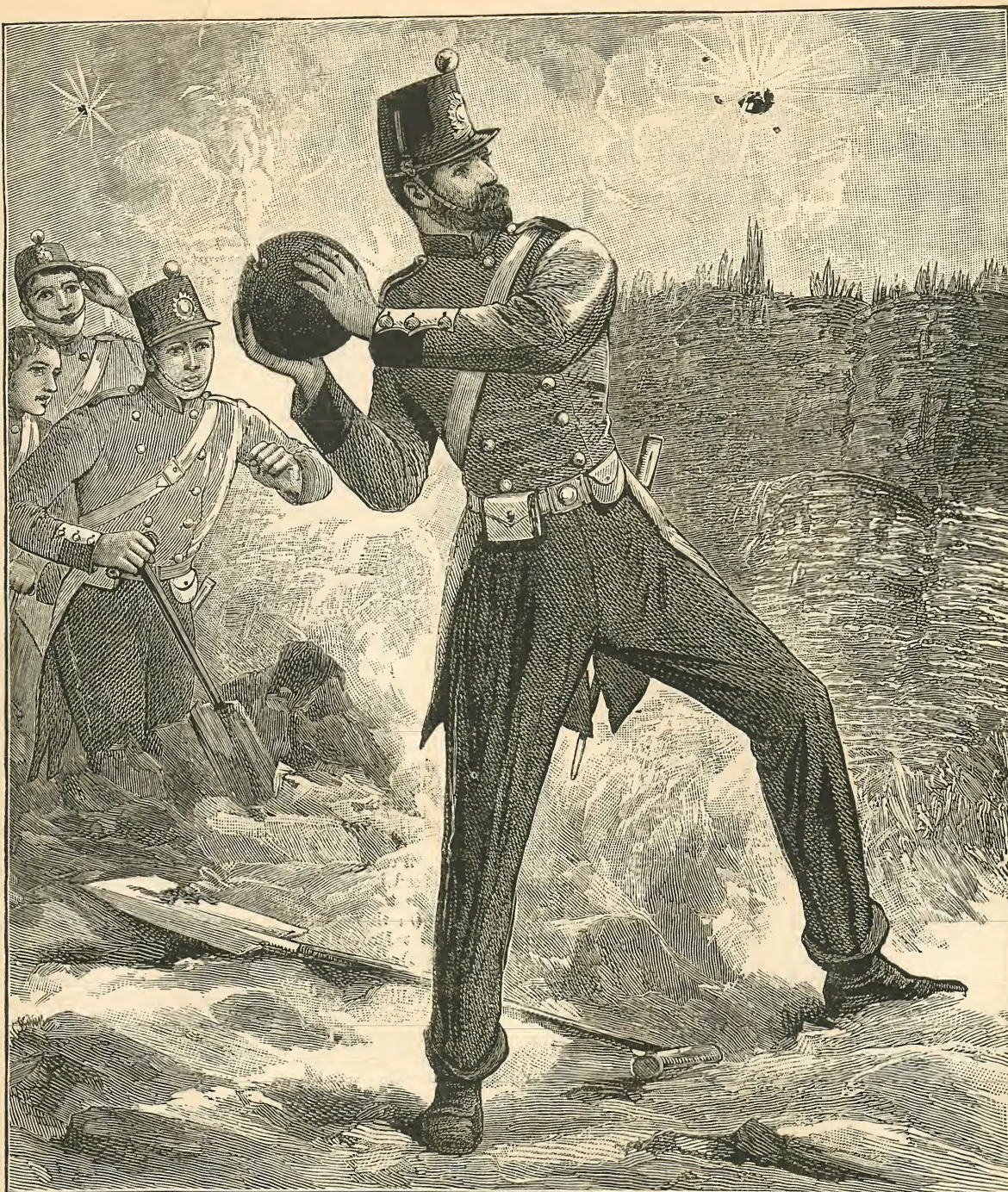
David feeding the Sea Birds.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

THE story of the trenches before the Redan, in the Crimean War, is a story of heroism, a story of self-sacrifice, a story of patriotism, which will live long in the hearts of Englishmen. The sufferings silently borne, cold, hunger, and exposure, did not tend to raise the men's spirits, as may well be

imagined. All the more honour, therefore, to such heroes—and there were many of them—as John Lyons, a private in the 19th Foot, to whose presence of mind and cool courage dozens of his comrades probably owed their lives.

From the Redan came an intermittent fire of both shot and shell, and on the 10th of June, 1855, whilst Lyons was serving in the trenches, a live shell,



Victoria Cross Heroes: John Lyons.

hurled from the grim Russian fortress, dropped close beside him. Without a moment's delay, he picked the deadly missile up, and, hurling it over the parapet, it burst without doing harm to any one. For this bold deed John Lyons received one of the earliest Victoria Crosses ever awarded, for it was not until the year following this act that our good Queen instituted the order conferring what is now

the most coveted decoration in either the naval or military service.

It may be well here to mention that the cross is of bronze, and bears this simple inscription, 'For Valour.' Its intrinsic worth is about threepence, but I venture to think that there are but few of us who would not willingly and gladly risk life itself to wear that plain bronze cross upon our breasts. F. R.

TRIFLES.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue; some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. His friend, looking at the figure, exclaimed, 'You have been idle since I last saw you.' 'By no means,' replied the sculptor. 'I have touched this part, polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to the lips, and more energy to this limb.' 'Well, well,' observed his friend, 'but all these are trifles.' 'It may be so,' replied Angelo; 'but recollect that *trifles make perfection, and that perfection itself is no trifle.*'

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY, author of 'The Lads of Lundy,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—A RUNAWAY CZAR.



PROMISED my brother Arthur that I would jot down everything which happened to us out here which seemed like an adventure; so that he and the small boys might have the kind of news which they like, and which I cannot send in my weekly letter to mother. I am no hand at keeping a diary, or com-

posing things that get into print; but I always did like spinning yarns in letters to Arthur. So here goes, to begin, old *frater*!

The weekly dispatches, short and sweet, have told you how we got settled down, and feel ourselves to be quite experienced colonists. The training we got on the Model Farm did us no end of good, of course, and both Sam and I manage well enough.

We slogged along right through seeding-time, summer, and harvest, with no adventures worth telling; but now—this first week of the new year, I have a right good tale to tell.

I suppose you are having a high old time of it at home, now that the Christmas holidays are in full swing? I am having plenty of leisure to think upon heaps of things just at present, and to contrast my Christmas on the prairie with those spent with you in England. The reason why I have not got anything better to do than thinking and writing is because I *can't* do much else. I got caught in a blizzard lately which has taken from me, for a space, the right to my old nickname of Hermes. I could not carry a message for Apollo, or Mars, or any other at present to save my skin. However, I may be thankful that I escaped with nothing worse than a slight frost-nip in a toe, and a general feeling of stiffness. It was different with poor Sam, who was out at the same time.

I will tell you all about it, but first I should explain what a blizzard means, though it strikes me the word explains itself somehow. Well, make Jack Frost reduce the thermometer to fifty-six below

zero, and see that the prairie has become one level white flat of frozen snow, not a hummock in sight and scarcely a landmark to be spotted.

Then take all the wildest storms of wind and snow that you have ever known at home, double their fury, and set them fighting with each other for the space of twelve hours—that's a blizzard as near as I can tell you; but, if your imagination can add to what I say, pile it on and you will not out-do a real northwest blizzard. Next let me explain the 'situation,' and after that I will tell you what happened, with some hope of your understanding it all.

You know the Vancroft family squatted about six miles from here, just halfway between my domain and Sam's 'illigant' country residence. You bet old Sam and I very frequently find ourselves halting at the halfway house when we exchange visits. Our own particular wooden walls are the pride of our lives, of course, being the work of our own hands; but they have lost some of their elegance in our eyes since Mr Vancroft built a stone-and-mortar dwelling and named it 'Middleton.'

Sam is modestly convinced that no one in this territory makes butter better than he does. I restrict my boasting to unleavened bread, the making of which I learned at the Model Farm.

Sam's Welsh cowboy, a lumping yokel of forty summers—and, as many winters I suppose—is not remarkable for house-wifely virtues; and my Indian lad is docile enough, but not gifted with very cleanly habits. The shrewd Scot, who is my second in command, and comprises in his person my household, who manages me and my affairs I suspect, will do with all his might any work which he considers manly, but he can never be got to put a finger to any job which he imagines belongs of right to women.

Sam's farm-men are two stolid Germans, good at the plough, but beyond hope in domestic matters. Thus, you see, we two Englishers are rather thrown on our own resources for our cooking; and when we wish to feed in comfort we combine our bread and butter, roast the meat ourselves, and trust the potatoes (in their skins) to our helpers, for I will admit that Brownie (my Indian) and Leeks (Sam's Welshman) can cook potatoes with slight supervision.

But our habit of sharing each other's good things has been falling off since the Vancrofts settled down halfway between us. I find that Sam's butter, instead of coming as of yore to spread itself over my bread, finds its way into Mrs. Vancroft's larder; and I have discovered that Mr. Vancroft prefers my loaves to even his wife's scones; so that the floury work of my hands seldom gets nearer Sam than the opposite side of the table at Middleton.

Then, you know, there are girls there, and the rooms have pictures on the walls. The house owns two sofas and a piano, items of furniture never seen in this region before. Of course Sam and I like our log 'shaks,' and the rough, free life, and all the rest of it; but when a fellow has been herding cattle, stacking hay, cooking his own food, and never seeing a woman's face for weeks, it is really very pleasant to put on a white collar, sit on a cushioned lounge, and watch a girl's fingers fly over the ivory keys while a treble voice sings home songs, and one finds oneself thinking about sisters and cousins that we

used to tease. You cannot imagine how we value girls out here; and how much it helps a fellow, living as I do, to be welcomed in a houseful of women!

Now you will perhaps understand some of the reasons why Sam and I find it more agreeable to visit each other, and eat our bread and butter together at Middleton, than to go rampaging over twelve miles of prairie to find one's chum not at home, as like as not.

Perhaps you will understand how delighted we both were when Mrs. Vancroft said to us: 'Boys' (she always calls us that, and we rather like it from her), 'boys, we want you to come to us on Christmas Eve, and stay to see in the new year; can you trust your men to see after the beasts and everything in your absence?'

If we had known that our 'helps' (no *servants* here) would shirk every duty as soon as our backs were turned, we yet would have answered the lady: 'Oh, we can get away easily enough. Thank you much, and be sure we will come and stay till we are kicked out!' Fortunately our men could be trusted, and we made satisfactory arrangements with them, then we waited impatiently for Christmas Eve.

On the morning of that day I assisted in bringing the cattle out of stable as usual. I had my accustomed fun over their antics as they followed Scott to the water-holes. I wonder if I told you that we cut holes in the ice, and pull up the water in buckets from the spring-well. It is a horrid nuisance, and to people who do not live, as I do, close to a creek full of springs, it is sometimes worse than a nuisance to 'water' a herd in mid-winter.

One of my late investments was a fine bull who is named 'Czar,' and is on most friendly terms with me. He objects to Scott, unfortunately, and Scott makes no attempt to remove the gentleman's prejudice. Brownie would not go near the bull for his life. Thus it falls to my lot to attend upon his Imperial Highness, and I confess I do it with pleasure as a rule, for he is one of the most intelligent animals in the world. But what do you think Czar chose to do on that eventful morning? After enjoying his draught of water he shook his head, pawed the snow a bit, then switched up his tail, and set off at a round gallop over the prairie.

For a minute or two I watched him run with no feeling of annoyance, as I thought my gentleman was merely stretching his legs; but when I saw that he did not turn back nor slacken speed I thought it best to call him to 'attention.'

I whistled to him, having taught him, as his former owner had done, to come at that call; but he paid no heed to my repeated signals. Then I shouted 'Czar! Czar!'—for he knew his name—but Czar paid no attention; and then Scott, grinning, said: 'The bull means to give us a run, I reckon.' Finding that I could not make any impression on Czar, and fearing that he had perhaps taken a notion that he would like to spend Christmas at his old home—a farm many miles up the river—I ran to the house and got my skates and a lasso.

I was soon back by the water-holes, where the ice lay clear and smooth over the winding river. I saw

that the bull was making tracks across a bit of land round which the river runs in a long loop, and that he would probably bring up on its bank.

Although the farm which I imagined might be the goal of Czar's wishes lay far away on the other side of the river, I feared, from the determined way in which he laid himself to his work, that he would not pause until stopped by the glassy surface of water; therefore, if I skated up the creek I should meet him on its bank.

My skates were soon on, and I was off, leaving Scott to get the herd stabled with the help of Brownie.

'Dinna gang ower far,' the canny Scotchman shouted after me. 'It is like to be a snow-storm before long.' But I paid as little heed to my man as Czar had paid to me.

If you had our atmosphere and necessity for keeping warm, you would appreciate skating from a Canadian's point of view. I do not go in for figure-skating or anything artistic. I merely try to retain the name of 'winged Mercury,' earned so long ago. My fleet foot and tough muscle have stood me in good stead many times on the prairies. Although I had quite two miles of ice to get over, and Czar had not a third of the distance to run, I believed I could reach the point he was heading for before him.

But I had counted on Canadian skates being as good as English ones. They are *not*—queer as it seems to say so; although we are told at home that the Dominion is the skater's paradise, and where the best of good skates come from!

One of the skates—for which I paid in Montreal twice as much as we gave for those jolly ones you and I bought in Bristol—came to grief, and it took me some time to make it serviceable by tying it on with a piece of the lasso. When that was done I was feeling rather numb, and, to make matters worse, the sky became suddenly clouded.

The river-banks sloped sharply at some parts, and I could not keep Czar in sight, but I felt sure I should be able to 'head' him for home when I had circled the half-moon bit of prairie within the creek-loop. Unfortunately I had lost time with my crippled skate, and could not go nearly so fast as before, so that, when I reached the point where I expected to meet the runaway, I found that he had actually crossed the river at a part where the ice was rugged and gave fair foothold. He was making for a clump of trees half a mile on the other side at the opening of a ravine. No doubt Czar knew that grove; it lay right in the track to his former residence.

I stopped and debated with myself what was best to be done. Should I follow him, or return home? Czar was a valuable animal. It was not unlikely that some half-breed Rob Roy might spy the bull, and 'lift' him as adroitly as any Highland riever could have done; so I resolved not to lose sight of him.

Taking off my skates, I followed on Czar's trail, and as I tramped along I promised to pay my gentleman well out for that enforced march.

Then in a minute the blizzard was on me!

(Continued at page 14.)



"My skates were soon on, and I was off."



War Spies.

WAR SPIES.



THE word 'spy' ever has been, and probably will remain, a somewhat disagreeable one in the ears of most people; but, so long as warfare endures, so long will it be necessary to employ spies or scouts for the purpose of ascertaining the position and strength of an enemy. Far from the position being regarded as a dishonourable one, however, it is held in European armies, and rightly held, that no ordinary kind of bravery, in addition to great intelligence, is needful in the making of a successful spy. Pre-eminent amongst such men will always stand the figure of Colquhoun Grant, one of the mighty Wellington's captains in the Peninsular War. Captain Grant was a man who, to the greatest possible personal courage, added a cool daring and never-failing resource, which saved his life on more occasions than one. He not only had a perfect knowledge of Spanish and French, but he was equally well acquainted with the *patois* in use in the Basque provinces, where these warlike operations were being carried on. It will readily be seen what an immense advantage this circumstance gave him in his dangerous duties, for every spy not only holds his life in his hand, but he knows that in the event of his being taken prisoner he will, unless in uniform, perish by the rope instead of being allowed an honourable and soldierly death by the bullet. And yet the profession of a spy is not dishonourable, for he has, without the 'pomp and circumstance of war' to cheer and inspirit him, to expose himself constantly to the risk of life and to every kind of peril; and all for the benefit of his country and his comrades.

And now let me tell of an exciting incident in Colquhoun Grant's life during the Peninsular War.

A few months before the battle of Salamanca was fought, Grant was dispatched by Wellington to ascertain, if possible, what were Marmont's intentions in regard to Ciudad Rodrigo. Grant, accompanied, as he nearly always was on these occasions, by a faithful Spanish peasant of the name of Leon, who was wholly devoted to his master, crossed the river Tormes at night, entered the French camp, and there remained, in a Spanish peasant's cottage, for three days and nights. On the third night Leon showed his master a general order addressed to the colonels of all the French regiments there, acquainting them with the fact that 'the notorious Colquhoun Grant' was then in the camp, and that they must strain every nerve to capture him. Sentries were posted at every point where it was thought possible that the daring spy might attempt an escape. Even the river Tormes was constantly patrolled. Before daybreak next morning, Grant rode on his thoroughbred charger into the adjoining village of Huerta, which was then occupied by a battalion of French

soldiers. There was a ford here across the Tormes, cavalry patrols being posted about every three hundred yards, a couple of French troopers riding backwards and forwards, meeting the next couple always at the ford. Grant remained hidden behind a house until, just as day broke and the patrols were divided by the whole length of their sentry path, he suddenly dashed down the hill and spurred across the ford as hard as his horse could gallop. Then the sentries, too late, saw him, and at once fired upon him. But Grant was going at a great rate, and it is easier to fire at a flying horseman than to hit him with a bullet. His thoroughbred very soon left the hairy-legged troop horses far in the rear, and then he rode into a large wood, where, later in the day, he was joined by Leon, who, of course, could go where he pleased in his ordinary dress.

After Grant had in person reported to Wellington the result of his observations, he was almost immediately further commissioned to find out, if possible, by what route Marmont intended to proceed to Coimbra. Keeping Marmont's force warily in view, Grant, again accompanied by Leon, concealed himself in a small copse on a hill-side, whence he watched the French troops pass along the valley below him. Some of the enemy's scouts from the opposite hill-tops, unluckily for Grant, caught sight of him, and at once invested the wood where he was posted.

Grant, not knowing that he had been seen, had dismounted, and was sitting on the ground beside his horse, when a dozen of the French cavalry dashed up to him and made him prisoner. In attempting to escape, Leon was run through by one of the troopers. Grant was taken before Marmont, who, although he treated the English officer very kindly, took no pains to conceal the joy he felt at such an important capture. Grant was sent off under a strong guard to go to Paris, there to be held as a prisoner of war, the fact that he was wearing his uniform exempting him from suffering a worse fate. Arriving at the end of the first stage of his journey, the fortified town of Bayonne, near Bordeaux, the escort found a message awaiting them from the commandant of the fortress to the effect that, Grant being a very dangerous spy, he was to be heavily ironed during his journey to Paris. Whilst suitable irons were being searched for, the prisoner was placed within the deep fosse of Bayonne Castle. Instantly his quick eye caught sight of a place where a heap of rubbish and stones had fallen in on one side of the ditch. Waiting until he was left entirely alone, he put his horse at the place, and, by dint of his animal's cleverness and his own cool address, he managed to clamber out and ride off. This, as a feat of daring and cleverness, is one much greater than it seems, as the writer can testify, having examined the spot on half a dozen occasions, and at the first glance one would feel inclined to say that no horse in the world could have done it.

In lamenting his early death, Sir William Napier, in his *History of the Peninsular War*, speaks of Colquhoun Grant as 'this generous spirited, courageous, and gentle-minded man, who served his country nobly.'

F. R.

CUNNING OF THE WOLF.

A WOLF-HUNTER in France was one day standing on an eminence which overlooked a green pasture, where were a number of sheep, attended as usual by the shepherd and his dogs. In another direction lay a thick belting of forest, from whence the hunter could see first one wolf then another come skulking out, sniffing the breeze and keeping a keen eye upon the sheep. But they were wonderfully cautious as to showing themselves; keeping as much as possible among the outlying brush-wood, yet, at the same time, slowly advancing towards the hedge which divided the forest from the pasture-ground. After observing the sheep for a few minutes, and seeming to take counsel together, they seemed to have settled on their plan.

The dog-wolf suddenly shot through a gap in the hedge, and making directly for the flock, yet without attacking them, he passed at full speed in front of the shepherd, and thence across the open ground. The man instantly started to his feet, and calling his dogs, ran after the wolf, uttering loud cries. But in doing this he was just playing into the enemy's hand, for in a moment the female wolf dashed in among the sheep, strangled a fine fat lamb, threw the prey across her back, and was soon out of sight in the depths of the covert, where she would await her mate's return to supper. For his safety, of course, she had no fears, for what full-grown wolf, with his long untiring gallop, was ever run down, except by frequent relays of hounds?

The hunter who saw this clever piece of play was at the time unarmed, and so he could not do anything but shout; but to all his threats both wolves, we may be sure, turned a deaf ear. K.

THE LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE BOY.



(Concluded from page 3.)

ONLY three days had passed since Abner left the lighthouse, when there were signs that a storm was at hand. The sky grew inky black, white curling foam appeared on the top of each dark billow, while the wind rose with a wailing sound that struck a chill to the heart of the poor invalid. Indeed, Mrs. Carroll was strangely nervous, which she had never been before during any storm, however severe, and she could not account for it. 'I have been vexing myself about Abner's poor mother,' she thought, 'and that must have upset me. Oh, how I wish the lad had not gone away! Yet we could not have kept him from his mother's dying bed. Oh, I pray God this storm may not cost human lives!'

Meanwhile the lighthouse-keeper and his son were both busy; the cold was intense, and the afternoon passed rapidly away; therefore Robert Carroll resolved to have the lamps all burning rather earlier

than usual, so as to be ready for anything that might arise. His wife's condition, however, troubled him greatly. He had never before seen her so low-spirited. He therefore insisted that David should leave all the work of the lamps alone, and sit with his poor mother, cheering and consoling her as he best could.

Here we ought to explain that the tall tower of the lighthouse was distinct from the low brick building in which the family lived, and although a passage, walled and ceiled over, connected the two, still, when his father was in the tower and he in his mother's bedroom, they were so completely separated, that during a storm no sound from the tower could have been heard by those in the dwelling-rooms below. And now the storm was indeed upon them in all its fury.

'Just as well I sent the boy down,' said the keeper to himself, as he lighted the last lamp, and looked carefully all round him. 'A wind such as this is enough to blow the hair off one's head. Well, I shall have a cold night of it, for I must be up here every half-hour, for fear the oil should congeal. However, I may as well go down just now, get some hot tea, and comfort the poor wife.'

But, alas for poor Robert Carroll! these thoughts had scarcely passed through his brain when his foot somehow slipped on the staircase, and he fell over the iron railings with a terrible crash to the stone floor below.

'Why does your father not come, Davie dear?' whispered the sick woman, feebly. 'Oh, how he must miss Abner! and it is growing quite dark. Do you think the lamps are lighted yet, Davie?'

David rose and went to the window, where he saw by the reflection outside, which made the island bright as gold, that the lamps were all burning and everything in good order.

'Try to fall asleep, mother dear,' he said soothingly; 'the lamps are all as bright as possible. Father will be here directly, and won't I give him a nice hot cup of tea!'

'Blessings on you, Davie, my dear,' said the fond mother; 'you are as good as a daughter to me, and what your father would do without you I do not know. Yes, I will try to take a nap, for I have scarcely slept since Abner went away. Keep your father's tea hot, Davie, and waken me when he comes down.'

Then the poor woman, glad to think that the lamps were all brightly shining, turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep. Meanwhile, how the storm did rage! how the wind swept over the wild ocean waste! and how the boiling waves rushed upon the rocky islet, sweeping upwards till they nearly reached the top of the tower! But where was his father? he would be frozen to death if he remained much longer in the lamp-room. David felt that he must go and see. Glancing round to see if his mother still slept, the boy stole softly from the room. Not finding his father in the kitchen, he ran through the passage way into the lower part of the lighthouse tower, where the great oil-vats were kept. There were windows in this room, too, through which the lamps of the tower cast back their reflection; the



David helping his Father to trim the Lamps.

room was thus flooded with brilliant light, and there on the stone floor, all pale and senseless, lay his beloved father, to all appearance cold and dead. Ah, it was a terrible moment in this boy's history! He was alone in the midst of the wild waters, with no human being who could hear a cry or lift a hand to help either him or his unfortunate parents so terribly stricken! It would not have been strange if the boy had sat down and cried; but the thought of his

poor mother gave him strange courage, and, after a few choking sobs he dashed away his tears, and, stooping down, he found from his breathing that the poor man was still alive.

It was a severe strain upon David's young arm to drag his helpless father along the passage way to the kitchen; but he knew that it must be done, for it was a bitterly cold night, and unless he had the warmth of a fire what little life was left in him would certainly



David finding his Father on the Stone Floor.

be lost. Therefore, with the strength and courage born of love, the boy soon had his poor father's head supported on pillows before the kitchen fire, which was burning warm and bright. There his father lay feebly moaning, but insensible. David had almost forgotten his poor mother in the depths of his distress; but he now went to see if she still slept. Yes! thank God! Mrs. Carroll still lay in calm repose, and as her poor boy looked upon the dear, worn face, there flashed through his mind the recollection of the lessons which she had taught him. 'Be faithful to duty,' how often she had said it! 'Be true to your trust, and remember that the lamps must never be allowed to go out.'

Then the boy rose up, made calm and strong by his high resolve to be faithful. He sprang away through the vaulted passage and up the spiral stair leading to the lamp-room. Then in one moment he knew what had happened. The intense cold had congealed the oil, which was the reason why it would not burn; already several of the lamps had gone out, while the remainder, though still alight, were burning dimly. David knew what his father would have done, and at once he took the duty on himself; heating the oil in a small kettle over the kitchen fire, he filled the lamps one by one. And thus the bitter night passed away; but, oh! the weary stairs

up and down between the top of the tower and the stove in the little kitchen! the chilled fingers that kept constantly trimming the lamps while his bursting heart was torn with anxiety as to the condition of his helpless parents down below! But David never gave in; if his father should die in the interval, it must just be so, it would be God's will; he must be true to his trust, and remember the many poor sailors whose lives depended upon the bright burning of the lamps.

But daylight came at last; a grey light dawned over the wild ocean waste and upon the top of the tower. David's cold hands hoisted a flag of distress, which soon brought help and kindly sympathy from the mainland. And David's father did not die; his mother, too, lived to recover a measure of her lost health, and to rejoice as she read in the newspapers great praise of her dear boy, and of the wonderful manner in which he had managed the lamps during that awful night. It was Christmas Day when the poor family were rescued from their painful position, and, though David could not go to church to render thanks to God for all His goodness, we may safely say that no lad, who on that day went to church with father and mother by his side, had a more grateful heart within his breast than David Carroll, the lighthouse boy.

DEAN SWIFT AND THE PRINTER.

DEAN SWIFT was one day visited by a Dublin printer who had just returned from London and was dressed in a rich coat of silk and gold lace. He seemed so proud of his dress that Swift determined to humble him. When he entered the room, he saluted the Dean as an old acquaintance. The Dean pretended that he did not know him, said he was an impostor, and bade him leave the house. His friend saw the mistake which he had made, and, returning home, he put on his usual dress. Then he again went to the Dean, and this time was warmly welcomed. 'Ah! George,' said the Dean, 'I am so glad to see you, for there has been an impudent fop here in silks and gold lace who wanted to pass himself off for you, but I knew you to be always a plainly-dressed, honest man, just as you are now.'

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 7.)

CHAPTER II.

RATHER 'HARD LINES.'



REALLY cannot describe how suddenly, strangely, the hurricane came on. I dare say it had been quietly brewing for some time, and I had been too engrossed with other things to notice it. But it just seemed that in one moment the sky was driving snow from it, while the frozen snow

on the earth leapt into life, and flew to meet the tempest of falling flakes. The winds were rushing from all directions in a bewildering conflict; the noise and confusion were quite maddening. My breath seemed to be taken from me, and I fell flat among the whirling snow-wreaths.

I could not have lain there many moments when I thought, 'This will never do; if I lie here, I shall die!'

The sharp, frozen snow dashed against my clothes, but I kept my face close to the ground. Then I took the skates and quickly scraped away the snow from a hollow between two hummocks, until I had made a sort of burrow. (That idea I borrowed—like many another wise suggestion—from Ballantyne's *Ungava*.) I crept into the hole, and closed it behind me. There was not more than two feet of snow over me, and I knew I should get as much air as I wanted, if the snow did not 'heap' too much over the spot. And there I lay for hours, while the storm raged overhead, and then I found that snow makes as warm a blanket as Leicester wool.

I was done up, of course, in fur—moccasins, mittens, collared cap—all lined with beaver, so I did not fear being frozen into dead meat. But I was not happy in my hole, and wondered how long the blizzard meant to keep me in it.

Once or twice I heard a bellowing, which

suggested that Czar was repenting of *his* folly; but when the tempest of wind began to abate, I heard the howling of wolves and again the wild bellowing, and I feared that the bull's fate was sealed. Indeed, I began to be a bit frightened on my own account then, as the howling came nearer, and I fancied that the brutes had scented me out.

The wolves here are great cowards, small and despicable brutes; they are being rapidly cleared out, and they give man elbow-room generally; but if they chance to catch him unawares, when they are very hungry, they make even a snow-wreath rather too hot for him.

I grew very hot in my burrow as I thought upon wolves; but by-and-by every sound ceased, even the wind died away, and then I thought I might venture to creep from my lair. Scraping my snow-blankets aside, I came out, to find dark night overhead and a trackless shroud of snow over the earth.

I slung my skates over a shoulder, and made for the creek, feeling rather nerveless and confused, but confident that my trusty Scotchman was by that time out on the search for me, and would strike the right trail ere long.

I wondered vaguely if the Vancrofts were much disappointed that I had not come as I promised; and I felt a little sad as I pictured Sam enjoying himself at Middleton. Then I thought of you all at home, keeping Christmas Eve after the fashion of our old days, with games and snap-dragon, and a country dance or two, finishing up with singing the dear old Christmas Hymn.

I walked a good way thinking of all that, and then I began to wonder that I had not reached the creek. And then—well, to make a long story short—after some more confused thinking and stumping along, I became convinced that I must have taken a wrong direction, and that which happens to so many bewildered wanderers had happened to me. I was lost on the prairie!

I was found—or, rather, I found myself, you know, because I am telling you about it. I wish Christmas Eve had been of as little consequence in the end to my poor chum Sam as it was to me.

When I found that I did not know where I was, I stopped walking, struck a match, and consulted mother's little compass, which hangs on my chain with Sissy's silver match-box, and accompanies me wherever I go. Dear mother and Sissy, they are my compass and 'lights' in more ways than one!

The river (we call rivers 'creeks' out here) runs south and west of my land, and I had been walking due south, right away from home; so I turned on my tracks, but no matter! I could not find the creek, and at last it occurred to me that the blizzard had whirled snow upon the ice, and among the scrub, so as to level it all up and hide the difference between land and water. Unless I chanced upon some portion of the river where this had not taken place, or struck some familiar trail among the scrub, I should never find my 'landmarks.'

What was to be done? Should I make a second burrow till day returned? or should I walk on—on the chance of striking a known landmark, or a squatter's habitation?

I chose to go on, for inaction was always hateful

to me. I cannot tell you how long I tramped on; my watch had stopped, as I had forgotten to wind it up. I think I was half asleep or half crazed all the time, though I remembered holding to a dogged purpose of not stopping, and not letting my thoughts wander to tales I had heard of people being lost.

I repeated 'Horatius' from beginning to end, not omitting one name of all on that fearful list of heroes who fell before the 'dauntless three.' I told myself four times that 'There was a sound of revelry by night when Belgium's capital had gathered,' and, not being able to get on further than that, I next convinced myself, in face of reason and good taste, that 'her brow is like the snail's wreath, her neck is like the swan.' When I had settled that point, I began to call myself names. I said, 'Look here, old boy, you are behaving very like a fool—you *are* a fool. Have you not got something better than class recitations and ball-room songs to keep up your pluck? Have you not got the old land to think about, and your mother, and God? You would clear your brain and keep your courage to the mark much better by remembering something holier than that kind of nonsense you have been repeating. Good poetry is all very well in its proper place, but think over and above *that* level, you duffer!'

After scolding myself like that, I felt better, so I strode on in a sort of cheerful 'do and die' state, and unexpectedly found myself at an old shanty, which I knew to be about eight miles from my own territory, but within three miles on the 'off' side of Middleton.

I knocked in the rickety door, and thankfully took possession of that time-honoured shanty. I was very much exhausted by that time, but remembered a good custom we have out here. When a squatter 'camps out,' he usually leaves behind him any eatables he can spare, and which will 'keep.' I had often thrust a paper of biscuits or a tin of cocoa into that old shanty wall, and on this occasion, when I prowled around, hoping to discover food, I found that others had remembered to practise a prairie virtue. I found some tinned beef and a pot of jam in the shanty—a queer combination, both beef and jam hard as stones, beautifully iced; but I contrived to suck not a little nourishment out of them.

After feeding and resting, I determined on making my way with as much speed as possible to Middleton; but, just as I prepared to leave the shanty, I heard a shuffling and groaning, which startled me very much. The day was dawning by that time, and I cautiously went to the doorway and peeped out.

Through the dim light I saw some sort of an animal creeping slowly along the snow towards the log hut. It might be a starving wolf, and I made my skates ready to my hand as a weapon of defence.

But as the creature came nearer it looked more like a wounded grizzly, and then I called out 'Stop!'

One is apt to forget that beasts don't talk English. The idea in my head was to startle the creature into halting. I wanted it to stop, so said the word and it did. It sat up and turned a white human face to me, and I saw it was poor old Sam.

To run to him and ask 'What is up, old man?' was, of course, what I did. He could not speak, he could only moan and point to his feet. They were

frost-bitten, and he could only crawl on his hands and knees.

I assisted him into the shanty. Then I thrust a morsel of the frozen meat into his mouth, and smashed up the door into sticks and made a fire, and got the old chap heartened up a bit.

I 'swarmed around' in style, I tell you, and before long I had him talking rather comfortably, and drinking soup made of that tinned meat and snow. I heated it in the jam pot.

I do not know why I had not thought of making a fire before Sam appeared, but one does not think of the best things to be done when it is merely for one's own comfort. To bring old Sam round sharpened my wits, you see.

When he was able, and I would let him, he told me that he had set out for Middleton on the previous afternoon as had been arranged. The blizzard had not come to his place when he left it, but he met the storm on the way. He did very much as I had done, only he did not have, like me, a tool for scraping hard snow with; also he has less staying power, though twice my nerve. When the blizzard was over, Sam found himself not lost, but in quite as bad a plight, with both feet frozen. He knew where he was, and whereabouts the shanty was, and, like a true Briton, he was not going to give in. In his little cartridge-belt he had stowed a neat pat of his nonpareil butter for Mrs. Vancroft, and this he swallowed and found of more value to his inner man than any amount of brandy would have been. Then on hands and knees he crept—can you believe it?—four miles. Neither starving wolf nor wounded grizzly could have shown more pluck or more perseverance than this 'mere human boy' did.

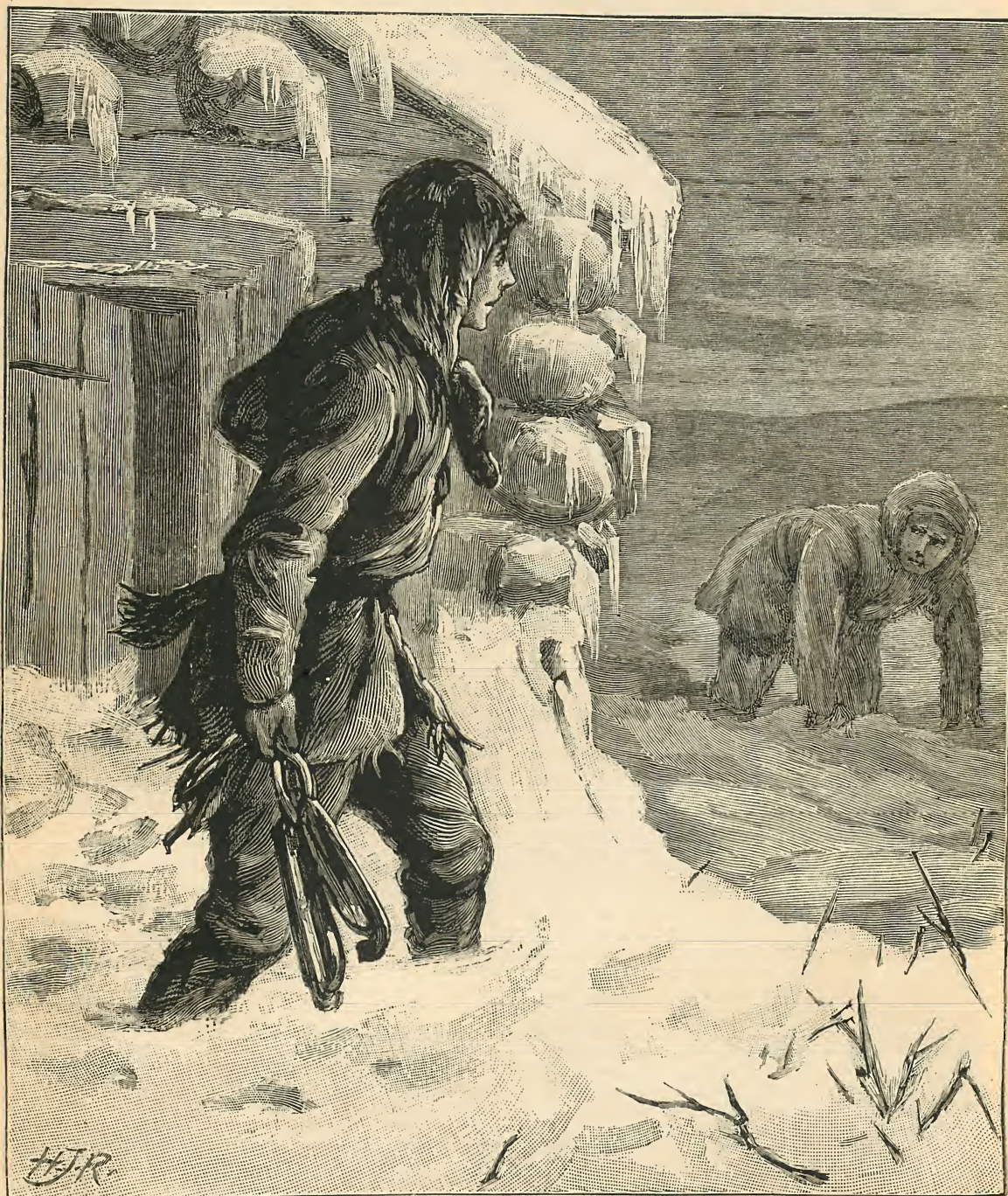
Between ourselves, I have been rather coming the boss over Sam at times, and thinking of him as a 'boy' because he is a year or two my junior. But I do not believe I could have dragged two frozen legs as far as Sam did on Christmas morning.

I asked him why on earth he set out from home on foot, but he had not done so. He was mounted on a fresh young broncho. When the blizzard came on, he was obliged to dismount, and, while he was seeking for a shelter, the ill-mannered colt got loose and bolted off into the hurly-burly, leaving Sam helpless. Sam's horse was a fit match for my bull.

When the day was well up and it did not seem that any one was likely to call at the shanty (which did not lie in the direction where search would probably be made for me—of course no alarm had been raised about Sam—he had started all square), I said I would make tracks for Middleton, and bring a sleigh to carry Sam on.

I had, by careful rubbing, and in such small ways as I knew how, restored a part of the circulation in his limbs, but I was mortally afraid that he was in a very bad way. He was suffering intense pain, and every now and then he would drop over into a sort of stupor that alarmed me very much. I felt that help, to be of use to him, should come *soon*. So I piled upon the fire every morsel of wood I could detach from the shanty without bringing it down. I made Sam as comfortable as I could, and, buttoning up my coat, I set out.

(Continued at page 22.)



"I made my skates ready to my hand as a weapon of defence."



Bear-spearing.

BEAR-SPEARING.



THE Black Bear of India does not differ in any marked manner from the Brown Bear of Europe, or the Black Bear of America. It has the same heavy, clumsy form—the same flat soles to its feet—the same shaggy fur and short tail. Its food is also, like theirs, very varied, partly of a vegetable nature, partly of flesh. It is quiet enough

if not molested; but if it be pursued and assailed by the hunter, it can become dangerous.

This animal is generally hunted on foot, as it is not every horse who will face a bear, and also because the black bear is only found in parts of the country which are so rough and hilly that a horse could scarcely be ridden there. The Indian bear is generally shot like other big game, but many men can take no pleasure in sport unless it is sport of a dangerous kind. Thus, pig-sticking, or attacking the ferocious wild boar with spears, is very popular with some men, although it is without doubt a very dangerous amusement.

The same may be said of bear-spearing, for the Indian bear can be very ferocious when thoroughly roused, and if the hunter should slip his foot, the chances are that his life will be the forfeit.

When the bear has been roused to rear on its hind legs, that is the hunter's chance. Two courses are now open to him—he may, if he be quick enough, thrust his spear into the creature's heart, or else he may drive it with all the force he can command down its throat. If these spear-thrusts are mortal, then good and well; but if they do not kill it outright, but only wound the bear, then the sportsman may have a hard fight before the enraged animal will give in.

Bears are widely distributed in temperate regions, and in the secluded uplands of some warmer countries. Compared with lions and tigers, they are slow and less combative, relying more upon strength than cunning. Some of them swim and climb with great agility. Most of them sleep throughout the winter, when their food is usually scarce, and it is at this time that the young cubs are born. The mother bear is devotedly fond of her offspring, and is always ready to defend them. When she is looking after her cubs, it is most dangerous to interfere with her. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. A CERTAIN number subtracted from 16 leaves the same remainder as 2 subtracted from the number itself. What is the number?
2. The sum of three consecutive whole numbers is 33. Find the numbers.

3. Find two numbers whose sum is 41 and the difference between them 5.

4. There are three brothers each three years older than the next to him. The sum of their ages being 54, find the age of each.

5. Find two numbers, one being five times as great as the other, and the difference between them being 24.

6. A man bought a horse, a gig, and harness for 60*l*. For the horse he gave 10*l*. more, and for the harness 10*l*. less than he did for the gig. What did he give for each? C. C.

5.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

THINK of a word which rhymes to *ways*.

1. Is it to look earnestly?
No, it is not to —
2. Is it a way of cooking?
No, it is not to —
3. Is it easier to get in than out?
No, it is not a —
4. Is it an action performed by cattle?
No, it is not to —
5. Is it a mist?
No, it is not a —
6. Is it streams of light?
No, it is not —
7. Is it a cape to the north of Europe?
No, it is not the —
8. Is it a fancy, bordering on madness?
No, it is not a —
9. Is it to destroy?
No, it is not to —
10. Is it a kind of corn?
No, it is not —
11. Is it a sudden bright flame?
No, it is not a —
12. Is it to lift?
No, it is not to —
13. Is it to confuse, to bewilder?
No, it is not to —
14. Is it fanciful creatures?
No, it is not —
15. Is it to make a bright surface?
No, it is not to —
16. Is it some periods of time?
No, it is not —
17. Is it very pleasant when addressed to yourself?
Yes, it is — C. C.

[Answers at page 39.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|----------------|---------------|-----------------|
| 1.—1. Spinet. | 7. Lioness. | 13. Hearth. |
| 2. Serjeant. | 8. Helots. | 14. Shadow. |
| 3. Nuisance. | 9. Hibernia. | 15. Thousand.* |
| 4. Metropolis. | 10. Alliance. | 16. Prophet. |
| 5. Mitre. | 11. Honour. | 17. Revolution. |
| 6. Herald. | 12. Gauntlet. | 18. Eagerness. |
-
- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| 2.—1. Stop, post, spot. | 5. Rome, more. |
| 2. Porter, report. | 6. Ten, net. |
| 3. Resist, sister. | 7. Master, stream. |
| 4. Foster, forest, softer. | 8. Tribe, Tiber. |
-
- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 3.—1. A glove. | 2. The back of a clock or watch. |
| 3. B. 4. 3. (Before three). | |

* 100,000*l*. is sometimes called a 'plum.'

RINGING CURFEW.



THOUGH the custom has nearly been dropped, there are still a few places where the curfew bell is rung twice daily. One of these is Sandwich, in Kent. Lately it has been proposed to discontinue the morning curfew, which has for centuries been rung there between the hours of four and five. It is regarded as a nuisance by the inhabitants.

Some years ago, a list was made of the places where the curfew was rung, and people reckoned up more than sixty, but I expect the number now is much less. In 1890, the newspapers told us that in one town at least, namely, Stratford-on-Avon, the old custom, which had been given up, was restored and curfew rung again, the bell being that which was used at Shakespeare's funeral. In these times, when evening amusements or parties are often kept up to a late hour, some one has suggested that an evening curfew would not be a bad thing, giving warning at a particular hour (say ten o'clock) that people should go home. But they could not now be obliged to obey, as our ancestors were.

Some have supposed that the curfew was not known in England till William the Conqueror became king, and that it was a plan of his to vex the Anglo-Saxons; but there is no doubt that the ringing of this bell was a custom practised long before the Normans settled here. Indeed, the reason for a rule of the sort is quite evident, when we recollect that in the olden time all houses were built of wood, and that they had no chimneys, the smoke coming out through a hole in the roof. All King William did was to be more strict in obliging the people to obey the law. The ringing of the curfew bell at eight o'clock in the evening meant that all fires and lights were to be put out, and so everybody went home to bed. Then the morning curfew, rung about four, gave leave to light fires. This seems rather early to begin in the day; but in summer, if not also in winter, our ancestors did get up at or before five.

Why was this bell called the curfew? I think we may be almost sure that it took the name from an article which people used to put out a fire suddenly. In a few collections of old household articles there may still be seen this cover or fireplate, the curfew, properly *couvre-feu* (cover fire), which was made of copper. We should now call it a sort of extinguisher. It was about ten inches high and sixteen inches round. Having raked all the embers into the middle of the hearth (for of course they had no grates) the folk popped the curfew over them, and the fire soon died out.

This custom prevailed in Scotland as well as in England, and we read of persons being fined because they kept their fires burning after curfew had rung. In some Scotch towns they were even fined for being about the streets after the time fixed.

The poet Longfellow has given us some beautiful lines upon this bell, taken from the German. This is one verse:—

'Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole,
The curfew bell is beginning to toll;
Cover the embers, and put out the light,
Toil comes with the morning, and rest with
the night.'

J. R. S. C.

TRANSPORT OF CATTLE FROM AMERICA.

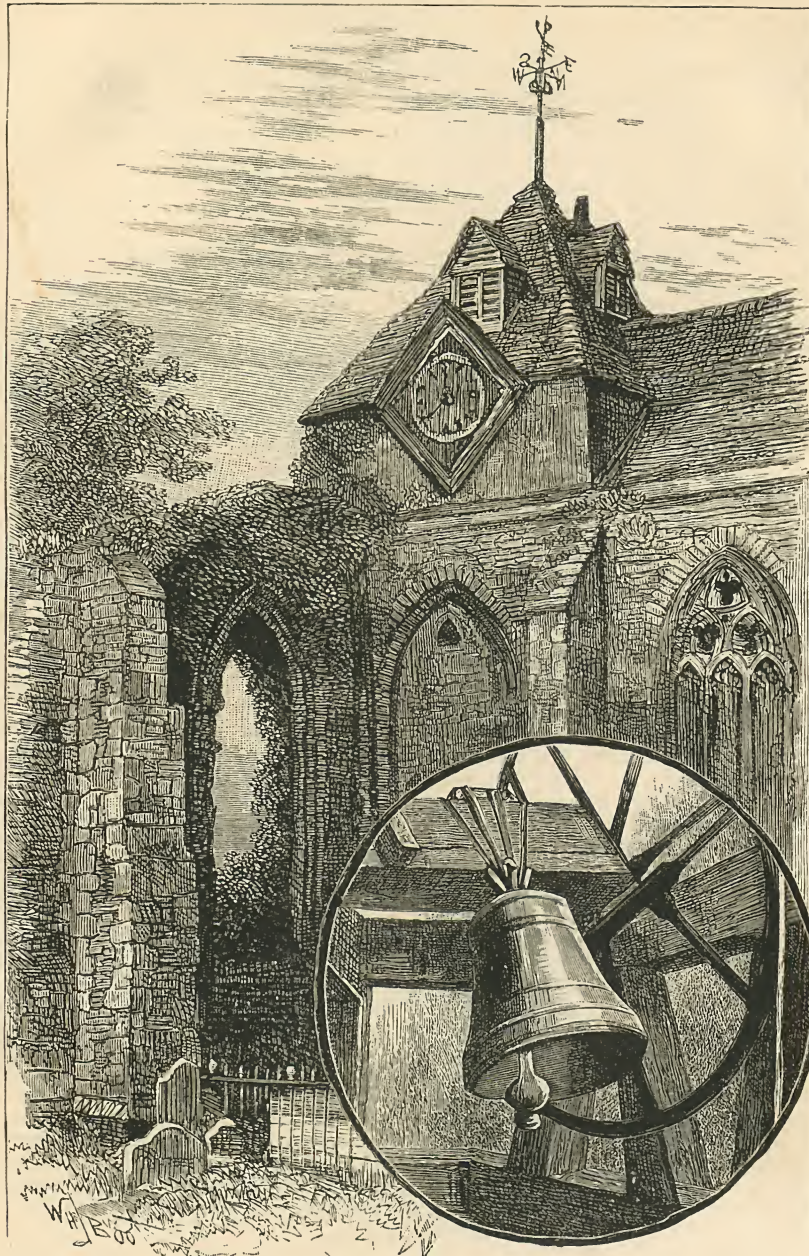


RANCHING—which is the name given to the business of cattle-rearing on a large scale—in the unsettled districts of the United States is a very wild and adventurous life. Though no longer quite so wild as it once was, it is still so exciting that it has great charms for many youths at home, who would rather be living on a grazing farm in the Far West than sitting behind a desk all day in the city, or even attending college in the old country.

One special feature of ranching is, that the cattle are raised, and kept in a half-wild condition, with little or no house shelter provided for them and no artificial feeding. They forage for themselves in the best way that they can, and often wander far in dry seasons to get food and water. Large fortunes used to be made in former days, but the gradual settlement of the ranching country has changed this to some extent, so that there are no 'cattle kings' now as there used to be, when one man might own thousands of cattle, and when, every year, he might brand many hundred calves. But, although things are not now as they once were, yet cattle-rearing in the wild west of North America, and in the vast pampas of South America, is still a trade in which fortunes are sometimes made. But the question with which we have to do just now is, How are all these cattle to be transported from off the ranching ground, when they have grown big enough to be used as food for the millions of toiling men and women who are shut up in the towns and cities of Great Britain?

A glance at our picture will show our readers some of these half-wild cattle who have been brought thus far on their way to Great Britain, and other countries which cannot supply enough meat for their people.

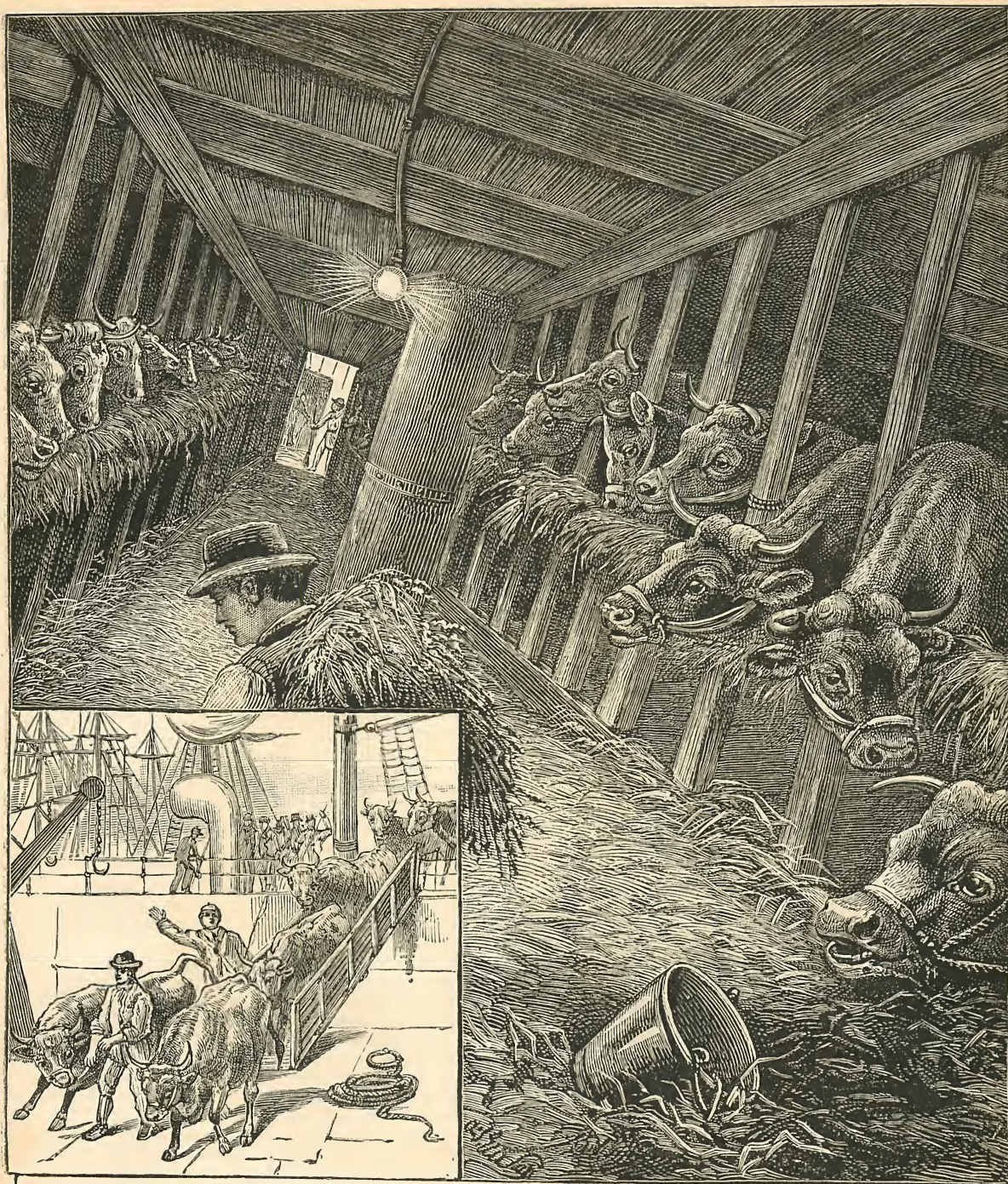
We can easily imagine that, in whatever manner cattle are conveyed across the Atlantic Ocean, a certain amount of suffering must of necessity be endured by the poor animals. There is first the long and dusty march to the place of embarkation, the thirst which they often must endure, the difficulty of getting them on board the cattle ship without painful accidents, the danger to each animal from the horns of its neighbour, the close confinement on ship-board, and, worst of all, the sufferings which



The Curfew Bell.

they must endure when tossed about on the stormy Atlantic Ocean. We say nothing here as to the rough treatment which they sometimes receive from those who have the charge of them while in transit, for we are happy to know that nowadays this difficult trade is carried on with as much humanity as is possible, partly because the owners of the animals

know very well that, if they arrive in Great Britain in bad condition, they will not sell well, and also because we know that a spirit of greater kindness towards animals is now much more common among all classes than it used to be. Every ox, one may observe in our picture, has a stall to itself, and each animal is fastened securely by a halter; various



Transport of Cattle from America.

other precautions are taken in order to lessen the danger of one animal injuring another with its horns. The stable-man, too, must look out for himself while feeding the oxen (as we see in the picture), for, in stormy weather especially, he must find it difficult to keep his footing while walking between two rows of such wild and strong creatures.

Glance for a moment at the small picture below,

and you may see the oxen being landed at Gravesend or, it may be, at Birkenhead. The getting on shore is a time of dreadful terror to the poor animals, and a time of great anxiety to the drovers, for many an ox, wild with terror, leaps overboard, and may be lost altogether, unless speedily rescued; others stumble and fall, and may get their legs broken.

B.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER III.—RATHER SURPRISING.



At first I was rather shaky on my pins, but I could trust to my staying power. Now, if ever, was my chance of proving a right to the nickname the fellows gave me at school when I won the three-mile race from our crack men. I have been proud to tell—why not?—of how I was the fastest hare that ever baffled hounds.

And you remember that glorious day when I got the ball with me and carried it over the goal while the rest of them came straggling behind me (like a kite's tail) half-way across the field.

Was it not just fine to hear *our* set—your voice, old chum, loud above the rest, and little Cecil screeching like fits; all bawling out, 'Well run, Hermes! Oh, well played, Mercury!'

I thought of those old times as I got myself into form and looked at the miles of white ground ahead, and remembered Sam in the log-hut, and I said to myself between my teeth, 'I'll run to-day as I never ran before,' and then, just in a flash as it were, the *use and purpose* of our grand English school-games seemed revealed to me from a new point of view.

I ran, and ran well, for, as I warmed to the work, I got fresh power, and when Middleton came in sight I was shooting ahead in really good style.

I ought, I suppose, to be too modest to sound my own trumpet, but, you see, my excuse is that there is not any one else to blow the instrument in my behalf, and it is only a pen-and-paper 'blow.'

Of course I burst upon the Vancrofts like an unexpected steam-engine gone off the lines. In a few words, when I got breath enough to speak, I told of Sam's plight, and in a short time Jim and his father, with two of the 'hands,' were off on the sleighs, carrying blankets, hot-water bottles, wine, and I do not know how much more, while I was taken in hand by Mrs. Vancroft. I wanted to go back to Sam, but Mr. Vancroft said I was no good—would be in the way, and needed looking after too, which I proved to be true by flopping over in a sort of idiotic swoon as soon as I got my story told.

When I was revived and rested, Katie told me they had been disappointed at our non-arrival, but not in the least alarmed, as the blizzard sufficiently explained our absence; so they said, 'The boys will come on Christmas Day instead,' which we did, though not quite in the state in which we were expected to arrive.

Poor Sam looked bad enough for anything when he was brought to Middleton, and shortly after he had been put to bed there, Scott arrived in a state of distraction about me. He was relieved and surprised

to find his runaway boss where he was. The good soul had spent a great part of the night searching for me, and had come to Mr. Vancroft for men to scour the prairies for me.

'I was not going to stop looking,' he said, 'though they wolves had made a supper on ye. I meant to search till I found at least a bone or twa!'

'I suppose the wolves found Czar a more satisfying meal,' I answered, thinking, with a certain regret, of his Imperial Highness who had given me all that bother.

'Did they?' was Scott's reply in a sarcastic tone. 'Did they, indeed? I'm thinking *he* made black-puddings of *them*, most like, for I found the carcasses of two wolves, and they had the marks of Czar's horns and hoofs in them; forby their own folk's teeth. They wolves is cannibal. And, besides, Czar came home when the blizzard was over, and he was blithe enough to have our stable-door opened for him.'

Sam is still at Middleton, and I fear will have to remain invalided there for a long time; but he is so well nursed I could almost wish I had had something more the matter with me than a big toe frost-bitten and the strength out of my marrow-bones. A broken arm is a wholesome sort of illness when the bone is properly set, and I would have enjoyed so much being laid up at Middleton. But I had no decent excuse for staying after New-year's Day, so I am trying to make the best of my slightly crippled state, and get well as fast as possible, because Jim and Katie have planned a rare bit of fun in which I am to have part. You shall hear all about it very soon.

* * * * *

The fun which Katie and Jim Vancroft had planned was a 'surprise party' to be held at Sam's place, and the last person who was to know anything about it was Sam, the host. *That* constitutes the life and soul of a surprise party, which is the fashionable prairie amusement. You may be sure I entered into the scheme heart and hand, and, as soon as Sam was well enough to think of returning to his home, we fixed a time for being entertained there by him.

St. Valentine's Day (which happens to be Sam's birthday) was the time determined upon, and, a week before the fourteenth, Jim and I were riding all round the country, inviting the neighbours. Sam is very popular, and his pluck and misfortune had made everybody eager to hearten him up a bit, so the folk gladly agreed to favour him with their uninvited presence on his birthday.

The old chap had not the smallest suspicion what was in the wind, and Katie told me he was full of regrets at having to leave Middleton and go to his lonely shak. He said to her that the first evening alone would be rather doleful, and he begged that she and Jim should accompany him. I think he felt rather hurt that the Vancrofts had fixed upon his birthday as the day for his departure, but he said nothing to *them*, and only asked me to come and stay over-night with him, 'for,' said he, 'after six weeks of Middleton I shall feel fit to cry or die when I find myself in the shak.' I said callously that I might turn up, but that he must not talk stuff, and Sam

thought me a heartless sinner when I turned away laughing and saying I guessed he would find enough to do to keep him spry in putting things to rights after such an absence; but I allowed old friendship to induce me to add, 'If Katie and Jim are to be your escort, just let them drive round by my place pretty early in the day, and after dinner I will ride with you and them to your palatial residence.'

This was agreed upon, and at noon on the 14th Jim's spanking team dashed up to my door with Katie driving, and looking bright and bonnie in her furs. Sam sat beside her, wrapped up in buffalo skins and blankets, and Jim was on the back seat, grinning and winking with delight at Sam's unconsciousness of the impending 'surprise.' They stayed with me some hours, and then Katie said that her mother warned them not to keep Sam out after dark, so we all got into the sleigh, and set off for Rose Flat, the name Sam has given to his place, which stands in the centre of a great stretch of ground originally covered with prairie roses.

We chatted away as we drove along, and the sleigh-bells tinkled merrily, so that Sam's spirits rose, and he was as gay as the rest of us by the time we sighted his shak. It was growing a bit dusk, but quite light enough for us to see that the neighbours had not forgotten their tryst.

'Hullo!' Sam suddenly called out, 'old Leeks has an illumination in my honour, or has set the place on fire! And what on earth is that around the house? Horses! sleighs! Has there been an army camped out? Have the mounted police turned my shak into a barracks? Gracious! What's the row, I wonder?'

Katie burst into a peal of laughter, and, whipping up the bronchos, galloped us into the heart of a dozen rigs in front of Sam's house.

Lights were blazing from all the windows; the door was open. The fellows stood about laughing and shouting. Crowding to the doors were merry girls, and in the midst of them Mrs. Vancroft, who had bidden Sam a fond farewell that forenoon.

The old chap was entirely 'surprised,' and could not utter a word; but we gave him no chance. We helped him in, and set him in a cosy corner; everybody shook hands with him. The table was spread with a bountiful tea, the items of which had been brought and prepared by the ladies present. The big barn had been cleared for dancing, and, you bet, we made a night of it!

We sang and danced and played games, and had a roaring supper, brought, like the tea, from neighbours' houses. About three o'clock in the morning we set to work to tidy up and clear off, and in half an hour the sweet sleigh-bells were tinkling far and near in all directions, as the folk drove away to their homes, leaving me to get Sam to bed.

It was a very jolly surprise-party indeed, and did Sam a power of good, for, you know, he is a quiet sort of chap, that needs cheering up sometimes. His illness has knocked a lot out of him, and he was feeling gloomy over his crippled condition; but he knows now that he has a whole host of friends and neighbours who mean to see him through if he

needs 'backing,' and that fact will be 'back' enough for him.

I stayed with Sam two days, and on my way home I stopped at Middleton to report upon their invalid. As soon as I got in, Kate exclaimed, 'Are you ready for another surprise-party, Frank?'

Oh, I was ready for any amount, even one at my own house, and I said so.

'Your turn will come, never fear,' said Jim. 'All the young bachelors are so visited, and the boss of Daisy Dell will be no exception.'

(N.B.—I named my house Daisy Dell as a set-off to Sam's Rose Flat. There is not a daisy within miles of me, but I wanted a *home* name for my shak, so I took that of the dear little English flower.)

'This cannot be my surprise-party any way,' I answered, 'for I shall not be told when *it* is coming.'

'I think,' said Mrs. Vancroft, 'that the proposed party will be a little different from most others. It is to be held at Willow Creek, where those poor O'Boynes are.'

I was surprised when she said that, for the O'Boynes are a very poor and curious family. They don't visit any one, and have discouraged folk from visiting them. They were industrious, and always pottering on their land, but it never seemed to result in a decent crop; but, if any neighbour offered a suggestion, they seemed to resent it as if it were interference, so people considered them unsocial, and left them to themselves.

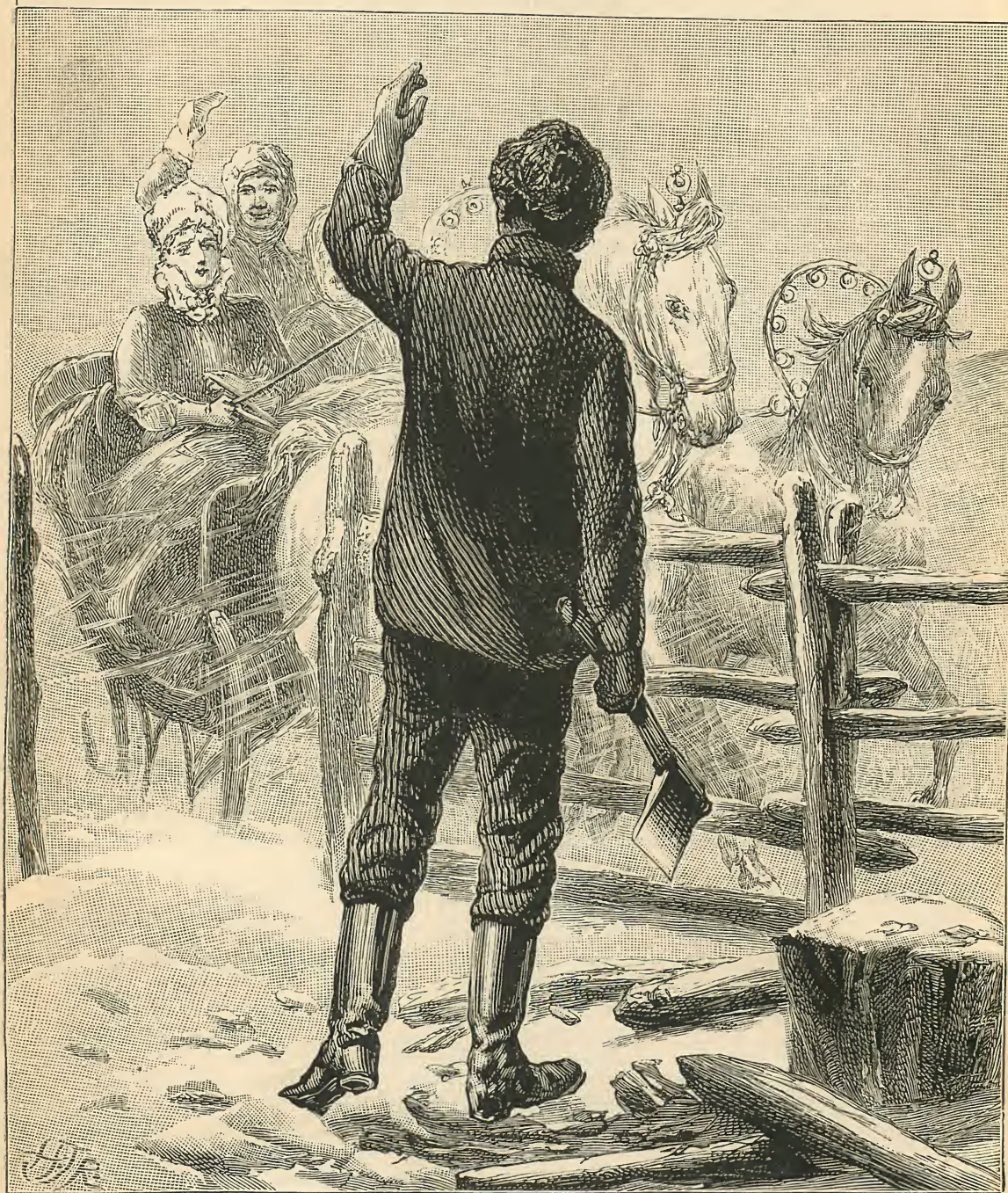
The man came by an accident which, without crippling him enough to demand active assistance, laid him aside. Then the boys began to ask for little jobs to do, and seemed really thankful for even some food in return. Neighbours began to observe that the girls, who had been rosy and well-dressed at first, had grown thin and white, and out of their frocks. The mother was seldom seen beyond her homestead; but, in spite of shabby clothes and care-worn face, one felt she was a lady. Indeed, her ways plainly showed that she had not been accustomed to work, and did not know how to do it.

A whisper got about that the family was in sore straits—no stock, no wheat left, no money, in need of daily food. The truth gradually dawned on the neighbours. This was evidently one of those families who have 'seen better days,' and believe they will see the like again if they emigrate. They have not been taught to work, they know nothing of colonial life, they do not wish their poverty and inexperience to be known, so they struggle and fail, and retire within themselves, and go to the wall altogether if not helped along. It is a hard but not an uncommon case.

I gathered all this from Mrs. Vancroft, who added, 'It is so difficult to help people of the sort who have been well educated and have lived in good society; they become so morbidly proud about taking help that one scarcely knows how to assist in such a case, but Katie thinks it might be done through a surprise-party, and I do believe Katie is right.'

'She always is right,' said I.

(Continued at page 30.)



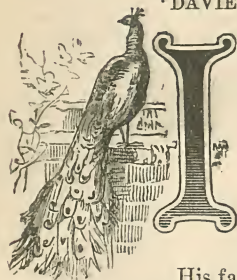
"Jim's spanking team dashed up to my door with Katie driving."



"I have brought a letter for Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire."

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

'DAVIE BALFOUR.*



IT was an early morning in the month of June, A.D. 1751, when young 'Davie,' a lad of sixteen, left his old home for the last time. His father and mother were dead, so that Davie felt sadly alone as he started forth to make his way in the world.

His father had been a poor country schoolmaster in Ettrick Forest, and Davie had been used to a scarcity of all things during his young life, except, indeed, a scarcity of love. Of this he had never known the lack, for he was an only child.

At the garden gate, on this morning of departure, he was met by Mr. Campbell, of Essendean, the minister of the Scotch kirk, and an old friend of Davie's dead father.

'Well, Davie, lad,' said Mr. Campbell, in a kindly voice, 'I will go with you as far as the ford to set you on your way.'

Davie thanked Mr. Campbell gratefully, and asked him to let him know where and to whom he was about to send him.

'Davie,' replied that gentleman, 'before your father died, he entrusted to my care a letter. Here it is; read what is written on the cover.'

With rising curiosity, and eager to know his fate, Davie lost no time in reading these words: 'To the hands of Ebenezer Balfour, Esq., of Shaws, in his house of Shaws, these will be delivered by my son, David Balfour.'

So great was Davie's surprise when he read this, that he nearly dropped the letter on the ground in his agitation. He had heard of the house of Shaws; indeed, everybody more or less had heard of the great Balfour family and its estates, and now it came upon him as an astonishment that he, a poor country lad, whose father had earned a scanty livelihood by teaching, should be destined to visit it, and perhaps to take up his abode there, or find his fortune with the great Balfour folk. What could it mean? Davie could not guess. One thing alone was clear to him: it was his duty to take the letter and deliver it, according to the directions upon it.

The parting between Mr. Campbell and himself was a remarkable one. The old minister was anxious for the lad's welfare, so that he used this chance to give him some parting words of good advice. He gave him, too, a small Bible, a shilling piece, and a little roll of coarse yellow paper, written upon with red ink. After the good-byes had been said, and Davie had fairly started on his way, he stopped for a brief time to read this paper, and found it to be a curious recipe for making 'Lilly

of the Valley water,' for 'comforting the heart and keeping away gout, palsy, and sprains.' Any such recipe would read very strangely in these 'enlightened' times.

After walking for several days, Davie came to the parish of Cramond, in which the house of Shaws was situated. He then began to make inquiries as to its whereabouts and occupants. He was so sadly disappointed by the answers he received, that he felt more than half inclined to go back, but his self-respect would not let him do so until he had tried to deliver his letter into the rightful hands. As the sun went down in the sky, Davie asked a poor old woman whom he met to point out to him the house. She did so, but she cursed the place and bade him 'tell the laird that Jennet Clonston has cursed him twelve hundred and nineteen times.'

As Davie drew near to the house, he saw that it appeared to be a heap of ruins. The lodge was unroofed, and the main entrance had never been finished. Instead of iron gates, hurdles were tied across with a straw rope. The boy found his way to the door, a piece of wood studded with nails, and, after repeated knockings, a man in a nightcap appeared overhead, and, pointing a blunderbuss at him, said: 'It's loaded!'

The boy was not frightened by the threat, for he knew that his errand was a good one.

'I have brought a letter for Ebenezer Balfour, Esq.,' said Davie.

'What is your name?' demanded the man with the gun.

'David Balfour,' was the reply; and his questioner started as he heard it, but he asked: 'Is your father dead, then?'

As the poor lad told him that such was the case, the owner of the gun said in a defiant tone of voice, 'Well, mon, I'll let you in.'

Davie had guessed by this time that Mr. Ebenezer Balfour was his uncle, and certainly he was sadly disappointed in his first acquaintance with him. Mr. Balfour was a mean, stooping, narrow-shouldered, clay-faced man. He might have been any age from fifty to seventy. He wore a flannel night-cap, and flannel night-gown over his ragged shirt, instead of coat and waistcoat, and he seemed unable to look the boy in the face.

At first Davie had supposed him to be some old serving-man, and refused to give up the letter until the queer old fellow had assured him that he was his uncle, born brother to his father.

That night Davie slept in a queer sort of place, to which he had to find his way in the dark. It was a great chamber, hung with stamped leather, furnished with fine embroidered furniture, and lighted by three fine windows. For the last twenty years, damp, dirt, disuse, mice and spiders, had done their worst.

Davie was no coward, but his heart failed him as Uncle Ebenezer denied him the privilege of a candle or light of any kind. Yet there was nothing for him to do but make the best of a bad job.

When morning came, his uncle unlocked the door, and let him out, telling him of a draw-well where he might wash himself 'if he wanted to wash.'

* The story of 'Davie Balfour' was written by the late R. L. Stevenson, under the title of *Kidnapped*. A charming book for boys.

The breakfast-table was 'set' with two bowls and two horn spoons, and a single measure of small beer. The kitchen was almost bare. Davie knew in the morning what he had guessed the previous evening, that his uncle, Ebenezer Balfour, was a miser. The sole diet was porridge. Breakfast, dinner, and tea found porridge hot or porridge cold upon the table, and a little drop of small beer.

In a room next door to the kitchen, to which his uncle allowed him to go, Davie discovered a number of old books, and upon the fly-leaf of one, in his dead father's handwriting, he came upon the words, 'To my brother Ebenezer on his fifth birthday.' This set our hero thinking. Had his father, he asked himself, been the elder brother, or even a twin, or had he been able to write such a beautiful hand before he was five years old? If he were the elder or twin brother, why had he not come into possession of the house of Shaws?

Davie resolved that he would ask his uncle a question or two.

Mr. Balfour was startled when, one mid-day, as he and his nephew were seated before their porridge, Davie asked, 'Uncle, were you and my father twins?'

So startled and angry was he, that he jumped up from his chair, dropping his horn spoon, and seized Davie roughly by the coat.

As the boy bade him 'leave go' in very decided tones, he quietened down, and a strange silence reigned during the remainder of the frugal meal.

It was when Mr. Balfour had been smoking for some time without speaking a word, that he somewhat suddenly addressed his nephew by name, and told him that he had half promised him, before he was born, a wee bit siller, and that it had grown to forty pounds, adding, 'If you will step outside the door a minute, mayhap I will gang and get it.'

This, to Davie's surprise, he did, who actually found thirty-seven gold guineas counted into his hands. His uncle kept the odd money.

'I will have no thanks,' said the old man; 'but you can show your gratitude by helping me at odd times. The first little thing you may do is to go upstairs to the tower; take my key to open the staircase door, and bring me down a chest containing papers from the top.'

Davie readily replied that he would do his best, but he asked permission to use a light. Again his uncle forbade it.

'Are the stairs safe?' asked the lad.

'Grand under foot,' said Uncle Ebenezer.

The boy began the ascent in the darkness, feeling with his hands as he went. He had not gone far before a vivid flash of lightning showed him his danger. His feet were within two inches of a well!

Cautiously feeling his way forward, he found at last nothing but space where he should have mounted, for the stairs, like the main entrance, had never been finished.

If he had not felt his ground every inch before him, but walked up in the ordinary way, he must have perished. The terrible thought was forced upon him that his uncle, the miser, wished to get rid of him, and had sought his death. When Davie reached the

ground, a blinding flash of lightning revealed to him his uncle standing outside the kitchen door in a listening attitude. Following the flash came a loud clap of thunder. When Mr. Ebenezer Balfour heard the row-tow of the thunder, he probably mistook it for the falling of his nephew's body, and the fear of the guilty man was great. He rushed in, leaving the kitchen door open behind him. The lad followed without being noticed, and clapping his hands upon the old man's shoulders, he shouted:

'Ah!'

Mr. Balfour fell forward, frightened by the sight of his nephew alive, whom he had supposed to be dead. When Davie had done his best to bring his uncle round, he asked him several questions, but he was put off with the evasion that they should be truly answered in the morning.

Now, when the morning came, a letter was brought to the house by a cabin-boy from a brig, bearing the name of *Covenant*. That letter took Mr. Balfour down to the brig on business. He invited Davie to accompany him, and then contrived, by a private arrangement with the captain, a very bad man, that Davie should be 'kidnapped' and carried on board.

The poor lad went through much suffering, but perhaps his sharpest grief was caused by knowing that his uncle had destined him for a slave, to work alongside negroes on a tobacco-field. Of course, his uncle's object was plain enough now: it was to get his nephew out of the way, as he was rightful heir to the house of Shaws, his father having been the elder brother.

After a very eventful voyage, and several narrow escapes from shipwreck and other disasters, Davie at last returned home and claimed his rights by the help of friends. He let his uncle remain in possession for life, with a good income in addition. Thus our hero, by his noble example, enforced the grand lesson of 'Good for evil,' and proved, by his life-story, the truth that 'God defends the right.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

KEEPING ST. PAUL'S DAY.



SOME curious customs have gathered round St. Paul's Day. Thus our worthy forefathers used to watch the weather on this 25th of January, because they supposed that it foretold what would happen during the year after. If it was a clear, fine day, people expected to have good harvests and plenty of fruit; but a rainy or snowy day was a sign of bad weather, which would injure the crops by-and-by. If St. Paul's Day was very cloudy, then they expected that there would be much illness about. If the wind was violent, as in January it often is, that meant that there would be war, or else contentions at home. We do not see any reason for connecting St. Paul with the weather, though, as he was a great traveller,



The Ivy.

he had, we know, many experiences of winds and storms. In the olden time, it is said to have been a custom amongst the Germans, if the day was not fine, to drag the image of the saint to some river and give it a ducking. Several countries regarded St. Paul's Day as an unlucky one on which to attempt anything new.

In London City, the day was formerly marked by a grand service and also a procession to the Cathedral. At the head of the clergy and their attendants was the Bishop, in his robes and wearing the mitre; from every parish in or near London one or more priests attended; a fat buck was carried in the procession, before and behind which were forty men blowing trumpets. The reason of this is unknown. Then at Billingsgate, near the Thames, stood an ancient post, which people called St. Paul's Stump. If a stranger came past, the men working near asked him to kiss the post, and supposing he did so, giving them too a trifle in money, they let him go past; but in the event of his refusing, two of them took him by the arms and legs firmly, after which they bumped him against the post till he cried for mercy.

In the far west of England, they had an odd custom of old date. This day was called Paul's Pitcher Day. The Cornish tinmen used to set up a large water-pitcher, at which they flung stones from some distance off, till it was smashed to pieces; afterwards, they went round collecting money to buy

a new pitcher; but, of course, part was spent in refreshments. At Bodmin and places near, till quite lately, the boys used to get all the pitchers they could, and then strolled about the town, and wherever they found an open door, or one which they could open, they threw a pitcher in to do mischief, calling out, 'Tis Paul's Eve, and here's a heave!'

J. R. S. C.

THE IVY.

SOME people will scarcely recognise the leaves of this plant as those of the common ivy, so accustomed are they to look upon an ivy-leaf as one cut into three or five deep segments, whereas those of the flowering branches are, for the most part, egg-shaped. The difference in the appearance and manner of growth, according to the age of the plant, is so great, that formerly there were supposed to be several varieties of ivy; but it is now admitted that there is only one kind, a native of England. In its infant state the ivy creeps along the ground, putting out roots at the joints of the stem; when more advanced it quits the ground, and climbs walls and trees, its rootlets being merely holdfasts. In its next stage it assumes the appearance of a tree which in autumn is covered with blossoms; the branches are smooth, and without holdfasts, and the



A Lych-gate.

curved projections of the leaves are slight, or entirely wanting. In its old age the ivy ceases flowering; it again, as in its infancy, supports itself by means of suckers, and the leaves are wholly egg-shaped.

The climate of Great Britain is particularly favourable to the growth of ivy. Sir Walter Scott says,—

'Oh, the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy-tree,
They flourish best at home in the north countree.'

R. B.

A LYCH-GATE.

A LYCH-GATE is a church-yard gate covered with a roof. It is very common in many parts of England and Wales. The bodies of persons brought for burial are set down under the shelter of the roof, while the opening words of the burial service are read. Lych-gates are very rare in Scotland; there is one, however, at Blackford church in Perthshire, and another at Peebles.

D.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 23.)

CHAPTER IV.—SOME DIFFERENT SURPRISE-PARTIES.



HE scheme was arranged in full, and Jim and I went off on the round again, and the neighbours did not need to be told anything, for, as soon as we said, 'It is to be at O'Boyne's of Willow Creek,' everybody answered, 'Good for you, boys!' 'The very thing to do!'

Even Nat Grant, the most crusty old file about, grunted, 'I guess I will be there, and bring my share of the picnic "notions." I always have a thundering appetite, so you may depend on me to bring along a ham.'

Well, the evening of the Willow Creek 'Surprise' arrived, and I made ready to go; but, just as I got into the sleigh, after fixing a few odds and ends there which I thought might be of use at the party, Scott came out of the house with a sack of meal in his hands, and, dumping it into the rig, remarked, 'Some of they folk are thoughtless, and you *may* run short of bread if there is a big gathering; so maybe a dish of porridge will not come amiss. This is grand oatmeal.'

'I will tell the boys of your thoughtfulness, Scott,' I said; and he grinned as I drove away.

Everybody at the Surprise-party had evidently believed, like Scott, that every other person would forget the commissariat department, for all the rigs were laden with baskets of provisions, and it was amusing to hear the ladies exchange remarks such as, 'I felt sure you would be too busy to make pies, so I baked quite a lot, and now, I see, you have brought some.' 'I was sure nobody would remember butter, so I put a big jar in my basket.'

All this sort of thing went on at the barn where the Surprise-party was getting ready for its dance and supper. In the house a few of the ladies were talking to Mrs. O'Boyne, who looked very much bewildered at it all; and, while she was collecting her wits, we whisked away her girls and boys, passed them into the hands of Mrs. Wilson and Katie Vancroft, and by-and-by the small O'Boynes appeared in the barn in neat frocks and jackets, and with pies in their hands.

Mr. O'Boyne was in bed, and, without asking leave, Mr. Wilson went in and talked to him in a way that gentleman has, which would turn a wriggling snake into a straight course. Then Mrs. Vancroft, in some miraculous way, had hot beef-tea ready, telling, as she stirred it up, how her beef-tea had set up Sam Verney, and would set up Mr. O'Boyne.

She made me carry her 'brew' into the bedroom, and she went in herself with me, talking all the time about Sam and his frozen legs and her beef-tea.

And the whole basinfal was down that poor man's throat before he quite knew what she was doing.

As we were passing out, Mrs. Vancroft patted Mrs. O'Boyne's shoulder in her caressing way, and said, 'You must not mind the young people making a noise in the barn, and you must not mind our rough-and-ready colonial ways. Just stay quiet in here, and I will be thankful to come and sit with you, and have my tea in peace, for the others are going to have theirs in the old shanty behind the barn.'

Then Mrs. Wilson put her two arms about the poor thin creature, and said, 'My dear, you must let us have our way. We are plain farm-folk, and you are a delicate, high-born lady; but we want you to love us and our country, and you must let God help you through any channel He thinks best.'

I saw Mrs. O'Boyne drop her head on Mrs. Wilson's shoulder, and at that I bolted for the barn, where dancing had begun.

After supper, Nora Wilson came round to all of us young fellows, whispering sweetly, and lifting her soft eyes to our faces in a way that made us all want to pick the child up and kiss her. She is only eleven, and very small for that, but she has a heart big enough to fit a giant; and, when she had gone the round of us, she was smiling all over, and hugging with delight a little bag, which had grown fat during her pilgrimage around the room.

Then she took Katie Vancroft into a corner, and there was more whispering, with rapid fingering of bits of ribbon, balls of wool, tiny cakes, and dolls which came out of Katie's basket.

All this meant a 'lucky-bag' for the little O'Boynes, and you should have seen them (there are seven of them) diving into the bag and drawing a prize. Each child drew twice, and every 'draw' was a prize, for each tiny packet contained some silver coin enclosed in ribbon, wool, or cake. So much for Nora's method of witching money out of one's pocket!

It was curious how many mistakes we all made. One lady 'forgot' to take home the blanket which had been wrapped about her feet in the sleigh, and another found no use for an extra cushion she had brought, so begged Mrs. O'Boyne to put it under the sick man's head.

Hams uncut, jars of butter, loaves of bread, eggs, cream, tea, sugar, got left behind in the barn.

Mrs. O'Boyne sat in a corner very quiet, but with tears falling over her face, while we danced, and sang, and enjoyed ourselves.

We all went in before leaving to shake hands with her, and say what a jolly night it had been, and I heard Mrs. Wilson say, as she bade 'Good night,' 'Now, remember, my dear, this was God's surprise-party, not ours. You will see me soon again.'

There was rather a crowd in the Middleton sleigh, so I offered Katie a seat in mine, and she came, which, of course, obliged me to halt at Middleton. The night was far through by the time we got there, so it did not take much to persuade me to unhitch, and have a nap before going further.

And after the dancing and fun I was ready for

sleep, I can tell you, so somehow the morning was well over before I reached Daisy Dell.

Scott was at the door when I pulled up, and his first look was for his sack of oatmeal.

'Oh, Scott!' I cried, 'I am afraid I have forgotten to bring back your oatmeal sack. Stupid of me!'

He grinned as usual, and nodded as if well pleased. Then, becoming grave quite suddenly, he said, 'I have had one of those surprise-parties all to myself.'

'Indeed?' said I.

'Yes,' he answered; 'but we did not dance, I can tell you, boss. My visitors were two or three of those Indian bodies, and they had with them a man I kent for all his dyed skin and shaven face. It was Robert Mutt, that Mr. Wilson dismissed from Strathearn last harvest, and Mutt was riding one of Mr. Wilson's young colts that, I suspect, he "lifted" as they went by the farm.'

'That is serious,' I remarked; and Scott shook his head.

'Ay, serious enough; but Mutt did not know that I knew both him and the horse.'

'What shall we do?' I asked.

'It would be but neighbourly to go after the thief,' was Scott's answer; and this I readily agreed to, for the Wilsons have been kind friends to me.

We saddled two of our best and freshest horses, fixed a blanket and small bag of corn for the horse to each saddle, stuffed slices of bread and cheese into our pockets, with revolvers in our belts, and rode away in the track of the horse-thieves.

But we had not gone many yards from the house when Scott halted, and, calling the Indian boy, asked, in a careless way, if any of his tribe had been giving him a call of late.

Brownie shook his head and answered, 'My people busy on Reserve. Only wandering Nacot and his kind to be seen at this time.'

'No doubt,' quoth Scott, 'honest folk are all minding their own land at present, but restless creatures like Nacot will be out and about. Have you seen him?'

'Not for many weeks,' answered Brownie.

'Whereabouts do you think he might be found?' was the next question; but the boy shook his head again as he said, 'Nacot never stays long in one place; he is always wandering, and I do not know where he may be—east, or west, or north, or south—he is anywhere.'

I should tell you that my Indian was educated at one of the Industrial schools, and is a bright lad. He speaks English well and with a beautiful accent. His Indian name was Mangwapel, but the missionary christened him Peter, and as I hate that name, and cannot get my tongue around the other, I call him Brownie. He is a very nice boy indeed—truthful, honest, and fond of me. We could depend upon his giving any clue we required, if in his power to do so.

As we rode away, Scott said, 'When that rascal, Mutt, was at Strathearn, the creature, Nacot, was often in this neighbourhood, and I have seen the two of them confabbing together many times. Now you see, boss, the folk all say that Nacot is not honest, though I will own I never knew him lift so

much as a hen's egg when he gave us a call; still he gets the name of being light-fingered, and anybody that had to do with Nacot was not all right, I fear.'

'Then, was Nacot of the party you saw early this morning?' I asked.

'No, and that is why I questioned Peter about him. You see, he is very cunning, and knows every squatter's place for hundreds of miles around. He is always wandering about, and it is said he carries news of strayed stock to his friends. I was thinking that probably Mutt would employ Nacot to take the stolen colt to some out-of-the-way corner till search is given up. A horse-thief is not a fool, boss; and this one knows well that Mr. Wilson will look sharp into the loss of his beast.'

'Then,' I asked, 'you think, if we can find Nacot, we shall stand a better chance of recovering the colt than if we track Mutt and his party?'

Scott nodded, and I added, 'How shall we find him?'

'I cannot say; I am thinking,' was the scarcely satisfactory reply, and we rode on in silence a good way. My own idea was to follow the trail of Scott's surprise-party, and this we did easily, for the hoof-marks were plain to see; but, after following the trail for some miles, Scott pulled up, and, pointing to the ground, said, 'They have parted company here—two have gone east and two south. Now, how on earth are we to tell *which* way Mr. Wilson's colt has been taken!'

I ought to mention that, as we were going along, Scott had told me that only Mutt and one of the Indians were mounted, the other two were on foot, otherwise we could not have dreamed of overtaking the party.

After some discussion, we resolved to divide and each follow a trail, and we agreed to meet at Strathearn that night, feeling sure that, if we had not come up with our 'game' by then, it was not much use trying further. The valley curves about, and we knew that, though the trails we were on went off at right angles from each other, both would lead into the valley and be lost among the many footprints of men and cattle scattered in all directions; if, therefore, we did not overtake the scamps before they reached the valley, we could not hope to recover Mr. Wilson's colt. Scott rode off to the south, and I headed east, and we got over the ground at a rattling pace, soon losing sight of each other, as we followed the broad trails without difficulty. After riding hard for some hours, I reached the brow of a ravine leading into the valley, and there my horse suddenly shied, and almost sent me off her back.

As soon as I got Belle steady again—though she shook and snorted all the time—I looked to see what had startled her, and discovered an Indian sitting on a fallen tree just within the ravine. He was rolled up in a blanket, but his face was to me, and I recognised wandering Nacot. We all know him, some of us believe in him, and some of us think him a worthless scamp. He is at rare times employed by the settlers to track lost cattle, for Nacot has a wonderful instinct that way. The Government agents have tried to tame him, but nothing could ever induce this Indian to apply himself to any steady work, and it is generally believed that he lives by thieving.



"My horse suddenly shied."

I do not share that belief, for he has never been detected in any act of dishonesty, and I hold to British principles. I say, believe a man to be honest until he is *proved* a thief. Moreover, I do not

believe that Nacot could have gone on year after year in thievish ways without some of our sharp Canadian neighbours detecting him.

(Continued at page 34.)



"He led the horse to me, and put the bridle-rope in my hand."

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 32.)

CHAPTER V.—LOST PROPERTY RESTORED.



AS soon as I discovered who it was that my horse did not approve, I called out 'Good day,' and Nacot rose up and stood before me grave and watchful, but with a friendly look also. I asked, pointing to the trail I was on, 'Can you tell which way they have gone, Nacot, and where they mean to stop?'

In the high-flown style in which a Redskin speaks English he answered, 'Why does the white man wish to find the friends of Nacot? The red men go here and there, and do not ask leave to wander where they will on their own prairies.'

'I am sorry,' said I, 'to hear you call the couple who passed this way your *friends*, for they and two others have been up to no good, and we are on their tracks. We will find them sooner or later, so you may as well speak out.'

I really could not help admiring the dignity and scorn with which Nacot replied. 'Nacot have not forked tongue, but Nacot can be silent; he will not betray his friends.'

It was no good lecturing on aiding and abetting, and all the rest of it. Nacot has often been to my place, and I always made him welcome. Though he will not work steadily, he is an adept at snaring wild fowl, and catching fish, and he often brings me a fat prairie chicken or a few fresh fish. Those who know him as only a vagrant 'Nichie,' look on him with suspicion and get hated by him in return; but I am rather fond of Indians, and I like Nacot, who I fancy has a 'sneaking kindness' for me. So I received what he said in good part and replied, 'I believe you to be a honest and truthful man, Nacot. Whatever people say of you I trust you fully. Why should you make a friend of an out-and-out rascal of a white man that is a disgrace to his colour? I mean Robert Mutt.'

He looked surprised and answered simply, 'Two red men came this way—no Robert Mutt.'

'Then he went by the other trail,' I said. 'The horse he was on, or the one that came by this spot, is a stolen horse, Nacot. I suspect Mutt is too clever to ride the nag he stole himself. He will have got his Indian dupes to lend him their horse, and to take the one he stole from the scrub by Strathearn farm. And the Indians will paint out the white star on the colt's forehead, and his white "socks," and they will take him and sell him to some white thief—if they get away now. Nacot, you say you have not a forked tongue, and I believe you. Is it right to let your people help a white man whose words and ways are all forked? Is it honest to assist him to escape the punishment for a dishonest deed? I ask you plain, Nacot?'

I consider I made a good speech on that occasion, quite on the lines of the Indian orators themselves, and it impressed the red man. He stood silent for a few minutes, and I was silent too. I thought it well to let my oratory work.

Presently he said, 'White man stay here, and Nacot bring the horse with the white star and socks.'

He did not wait to see if I did as he desired, but slipped away down the ravine, and I could see he was following a trail freshly made along a cattle track. Very soon he was hid by the scrub and the bluffs, and I debated within myself whether I ought to stay there or follow him. I have no hankering after detective work, and did not want to be the means of arresting some wretched Redskins who do not clearly understand the morals of civilisation; but I was anxious to recover my neighbour's horse for him. I believed in Nacot, with or without reason, so I determined to do as he bade me, and I stuck to that spot for a long time.

I entertained myself by munching a hunk of bread and cheese, and giving Belle her nose-bag; but we had both finished our meal, and became more than impatient, when I heard the sharp click of horse's hoofs striking the rugged track, and in a few minutes Nacot appeared riding Mr Wilson's colt. I did not know what might be best to say, so I held my tongue, and he did ditto. He dismounted and led the horse to me, and put the bridle-rope in my hand without one word.

Then I said, 'Thank you heartily, Nacot. Now get on the nag and ride with me to Strathearn, for I am sure Mr. Wilson will be glad to know what you have done, and how honest—'

He checked me quickly with an uplifted hand and stern frown. 'White man go, lead horse to master!' he said.

'At least,' I replied, 'you will let me reward you,' and I fumbled at my pocket for some loose silver; but he checked me again with the same high and mighty air.

'Nacot take no reward. Nacot no love Mr. Wilson, but Nacot no steal.'

He looked lean and hungry. There was no dwelling near the spot, and the Indian reserve was a long way from where we were. Nor did there seem to be any camp of his people within hail. 'Eat a bite with me, at least, for goodwill,' I said, holding out one of my 'hunks,' and attacking another myself, though I had already eaten as much as I wanted.

The fellowship of food had its effect, and Nacot took my offering, saying gravely, 'White man's heart is kind, and his hand is open. Nacot is glad to eat.'

'Since you don't care to come to Strathearn,' I said, as we munched in company, 'you might go to Daisy Dell, my place, and Brownie will see to your comfort till I return. I shall be home early to-morrow.'

He hesitated, and I thought that the warmth and comfort of my house were presenting themselves as a tempting bribe before his mind. Then he asked, 'Why send Nacot to Indian boy? Why no to friend whose hands are filled with the corn and flesh and butter of the white boss?'

'You mean Scott? He rode out with me and followed the other trail. He will have found Mutt, I guess, by now.'

The Indian's eyes gleamed fiercely, and he muttered, 'Snake white man crawl after wolf white man. Forked tongue and angry tongue speak fire. Nacot no care *who* kill; both call Nacot "Nichie." Nacot hate *both*.'

('Nichie,' you must know, is a contemptuous term applied to the Indians, and they dislike it very much.)

I thought from what he said that there might be serious mischief if Scott and Mutt met; but I was not uneasy on my man's account, knowing that he always had his wits about him, as well as a loaded revolver. So I laughed and said, 'I guess Scott will turn up all right at Strathearn. Now, do not forget, Nacot, that you will always find a welcome at Daisy Dell. Many thanks, just now, for your help to-day.'

I gathered up the reins and headed across the prairie for Strathearn, towing Mr. Wilson's colt alongside; and Nacot dived into the ravine, whither bound I cannot tell.

Strathearn is a fine large farm in the valley, owned by a first-rate man, and the place is known far and wide as a refuge, where all who need help are sure of relief.

If Nacot had come in contact with the Wilsons, he might have changed his belief that all wealthy settlers are wolves, snakes, pigeons, and gophers!

I wanted to reach the farm before twilight, and by putting on a spurt I did so, and was welcomed very heartily, the more so as I brought the colt in my wake.

Scott had got there before me. He had overtaken Mutt and his companion; but, as he saw at a glance that the horse Mutt rode was not the one he had 'lifted,' Scott did not stop, and pretended he did not know the rider, who was dressed as an Indian, and might easily pass for a half-breed.

'And,' said Scott, 'take my word for it, that rascal is brewing mischief. We have not heard the last of Robert Mutt, nor yet of wandering Nacot.'

Little Nora Wilson was sitting on my knee, and she whispered into my ear, 'I am always so sorry for the Indians, and I am glad *you* think poor Nacot is honest. I wish he would come to Strathearn, that mother might be good to him. Her talk always makes people love to do right.'

Poor little Nora is as inexperienced as she is guileless, and forgot that no influence had been of any good effect on Robert Mutt; and he has evidently got hold of the Indian, and is working on his resentful feelings towards the settlers.

Scott and I were very glad to avail ourselves of the pressing invitation we got to spend the night at Strathearn, and I do not know when I have enjoyed anything more than I did a little service I took part in next morning.

The Wilsons keep up the good old-fashioned custom of gathering the household together every morning for reading the Bible, singing a hymn, and prayer. When the delightful little service was over, Nora went to her father, and, looking up with a sweet inquiring way she has, made him ask, 'What puzzles you, little daughter?'

'I don't quite understand,' she answered slowly, 'what we mean by a "neighbour." You see, there are no priests and Levites and Samaritans here, and nobody in the valley would leave a person to die on the trail. Yet you told us, when you were reading the chapter, that *all* the parables were meant for our good, and could apply to all people and all times.'

Mr. Wilson smiled in his quiet way, and said, 'Do you remember, Nora, when the prairie fire nearly came to my wheat last year, and Mr. Grant from across the valley drove past with the young minister from the town in his rig, and they never offered to help us to put out the fire? And then some poor Indians came along the trail, and, as soon as they saw our trouble, stopped and gave their help so freely?'

Here Dave, who is a year or two older than Nora, struck in, 'Yes, and they would not take any payment for their help. Was not I mad at Grant? And the minister excused himself by saying he had to hold a service in half an hour at the reserve. Bah! the Indians were our "neighbours" that time.'

Nora's face cleared up; but she asked, 'Were the Samaritans brown men?'

'They were the children of Abraham,' said Mr. Wilson, 'and as much so as the Jews, but they had forsaken the faith of their fathers, and therefore the Jews despised them. So, you see, by the parable, God expects us to be "neighbour" to even our erring kinsmen, who are often worse enemies than those of alien blood.'

I was very much edified, as well as the children, by these remarks, and they were driven home to me yet more by Scott, who is fond of theological discussions, saying, 'I would a sight sooner trust that poor Nacot to do me a friend's turn, if need were, than Robert Mutt. And if I were in a strait, I would rather have the Taffy of Rose Plain at my side than your crabbed old carle, Grant, though he comes from Scotland, like myself.'

Nora clapped her hands together, and the tears rose in her blue eyes, and she said, 'Oh, I wish *every* one would try to be good and kind! It is so wrong to be selfish and cruel. I used to feel so terribly unhappy when Robert Mutt was here, for he beat the oxen so hard, and they looked at him with their big soft eyes so wonderingly. He was a cruel man. I always ran away and hid when I saw him coming.'

'He ought to have got a beating himself, Nora,' I said.

But she looked at me as Sissy used to do when I said something she thought I did not mean, and asked, 'Is that like the Good Samaritan, Frank? I do not think you can make wicked people good by beating them.'

'No doubt the bairn is wise,' said Scott, 'but for all that Robert Mutt will have to be dealt with for yesterday's job, unless you are minded to let him pay calls at uncanny hours, and "lift" whatever comes to his hand.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Wilson; 'we must put a stop to this kind of thing. I was unwilling to bring a case against him, for I always think a conviction often makes fellows of the sort worse, so I contented myself with merely dismissing him; but I fear we must act more decidedly now.'



A Natural Bridge in India.

'I am with you, sir,' aid Scott; 'and I will swear to Mutt, in spite of his paint and "blanket-trews." It is a clear case.'

I did not want to be in Scott's 'clear case,' and I wanted to screen Nacot, whose simplicity I felt had put him into the hands of a knave, so I said, 'I do not think there is evidence to convict Mutt in this case. The party could say they found the colt straying; the beast was not in Mutt's possession, and the Indians who had it gave it up as soon as I described the horse to Nacot. Besides, the Indian honestly recovered the horse for me, believing in my friendly feeling. I do not wish to let myself or Nacot be mixed up in this.'

'Quite right, Frank,' said Mr. Wilson.

And Nora, putting a little hand in mine, whispered, 'It is good of you to be "neighbour" to poor, wandering Nacot.'

'Ah, well!' said Scott, 'Robert Mutt will give us another chance at him before long. Be sure of that, boss.'

We all laughed, all except Nora, and the little maid seemed quite distressed, and said that she hoped and prayed that the man would do no more wicked deeds.

She was so troubled over it all that, to divert her mind, I asked her to come and see how she liked my young broncho, Belle. She is fond of horses, and rides splendidly, and soon coaxed me to put her saddle on my horse, and let her have a canter. You never saw anything prettier in your life than Nora on the bay mare. The child is as bonnie as can be, and sat on Belle like a bird on a swaying bough.

There's poetry for you! Her shimmering hair was flying out like rays of sunlight, and her cheeks were all aglow as she made Belle scamper away along the valley. Poor little Nora!

(Continued at page 42.)

UNION IS STRENGTH.



THE bridge in our picture is one of many such bridges to be seen in India, at the base of the Himalaya mountains.

Owing to the frequent floods and mountain torrents, bridges are very necessary.

The thin roots of trees and their branches entwine, and by uniting become strong enough to form a bridge

capable of bearing any weight.

When I was a boy my father gave me three twigs bound together, and desired me to break them. I used all my strength, but did not succeed. He then took one of the twigs away, leaving two together in my hands. Again I tried to break them, but could only bend the twigs. These were divided, and I readily broke the single twig.

'Now, my boy,' said my father; 'this is an old lesson, but one you should never forget, that "Union is strength."'



Victoria Cross Heroes: Lance-Corporal Goat.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

IN A.D. 1858 that great rising in the East against our rule, the Indian Mutiny, was at its height, and there were not wanting grey-headed men, whose lives had been passed in the service of 'John Company,' to predict that the English 'Raj' was at an end; but, in spite of all that was against them,

our gallant countrymen held their own, though hemmed in by an overwhelming force of the enemy. Such leaders as Colin Campbell, Havelock, Outram, John Nicholson, and many more, served their country well. But even leaders such as these would have been powerless unless they had had sterling stuff in the rank and file behind them. Of such stuff was Lance-Corporal Goat, of the 9th

Lancers, who obtained the coveted Victoria Cross during the siege of Lucknow. In face of a strong body of the rebel cavalry, he dismounted from his horse in order to rescue Major Smith, 2nd Dragoon Guards, who was badly wounded. Driven off in this attempt, he returned, in spite of a heavy fire, and succeeded in his gallant effort to recover the body.

F. R.

A CAPTIVE EAGLE

THIS story of an eagle's capture and death has a pathos of its own. It appears that a farmer shot the bird. It was caught, and after a severe struggle was caged in a large dry-goods case with wooden bars across one of its sides. But from the moment of its being caged it refused to eat. Every kind of delicacy suited to its appetite was put into the box, but the eagle would not touch anything. On the seventh day of its captivity its flashing eye became dull, and it was plainly near to death. It was weak from its starvation, and appeared to be suffering acutely. It turned its back to the light and crouched with head erect to meet its fate. A short time before it died there were movements in the wings—slow, graceful, spasmodic opening and folding. In the delirium of death the bird thought that it was again soaring above the crags. The head was turned to one side with one sightless eye upward, and so it died, free in its imagination, although a captive.

THE VIKING'S SHIP.



THE Viking and his ship have long been a favourite subject for the poet and painter. But with whatever accuracy these might describe the sea-rover himself, they were almost entirely indebted to their imaginations for the pictures they drew of his vessel. A few years ago, however, a discovery was made which not only furnishes a model for the artists and poets of the future, but also throws a great light on the life and customs of the old sea kings. For more than nine centuries there had stood at Gokstad, on the Christiania Fjord, a huge mound of earth known as the 'King's Mound.' In A.D. 1880 the people on a neighbouring farm began to dig into it, in hopes of finding the treasure which it was said to contain. A treasure they did indeed find, but not what they expected.

Two days after the digging began, the stern of a boat appeared, and in a few weeks there stood uncovered to the gaze of the onlookers the whole of such a vessel as struck panic into the hearts of our ancestors in the days when the Norsemen poured on to our shores and ravaged the land before them.

With great difficulty it was removed to Christiania, and is now carefully preserved in the University buildings.

The vessel, which had been weather-worn at the time it was buried, is what is called clinker-built, of oak and unpainted. It is composed, says an authority who describes it, of a 'keel, stem, and stern-post, frame timbers, beams, knees and external planking,' the frame timbers and planking being lashed together with the roots of trees and the seams filled up with cord made of cattle's hair. She carried a mast and sail, but the latter so arranged that she could only sail well before the wind. In each bulwark are sixteen holes for the oars, by which the vessel was propelled, failing a favourable breeze. These holes were closed by a small shutter, when not used, to prevent the sea washing in. The rudder was fastened by a rope to the *side* of the vessel, a few feet forward from the stern-post and was moved by a tiller, as circumstances required, towards or away from the steersman, who sat or stood facing the prow. The ship contained thirty-two shields, made of pine-wood with a metal rim and a metal boss in the centre. These were painted alternately yellow and black, and were suspended round the outside of the vessel. There were also some curiously carved heads, painted yellow and black, which are supposed to have been used as supports for the awning, which was sometimes raised over the deck. The vessel measures about eighty feet in length, is sixteen feet wide at the broadest part, and from four to five feet deep from gunwale to keel. With her warlike crew of sixty-five men, her daring commander standing at the prow, her sail set and her oars glancing in the sun, as they dipped in and out of the water, she must have presented a beautiful spectacle as she danced over the blue waves of the North Sea, bound on some of her fierce and daring adventures. But how came she to be buried in the King's Mound?

It seems that when a Viking died, his body was sometimes placed on his vessel, which was then put out to sea with its sail up and afterwards set on fire. Sometimes, however, the body was placed in a hut erected for the purpose on the deck of the ship, and the whole buried beneath a great mound of earth. This had been the case with the vessel in question. The sepulchral chamber was made of wood, and stood amidships. It seemed to have been broken into many ages ago, for the sake of the weapons and jewels it contained. There were still found in it scattered bones of the corpse, pieces of clothing worked with silk and gold, and parts of a bridle and harness mounted with beautifully wrought plates of gilt bronze. The door of the hut was closed and covered over with layers of birch bark. It is supposed that after the place had been prepared for it, the vessel had been dragged up from the fjord by the Viking's horses and there placed, with prow seawards, to wait for the 'Ragnarök,' or end of time. The horses and dogs of the deceased were slain and placed beside the vessel, along with other of his possessions, such as the sledge on which his body was carried to burial. The Viking himself was dressed in state attire and begirt with arms, and placed on a couch in the sepulchral chamber. The hold of the

vessel was filled with blue clay, and the mound then piled high above it.

The spot for the burial had been chosen, as was always the case, with reference to its nearness to the sea, the mound commanding a full view of the waters, on which doubtless the sea-rover hoped again to roam when he rose from his long slumber at the 'Ragnarök.'

The vessel, which belongs to such a distant period that it may have formed a part of Harold Fairhair's fleet, is so well built that it is said that its makers had little to learn from the ship-builders of modern times. Its proportions are graceful, and nothing could have been better suited to the work it had to do. It is an object of great interest to all those who love to dwell on the past history of our Scandinavian ancestors, and many a pilgrimage is made in summer by our countrymen to the plain white shed behind the University at Christiania, in which stands the long-buried treasure, which has come down to us from the days when the northern world trembled before the Viking and his ship. R. M. MASON.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A COUNTRY of north-west Germany which, from the early part of the 18th century to the year 1837, was ruled over by the sovereigns of England; it then became a separate kingdom. It contains some of the most extensive heaths in Europe, and some important mines of gold, silver, and copper.

1. A town in Holland, once called the finest village in the world.
2. A village in France where a warlike English king defeated a large French army.
3. The art of conducting vessels at sea.
4. An ancient English city restored by King Alfred; it is the seat of an important University.
5. The chief town of one of the great Powers of Europe.
6. A rock off the south coast of England, upon which stands a valuable structure which acts as a warning against danger.
7. A trial of speed; a family, a people. C. C.

7.—BURIED NAMES—WOMEN.

1. The fog was so thick this morning that it was quite dark at eleven o'clock.
2. What a lonely spot! There is neither a cottage nor a hut to be seen.
3. What are those children doing? Don't let them make such a noise.
4. Did you pass a ragged child in the lane?
5. He fell entirely through his own carelessness.
6. Don't go out, there's a mad dog in the street.
7. I wonder what he sees there to interest him so much.
8. That has been the most exciting race of the season.
9. Who would believe that I am younger than you!
10. What a delineation of a remarkable character!
11. He has proved, I think, that he is worthy of your confidence.
12. Will your mamma be long before she comes? C. C.

[Answers at page 51.]

ANSWERS.

- 4.—1. 9.
2. $10 + 11 + 12 = 33$.
3. Greater number 23 lesser 18.
4. $17 + 18 + 19 = 54$.
5. 6 and 30.
6. Horse, 30l. Gig, 20l. Harness, 10l.
- 5.—1. Gaze. 6. Rays. 10. Maize. 14. Fays.
2. Braise. 7. Naze. 11. Blaze. 15. Glaze.
3. Maze. 8. Craze. 12. Raise. 16. Days.
4. Graze. 9. Raze. 13. Daze. 17. Praise.
5. Haze.

DISCRETION, THE BEST PART OF VALOUR.

IN Regent's Park, one splendid day,
When every tree was green,
In summer dress arrayed—a flock
Of sheep might have been seen;
I saw them, yes; Bounce saw them, too,
And thought he'd like a nearer view.

'Why, here's a flock of sheep,' said he,
'Well fed and plump are they,
I think I'll have a go at them,
To pass the time away;
They can't defend themselves, you see,
And that is just the game for me!'

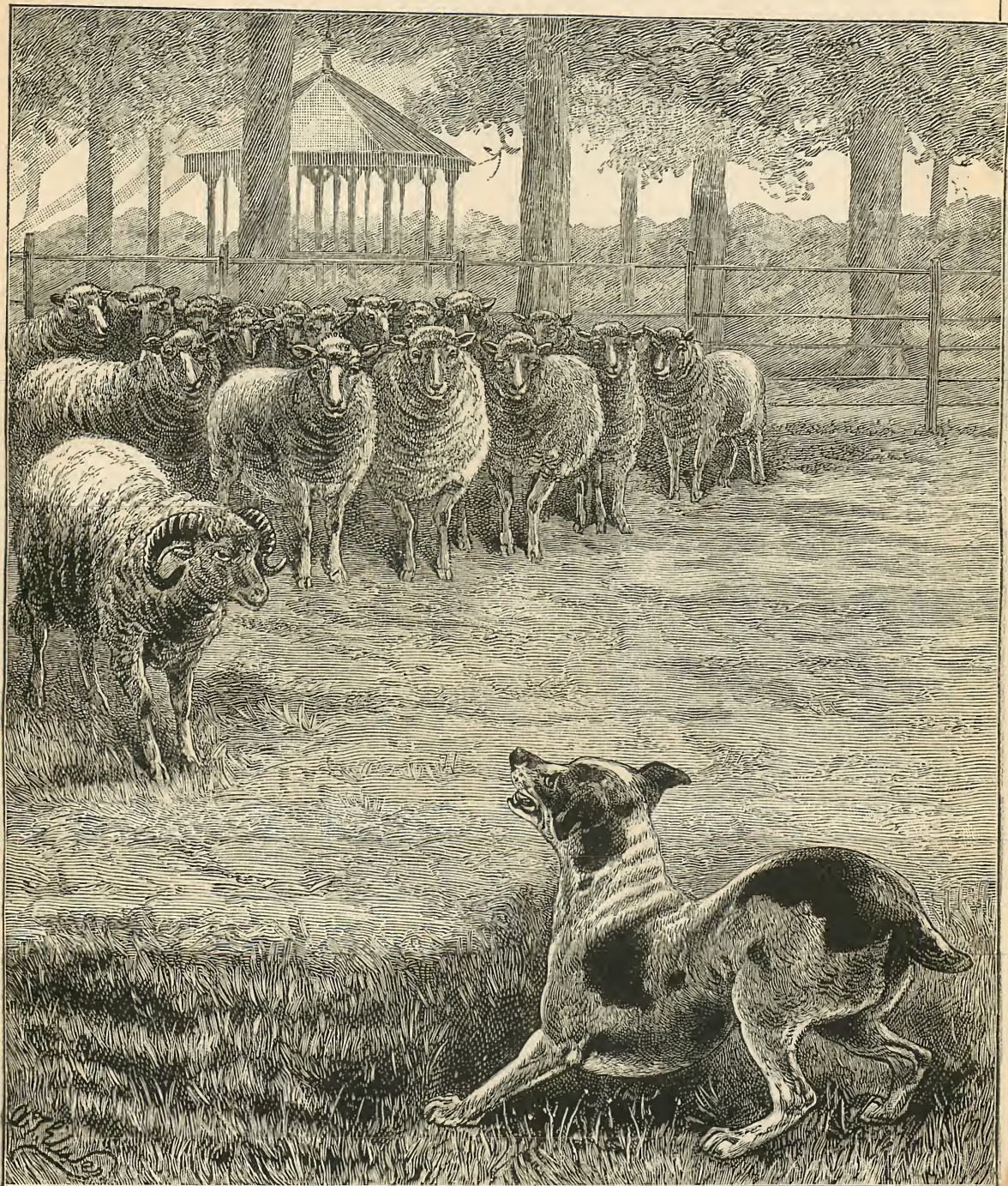
So saying, Bounce, with deep-mouthed bay
That woke the echoes round,
Attacked the foremost sheep, and would
Have pulled her to the ground;
When, poor old chap! he saw a sight
That paralysed his heart with fright.

A ram with fierce and curling horns
Stepped forth from out the flock,
His fore feet planted on the ground
As steady as a rock.
He spoke in words polite and calm,
'Sir Dog! d'ye know just who I am?'

One minute more and Bounce was gone
Careering round the park;
A backward glance, he sometimes took,
But did not dare to bark.
'No, no!' thought he; 'I'm bound for home;
No more in Regent's Park I'll roam.'

'But still I'm brave! I know I am!
I'd fight the sheep all round,
I'd seize them by their curly wool
And drag them to the ground.
But when that villain stamped his feet
I thought "it best to be discreet!"'

B. M.



"A ram with fierce and curling horns
Stepped forth from out the flock."



“Give her her head, and stick to the saddle!”

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 36.)

CHAPTER VI.—A WILD, WILD RIDE.



MR. WILSON stood beside me and watched the bonnie pair, and he said, with a catch in his voice, 'Nora is the light of our lives—our boys count small beside our one girl!'

I knew very well what he was thinking, for last winter Nora was very ill, and it was a surprise how she recovered. People said

it was her mother's wonderful nursing, but Mrs. Wilson always would have it that the child's recovery was the answer to many prayers.

I remembered Sissy's illness, and I did not feel one bit ready to talk just then, but I watched the flight of Belle with her precious burden until a curve in the valley hid them from us. By-and-by we saw the flying mare come in sight again upon a stretch of level sward by the river-side, and Nora, knowing that we could see her, waved a little hand to us before disappearing again among the scrub, which is very thick at that part of the valley.

Her father and I stood by the door and talked for some time about the farm work, just then in progress. We expected to see Nora return any moment, but she did not, and after ten minutes or so my host said he would go and set his men to a job that he wanted finished that day.

As he turned away he laughingly remarked, 'You will have to be patient, Frank. My little girl has a way of playing pretty little tricks, and has run away with your Belle.'

Somehow I had a queer sensation as he said that, and I thought, but I did not say, 'I hope Belle has not run away with Nora.'

The mare is young, and but lately broke. She is easily excited, and with so light a burden on her back as little Nora, might well think herself free to stretch her legs much further than the girl desired.

I was not afraid of Belle being up to mischief, and I knew Nora was not to be unseated easily, but I feared that she might not be able to turn the broncho back again, and Mrs. Wilson would take alarm if the ride proved a long one. As I pondered on the matter, I strolled to the trail, and met one of Mr. Wilson's men on a herd horse, driving up some young cattle.

In the usual free, off-hand way of the folk here, the man said, 'Fine mare that of yours, Mr. Leyton; she went by like a streak of greased lightning. She matches Miss Nora down to the ground.'

I had an inspiration that moment, and I said rather gravely, 'Lend me your horse, like a good fellow. You are at home now, and the nag seems quite fresh still. I want to go after my mare.'

'Oh, you need not be afraid,' said Jock; 'Miss

Nora had the creature well in hand, but you are right welcome to this horse if you want a ride.'

'Do not say much at the house,' I replied as Jock alighted, and I got into his saddle. 'The truth is, I am not quite easy as to the child's ability to pull Belle in if she wants to, and I would feel more comfortable if I were in sight of the pair; but for goodness' sake do not let Mrs. Wilson think that I have the ghost of a fear on the subject.'

'Perhaps you are right, sir,' said Jock. 'We all set extra store by Miss Nora, bless her! and you know best the temper of your mare.'

What more he said I did not hear, for I was galloping along the trail in the wake of Belle.

They told me afterwards that Jock merely told them that I had borrowed his horse, and gone for a ride with Nora, and no one was a bit uneasy.

But I can tell you my uneasy thoughts grew more and more defined as I rode up the valley, and saw nothing of Belle and Nora. I met no one for some time, but when I had covered four miles I met Mr. Grant's buckboard, and before I could say a word, he shouted, 'After your runaway, Mr. Leyton? I guess you will have to mend your pace if you want to catch her.'

'Which way was she going?' I asked.

'Right ahead,' said Grant, 'but she may go aside. The plucky little lady on her back was trying to get the mare in hand; but, bless you, those wee hands had no more control over the broncho than a feather has over the wind. I called out as they scooted past, "Don't try to pull her up or turn her; give her her head, and stick to the saddle till she slacks off." The child heard me and loosened the reins. She was speaking to the mare to soothe her. The beast ought to listen. I hope she will keep to the clear track, or—'

I heard no more. I was off as hard as the horse could go, but well I knew that his best speed was limping compared to Belle's flight.

What a ride that was, to be sure! I went for two miles more, and might have been going still if I had not met Katie Vancroft driving her mother in a small buggy.

'Did you see Belle?' I cried out, and knew they had by their faces, so added, 'Which way has she gone?'

'Up the wide ravine,' said Katie.

And her mother added, 'The mare turned from the trail when she saw us, and little Nora very deftly managed to head her into the broad trail up the ravine.'

'Poor child! She looked so white, but as cool as you please, Frank,' said Katie.

'Thank God she got Belle on *that* track!' I replied, and rode on. The ravine indicated is not rugged, and is sparsely wooded; moreover it trends in the direction of Daisy Dell, and I believed my mare would know the track and go steadily home. If ever I prayed with fervour in my life, I prayed then that sweet little Nora's strength would not fail, and I took the way across prairie to my own abode with a sure conviction that I should find the run-away there.

I met neighbours once or twice on the trail who reported Belle flying homewards, with Nora drooping

forward, but with the reins in her hands still, and her little face quite composed, and when at last I reached my own door, there was Belle in a lather, but perfectly quiet. Brownie was rubbing her down, and when I came up he said, 'The little maid of Strathearn is here, and safe.'

I was so glad to hear *that*, I could not ask questions, and Brownie added, 'She is resting on your sofa; she rode well, but she is young and tender, and her tears came when I had lifted her to the ground. The child is tired, sir, and her gentle heart is sore troubled.'

I gave my borrowed steed to Brownie's care, and went to Nora.

As soon as I appeared she flung herself sobbing into my arms, and cried, 'Oh, it was terrible, Frank! Is dear mother alarmed about me?'

Think of the child feeling for others first!

I told her that no one at Strathearn was alarmed, and that they would suppose she and I had prolonged our ride, and then I said a bit crossly that I should pay Mistress Belle out for her freak.

'It was not her fault,' Nora exclaimed. 'Belle was as good and docile as you like, but she was frightened.'

'What frightened her?' I asked.

'It was two Indians—at least I do not think they were both Indians. One was half-white, and oh, Frank, his eyes did look so fierce and cruel, and I thought I had seen the look in them before.'

Nora shivered at the recollection, and I came to a conclusion of my own, but said nothing.

Our horses do not like redskins, and I remembered how Belle had shied at Nacot on the previous evening, so I was not surprised at her running away from Indians; but what alarmed me was how these two came to be on the trail when Nora passed by, and yet had not been seen by me, nor given the alarm when the mare bolted. Nora explained this in part by what she said next. 'Belle did not mean to run away,' she told me. 'I was just cantering along when we sighted the Indians, and Belle only snorted and capered a little bit; so I patted her neck and talked to her, and she was quite quiet, and let me ride slowly past the two men. And then—how cruel it was!—one of them, the one that is half-white, suddenly flung up his hands and struck Belle with a long stick he had picked up. I saw him pick it up as I came near, which makes me sure he *meant* to hurt us. And he gave such a shout, it would have scared any horse. Of course, Belle bolted then, and I very nearly fell off, for she gave a great leap to one side. I thought all the Indians about knew us, and knew how father and mother want to be kind to them. I cannot think why they should wish to hurt me, and oh, it has hurt my heart very much!' And then the poor little girl began to cry again. It took all my powers to pacify her; but, by good luck, I thought of telling her that we must return to Strathearn before her people should begin to get alarmed, and that made Nora pull herself together.

Brownie had made some tea for her, and brought out a steady old horse I have. Then I wrapped Nora in my Scotch plaid, mounted the nag, and got her on the saddle in front of me. I would not trust her by

herself on *any* beast; moreover, she was too tired to ride without some support.

In this fashion we proceeded by the most direct route to Strathearn, and halfway we met Scott, who stared at us in dumb amazement.

I told him briefly the main facts of our adventure, merely suppressing the cause of Belle's fright.

'A well!' said he, 'they know of nought amiss with you at the farm. Jock said you had borrowed his nag, and gone with the bairn, and I knew if you were off for a frolic, it might be hours before you came back. There was a mint of work to do at Daisy Dell, so, thinks I, I'll be off, and the boss can follow when it suits him. But, sir, I never would have believed that Belle would have behaved so bad.'

No more would I under ordinary circumstances, but I thought it prudent to withhold from Scott what had caused Belle to run off.

When we reached Strathearn, we found Mrs. Vancroft and Katie there. They had not said a word to alarm the Wilsons, but merely told casually that they had met Nora and myself riding.

There was a fine hubbub, you may be sure, when I rode up on staid old Don, with Nora resting on my arm; and what a host of questions came like a shower of hail on us! 'Where was Belle? What had I done with the herd horse? Where on earth had we been half the day? What was wrong? Had Nora fallen off, or been thrown?'

As the story comes out bit by bit in answer to those questions, Mr. Wilson grew more and more grave, and when Nora artlessly spoke of the cruel eyes of the Indian 'that was half-white,' her father exchanged a look with me, and I knew he shared my suspicion regarding the man. We left the room together, and, as soon as the door closed behind us, I said, 'Something must be done. That fellow must be caught and punished, or hunted out of the territory.'

'Yes, Leyton,' replied Mr. Wilson. 'I can forgive a lot, but not what touches Nora.'

After a long talk we decided to send for the mounted police, and report Mutt's conduct. That he had rigged himself up as an Indian, and was consorting with some restless, discontented natives, would be case enough against the man.

So Jock was sent to the town to inform the authorities, and I rode homewards by the side of Mrs. Vancroft's buggy. We halted at Rose Plain, and called upon Sam, who is now almost well again. He was wonderfully glad to see us, particularly Mrs. Vancroft. While we were enjoying tea at Sam's expense, the mail-cart came. Rose Plain is the post office, you must know, and I got my home letters.

I am so very glad that mother has at last decided to let Cecil come out to me. I am sure the fine air and country life will strengthen him finely, and I shall pet the home-baby to his heart's content.

(Continued at page 54.)

DID I this day, for small or great,
My own pursuits forego,
To lighten by a feather's weight
The load of human woe?



"She glides along the silent ward
With words of hope and cheer."

THE HOSPITAL NURSE.

SHE glides along the silent ward
With words of hope and cheer,
While, as she passes on her way,
Some feeble voice is sure to say,
'Come soon back, Sister dear!

'We cannot do without your help
In this sad, suffering place;
The kindly hand, the gentle voice
Which makes our drooping hearts rejoice,
The smile upon your face.'

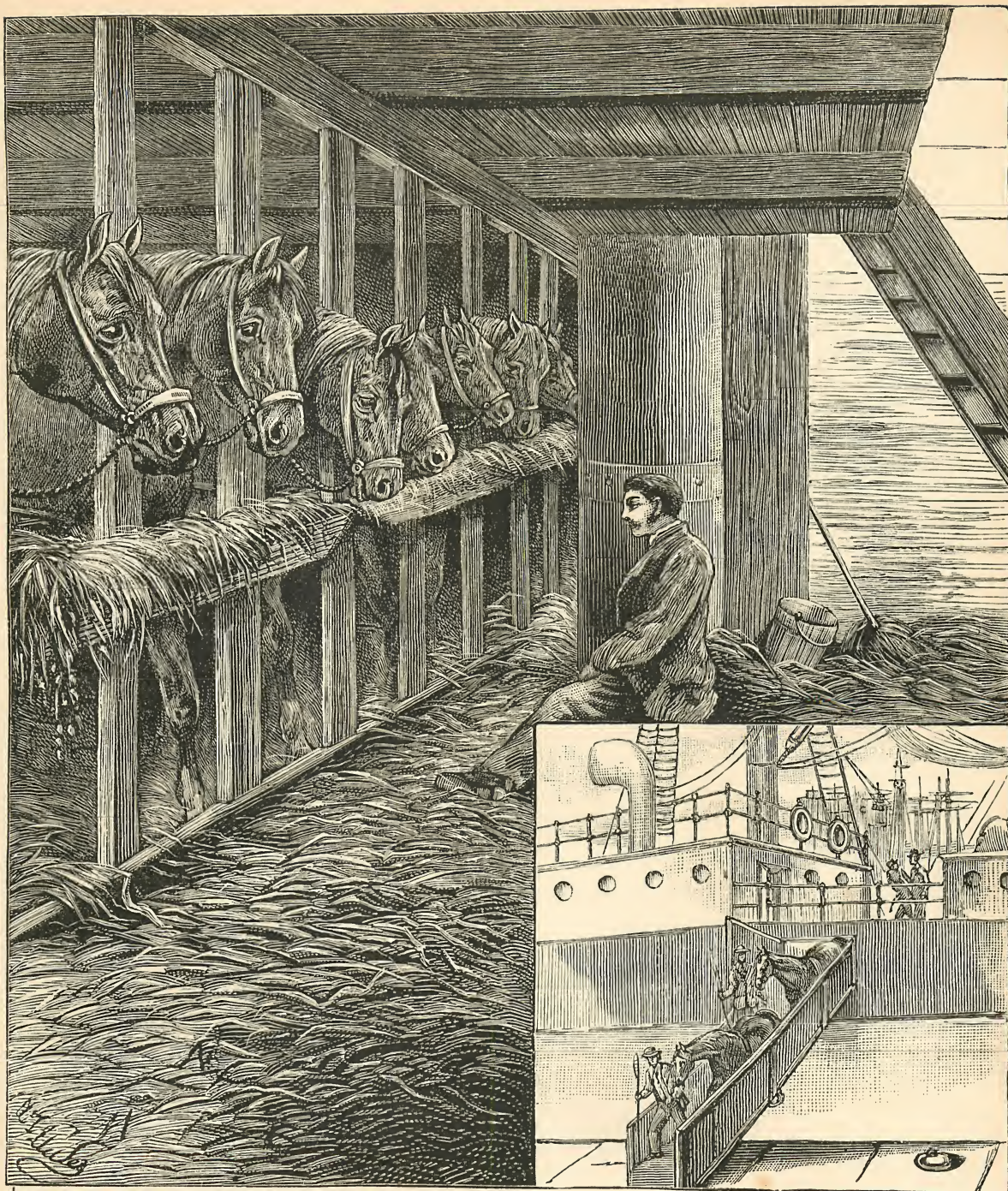
Oh, Sympathy! how sweet it is;
Who does not know its power
To soothe the aching, wounded heart,
Who sees its every joy depart
In sorrow's evil hour?

K.

HORSES IN TRANSIT ACROSS THE SEA.

THE horse has been in use, at least in Eastern lands, for very many centuries. It was well known in Bible lands and in the time of Job. There is a poetic description of the war-horse in that ancient book. Allusion, too, is made to its use for riding purposes in the second book of Kings, xviii. 23, but whether the kind of horses spoken of in Scripture are still living in a wild state is very uncertain. Keen judges say that no really wild horses now exist, and that the herds of horses at present roaming over the Russian steppes are the descendants of animals which were once tame, and have now relapsed into the wild state again.

These wild horses of Southern Russia live in large herds, often numbering several hundreds. These are



Horses in Transit across the Sea.

divided into groups or families, each presided over by a strong, powerful horse, who protects his retinue valiantly. He is ever on the alert, with nose and ear, to detect the approach of danger, of which he gives notice by a loud neigh. When they hear the warning, the whole herd at once take to flight. The Turks and Cossacks think that these animals are not

worth taming. They destroy them whenever they can, as they do great damage to their crops.

The South American wild horses, known as Mustangs, are also thought to be descended from a few individuals, which were left to follow their own devices when the town of Buenos Ayres was abandoned in A.D. 1535. When, in A.D. 1580, the

town was rebuilt, these horses were found to have increased in number, but not to be of much use. The Indians on the pampas eat the foals, and also capture a few to tame them; but the Europeans make no use of them at all.

Many horses are, however, imported annually into the United Kingdom from various parts of the world, but these are not wild animals; they come chiefly from Germany, Flanders, or Denmark, and are fine animals of the average value of 18*l.* each. In the year A.D. 1888 no less than 11,505 horses were imported into Great Britain, while in the same year 12,880 home-bred horses were exported by us, the greater number going to Canada and Belgium, the average value of these animals being over 65*l.* each.

Cart-horses are of all kinds. The enormously heavy animals, which are to be seen in London in the drays of brewers, are for the most part bred in Lincolnshire, and are expensive to rear and also to purchase. Much interesting information might be given here about the slim-legged racing horse, the charger, the hunter, and others, but we have no space for this. One thing, however, must be said: when horses are conveyed over the sea, whether from the Continent to Great Britain, or from Great Britain to Canada, they all require a very great deal of care. Some of them are bad sailors, and if injured in transit by breaking a limb or sustaining other serious injury, all that can be done with them is to shoot them and throw them overboard.

They must also be carefully fed, have plenty of fresh air, and be carefully prevented from kicking each other. One glance at our picture will show us what fine animals these are which are being shipped from one country to another. The stable-man in charge of them seems quite contented with their appearance at present. Let us hope that the winds and waves will be moderate till this precious cargo of live stock is safely landed at its destination. D.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHILDREN,' wrote Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, 'look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch which is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother.

'Read the deep love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

'Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet kiss of peace given at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to her memory.'

HOW AND WHERE BIRDS SLEEP.

PEOPLE have often wondered where many of our wild birds, especially of the smaller kinds, sleep at night, for, when we stroll about at dusk, or later still, we seldom notice any that have settled down to take their nightly rest. It would seem that they seek out, usually, retreats where they are not likely to be observed; also where they can be sheltered from rain or rough weather. In the winter months no doubt they try to get roosting-places to which the cold does not reach, or only slightly—nooks and corners about barns or houses. Some settle amongst evergreen shrubs and trees, and a few, it is probable, near the ground in clumps of grass. Of course some get into holes in hay and other stacks, and a favourite resort on a cold night is an old bird's nest. This suits best a small bird, such as the wren. One of these has been seen to quit an empty thrush's nest, the clay of which gave but a poor shelter. Several of them will creep into one of their own compact nests, entering the dark interior by the small entrance-hole one by one, till the number must have made them snug and warm for the night. Ivy-covered walls are a great boon to birds. The sparrow finds them very pleasant, though this common bird is not fussy in its choice, and will sleep almost anywhere, provided the place is not within easy reach of his enemy, the cat.

While the leaves remain upon the trees in woods and copses, many birds resort to these, quitting the hedge-rows before they become bare in autumn. Some of the pollard oaks and beeches, which keep on most of their leaves during the winter, are much sought by several birds.

Another resort of birds, where they are not so frequently seen as in some places, is beds of reeds and bulrushes. One species, specially fond of these, is the pied wagtail, a sociable bird, so that large parties may be noticed at dusk flitting about the reeds, till suddenly they drop below the plummy tops, and we see no more of them for that night. Upon fine evenings we may be amused by the wheeling about in the air of a crowd of swallows and martins by the side of a stream, edged by tall water-weeds and scattered willows. Evidently one object they have is to obtain a supper, since they go hawking up and down, catching the insects common about such places, and having a bit of fun together for a change, till they are tired. These, however, usually roost not amongst reeds, but on the lower branches of the trees. Other birds seeking reeds or rushes are the buntings and warblers; also, now and then, starlings, though they may prefer woods.

Of the way in which some birds congregate at the end of the day before bidding each other good night (if they do), we have a remarkable instance in the starling. Taking an autumn walk about the sunset hour amongst the fields and copses of some southern county, we come suddenly upon a multitude of starlings, and wonder to ourselves what could have brought such a host together. If they pass overhead in compact form, as they may, their bodies seem to darken the sky, and the swish or whirr of their thousand wings reminds us of the roar of a big waterfall. Very surprising to us is the regularity of their

movements when they perform their manoeuvres, spreading out, then closing again, sometimes spreading in curves, sometimes forming columns, just as if they had been drilled. Possibly they have some of the older ones acting as leaders or officers. Linnets, again, assemble in parties, though not so large, upon those happy heaths or commons unvisited by the bird-trapper, and, as the sun sinks out of view, they burst forth into a quaint song, and then settle for the night. Many birds, I think, go to roost earlier in autumn than they do in the spring. I have noticed that on bright evenings of March or April, long after sunset, the thrushes and blackbirds trill joyously, and when they have stopped the robin will keep on further still into the night, till, it may be, a newly arrived nightingale takes up the strain. One naturalist remarks about the rooks that they are fond of tumbling over and over before they roost, and also that they are light sleepers. If you pass at any hour of the night, you hear one bird or more in the rookery making a drowsy, hoarse caw.

J. R. S. C.

WHICH WAS IT?

A LADY who has recently returned from a Mediterranean trip says that as the ship was leaving the harbour of Athens, a well-dressed lady passenger approached the captain, who was pacing the deck, and, pointing to the distant hills, covered with snow, asked, 'What is that white stuff on the hills, captain?'

'That is snow, madam,' answered the captain.

'Is it really?' remarked the lady. 'I thought so; but a gentleman has just told me that it was Greece.'

ALPINE HEIGHTS.



THE Alps is the name given to the most extensive system of lofty mountains in Europe, which raise their giant masses on a foundation of no less than 90,000 square miles. A string of lakes encircles both the northern and southern base of these mountains, while valleys open out in all directions, sending their melted snows, on one side into the North Sea, on another side into the Black Sea, and on still another side into the Mediterranean.

No lofty mountains in the world are more easily crossed than the Alps, especially of late years, when the Mont Cenis Railway, the Brenner and the St. Gothard railways, are open for travellers, so that nowadays very many folk have seen for themselves the frowning precipices and the snow-clad summits of Mont Blanc—the highest peak of the whole Alpine chain.

The lower range of these mountains, up to a height of about 5000 feet, is the extreme limit at which such trees as the beech and the oak grow.

Higher up is the region of mountain pasturage, where the Alpine dairy farming is carried on. Here there are no trees, but the ground is covered by a rich carpet of grass and flowers. This region extends upwards for several thousand feet. Above this, again, the pasture ceases to grow, its place being taken by a wonderful variety of mosses, ferns, and Alpine plants, some of them of the rarest beauty and the most delicate perfume, while still higher up we come to the desolate region of perpetual snow. These wonderful regions are so beautiful, and the air is so reviving, that every year such crowds of people visit them, that these Alpine heights have come to be called 'the playground of Europe.'

On the sunny heights and valleys of the Alps, the number of insects is great, the butterflies being especially beautiful, while on the peaks there are eagles, hawks, and various kinds of owls.

Among the quadrupeds, the wild goats and the chamois may be seen standing on the very edge of some stupendous precipice, and bounding away whenever they apprehend any danger.

The marmot inhabits the upper Alpine regions; the Alpine hare, which becomes white in winter, and the tiny snow-mouse may also be mentioned. Wolves, bears, and wild cats are now seldom seen.

A man named De Saussure seems to have been the first to ascend Mont Blanc, and to publish an account of his experiences. This was in August, A.D. 1787, more than one hundred years ago. This feat was looked upon with much interest at the time, but it was not till Albert Smith also ascended the great snow mountain in A.D. 1851 that quite suddenly mountaineering sprang into fashion. And this is not to be wondered at; a new pleasure had been invented, health-giving and adventurous. The Alps could be easily reached, and the natives of the Alpine valleys were expert mountaineers, quite able and willing to become guides to those who were willing to spend their money and to risk their lives in climbing over the ice mountains.

That there are great dangers in passing over those tremendous Alpine peaks cannot be denied; but by securing good guides, and by following their instructions very carefully, these dangers may be greatly lessened. Still, not a few travellers at various times have lost their lives while engaged in what seems to them a most fascinating amusement.

One of these accidents may be alluded to here. It took place in July, A.D. 1865, on the Matterhorn, a very difficult peak of the Alps, when a party of four gentlemen, with three guides, having successfully ascended this peak, were descending again. Most unfortunately, the rope which connected them all together suddenly broke, when, like a flash, three of the gentlemen and one guide were whirled over a precipice and killed; one gentleman and the other two guides being able to maintain their footing. This gentleman was Mr. Whymper, a most successful mountaineer, whose memorable travels in the High Andes, including the ascent of Chimborazo, took place in A.D. 1879.

If any of our young readers would like to know more about mountaineering, they could not do better than read Mr. Whymper's book, entitled *Scrambles Among the Alps*.

K.



Alpine Heights.



A Night Attack.

A NIGHT ATTACK ON A BOERS' CAMP.



THE 'Boers' is the name of the Dutch colonists of South Africa, who are engaged in agriculture and the care of cattle. These men have the old Dutch character, especially in their love of freedom.

After the Cape was given up to England in A.D. 1814, the Boers, who disliked the new Government (especially its friendly policy to the natives), began to move northward, in search of a home more to their mind. In this way they occupied Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, seizing the lands of the natives as pasture ground for their own use, and reducing these natives to a kind of slavery.

The Boers do not seem to be at all scrupulous or humane in their dealings with the inferior races; still they have good qualities of their own, worthy of all admiration. They are remarkable for courage, love of freedom, sobriety, and industry. They are also a hardy and strong race of men, good horsemen, and splendid marksmen.

The picture before us represents a Boer family on the trek, by which we mean that they are moving northward in search of a place where they may be their own masters, and may do as they please. When night draws near, the lumbering waggon, which has been on the move all day, is stopped and made secure for the night, the weaker cattle are all gathered together, and the men of the party look well to their weapons, and prepare to spend the night, not in much-needed sleep, but in anxious and incessant watch against the attack of wild animals or wilder men.

It is then that the stealthy approach of the king of beasts may be observed, not by his foot-fall (which he can make wondrous light), but by the glowing eyeballs which turn every way in search of the best manner in which he may approach that little encampment, which, well he knows, contains many a sweet morsel for him could he only secure it. All is as yet silent, though the cattle are crowding together and showing much uneasiness, for their instinct tells them that an enemy is near.

Soon, however, the watchful dog chained underneath the waggon gives notice of the stealthy approach of the foe. He first utters a low menacing growl, which is speedily changed to a tempest of barking as he catches sight of the lion. All now is confusion; the horses and cattle seem mad with terror, the poor mother in the waggon clasps her little ones in her arms, and prays that the good God in Heaven may protect them, while the husband and father, cool and calm as ever, watches his chance to take a steady aim. This is the supreme moment, for, should his weapon miss fire, the furious animal will be in their midst in a moment. But well does the brave Boer know what he is doing! he waits—with finger on the trigger till the lion, with a hideous roar, springs forward, seizes a young calf in his

mouth, and would speedily be out of sight, had the crack of the rifle not sounded! In one moment what a change! The monster leaps into the air, falls forward, and rolls over on his back, quite dead! Then the Boer, with the assistance of the other men, speedily strips it of its noble coat of fur, which will be made into a useful rug; the carcase is left as a prey to the hyenas and vultures, and all is over!

A fine lion of the largest size measures about eight feet from nose to tail, the tail itself being four feet in length. Lions rapidly disappear before the advance of civilisation, their nearest haunts *now* being far from Cape Town, and from all the fully settled regions. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

8.—METAGRAMS.

A. CHANGE the first letter of each word, and the following transformations will appear.

1. A fish.
 2. A trial of speed.
 3. Part of the head.
 4. A spice; an ensign of authority.
 5. An ornamental fabric.
 6. A step.
- B.
1. An outer garment.
 2. An active animal.
 3. A means of conveyance.
 4. A large ditch surrounding a building.
- C.
1. A kind of fuel.
 2. Felt most in summer.
 3. Animal food.
 4. To strike; to conquer.
 5. Orderly.
 6. An extraordinary act of strength or skill.

9.—CHARADES.

1. My first is part of a gate, my second an instrument of torture, and is usually found in your kitchen, and my whole is a soldier's home.
2. My first is a receptacle, my second is a man's solace, and my whole is an unmusical instrument.
3. My first should be a happy woman, my second has the charge of useful quadrupeds, and my whole should be a happy man.
4. My first is a division in music, my second a movement on the water, and my whole a humble vehicle.
5. A poll of honour, and disgrace;
A trap to catch the finny race;
Unite them and they'll give a town
Near London of no small renown.

C. C.

10.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

Wise Sayings.

TRANSPOSE the following so as to make complete sentences.

1. Sun lasts the morning never a day.
2. Their place to place them have all things we knew if how.
3. Nothing unless this world is to another it leads.
4. The ladder step is ascended step by.
5. Rich enough that nothing wants is he.

6. One night's trust not ice.
7. Of blind men the kingdom in is king the one-eyed.
8. That troubles seeks he misses never.
9. The mother of Moderation Health is.
10. Suspected is ever that he deceives once.
11. In others much but yourself little in forgive.
12. So slowly overtakes him that Poverty soon Idleness travels.
13. Not respected nor respects he that is.
14. The sweet the bitter before the sweeter makes the sweet.
15. Are ever the hearts the bravest best. C. C.

[Answers at page 70.]

ANSWERS.

6.—Hanover.

- | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|------------|--------------|
| 1. Hague. | 5. Vienna. | | |
| 2. Agincourt. | 6. Eddystone. | | |
| 3. Navigation. | 7. Race. | | |
| 4. Oxford. | | | |
| 7.—1. Kate. | 4. Sara. | 3. Esther. | 10. Adeline. |
| 2. Norah. | 5. Ellen. | 8. Grace. | 11. Edith. |
| 3. Emma. | 6. Theresa. | 9. Amy. | 12. Mabel. |



THE STORY OF AN UGLY DOG.

ANY years ago a party of five young men from different parts of the world met together and formed a partnership to work out a claim on a gold mine in the Sierra mountains, California. These men were strangers to each other when they first met, but they soon became friendly and familiar, all except one of them named Frank Grimes, a rough, reserved, and somewhat surly fellow. He was not quarrelsome, however, and he was always ready to do the hardest and most unpleasant tasks, so none of his companions really disliked him, if none of them cared much for poor Grimes.

But this man, so rough and surly, had a tender heart, if any of his fellows had known how to reach it: but they did not. It was left to a dog to find its way to the human heart, which had met with little kindness since the day when the boy was a barefooted orphan of ten years old, wandering on the streets of Bristol. Of his life for the next twenty years we do not mean to speak. We will introduce him to our readers as a man of thirty years, working in a mine on the Sierra mountains, with four good-natured but careless fellows as companions, two of them from England, one from Wales, and one from the Channel Islands.

'But what about the dog?' some of my readers may be ready to say. Well, the five friends never knew where he came from, but one frosty morning, as they left their camp and lounged out to their diggings, there they found him, sitting just as though he had been waiting for them—an ugly, starved-looking retriever, very thin, with coarse greyish hair and a

stump of a tail, as ugly a dog as any of them had ever seen. One man threw stones at him to drive him away, but he would not go. Another emptied a pail of water over him, but the poor fellow only shivered a little, shook himself, and looked piteously at his tormentor, whereupon Frank Grimes went up to the stray dog, and finding that he was bleeding from a wound in the side, he washed it and bound it up carefully. Then he threw an old mat to the poor creature upon which he might lie. The dog did lie down upon the mat, but before doing so he crept up to Frank's side, and looked gratefully up in his face. Whereupon Grimes, who very seldom spoke, said to the other men, 'Look here, you fellows, leave the brute to me. I will look after him.'

From that day the ugly dog, whom they named Stubbs, from the shortness of his tail, was known as Grimes' dog, and was scarcely noticed by any one but his own master. How the poor animal seemed to love Frank Grimes! He would keep as close to him as possible through the day, and at night lie at the foot of his camp-bed, evidently as happy as any dog could be.

But a change was at hand. The weather on the Sierras becomes very cold in winter-time, and so it happened that one day, soon after Stubbs had made his appearance among the miners, snow began to fall. Well, it snowed so hard day after day that at last the men gave up work altogether, collected their tools, their rockers, shovels and pans, and took refuge in their camp, where they kept up a roaring fire, shot wild birds now and then, told stories, read old newspapers and letters, and managed to get along pretty well on the whole. At length, as the snow lasted longer than usual, the five friends found that their stock of provisions was running low, and it became necessary that one of their number should go to the nearest trading-post for a fresh supply.

Frank Grimes offered to go on this errand, and as he was a strong, capable fellow, his offer was gratefully accepted by his companions. But it was no easy task which Frank had undertaken, for it was a stretch of forty miles to the trading-post, and every step of the journey would have to be done on snow-shoes. But Frank was well used to snow-shoes, and after all, as he said, four days, or at most five, would see him back again, with a back-load of bacon and a pound or two of tobacco.

'Do you mean to take Stubbs with you?' asked the other men, as they saw him preparing for his journey.

'Not likely!' said Grimes, 'unless you can give the dog snow-shoes. Why, he would be lost in a drift before we were well away from the camp. But hark ye, mates; see that you keep the dog tied up, or he will be after me, as sure as a gun.' Then the good fellow started on his solitary journey.

But alas for poor Stubbs! he whined and cried and howled all day long, watching the other men's movements, and eating little food from the moment his master left him. But during the third night (how it happened no one could say) Stubbs broke loose from his fastenings and disappeared.

Then the fourth day came and went, but at night a whining at the door told of the return of the truant. Yes! it was poor Stubbs, but in a sadly

battered condition. One eye was bunged up, a long flap of skin was hanging from his neck, and he limped terribly, while, to the horror of the men, a scrap of paper was found fastened to his neck, on which was traced with blood, in scarcely legible characters, 'Broke my leg—a puma—come quick.'

Well, no time was lost in going to the rescue of poor Grimes—for to be attacked by a puma, when a man is travelling alone, is certainly a most unpleasant position to be in. But before going further, a few words must be said about this wild animal.

The Puma is a large and very powerful animal, sometimes called a Panther, at other times it is known as the American lion. It is of a dark yellowish colour on the back, the under parts being lighter. It has no mane, but it has a very long, thick tail. It is fierce, cunning, and blood-thirsty. At the same time it is so cowardly that it seldom has courage to attack a man, though it will follow him on stealthy feet, and watch till it can catch him asleep, or disabled in any way. On account of its sneaking ways it is very much disliked by hunters and trappers who may have to pass through places where these animals live.

But to return to our story. While the men were hastily getting ready to go to the assistance of Frank Grimes, many and perplexing thoughts were passing through their minds. How had the poor fellow got his leg broken? Had it been done by a blow from the puma's paw, or had the fierce animal found him in this helpless condition, and had it then ventured to attack him? Who could say?

But they were impatient to go to the rescue, and they were soon upon the road, each man armed with rifle and revolver, as well as with a sharp-cutting knife and long dagger.

Poor Stubbs had to be left behind, as he could scarcely limp, but the men easily followed the track which he had left on the snow.

After two hours' run they found poor Grimes lying under a thick pine-tree on the snow, looking as if he were dead; but he was not dead, though grievously weak, and with one bone of his leg broken. Having given him brandy, and chafed the poor fellow's half-frozen limbs, they restored him to consciousness, and then heard from his own lips his dismal story. He told them that he had reached the trading-post in perfect safety, and having supplied himself with as much bacon and tobacco as he could carry, he had, after resting for a few hours, begun the return journey; but at sunset of the same day, he had heard, to his horror, the cry of the puma, or Californian lion, as the miners call it. Hearing that, he started forward at greater speed, then after a minute or two he looked back to see if he could catch sight of the animal, but having made a false step, his long snow-shoe came against a stump and was broken, thus throwing him down with great violence and breaking his leg. This was a terrible blow to him, but he did not feel entirely hopeless, as he knew the animal's cowardly nature, and hoped, by planting his back to a tree, so as to be secure from attack in the rear, that he might be able, at least for a time, to defend himself. He therefore drew his revolver and dragged himself forward to a large tree. But the cry of his enemy sounded again, and still nearer, and soon he

saw the animal, its eyes gleaming like balls of fire. He had his revolver ready, but he was afraid to fire lest, if he should miss his aim, the wounded beast might at once attack him. He shouted, waved his broken snow-shoe, threw snow-balls; but the creature only snarled and still kept crawling all round him, evidently taking in the situation. Then Grimes fired his first shot, hoping to hit the puma in the eye, but the bullet glanced aside, and the maddened brute was just about to leap upon him, when good old Stubbs appeared upon the scene, and attacked the puma from behind.

Then began a fearful conflict. Stubbs, being smaller and more active than his enemy, could avoid the onset of the puma, at least for some time, but gradually he became exhausted. Meanwhile, Grimes fired several times, but failed to hit a vital spot. Once the battle surged so near him that he beat the puma off with his snow-shoe, and succeeded in inflicting a sharp wound in the animal's throat. The beast retreated, closely pursued by Stubbs, while Grimes could hear the conflict raging for nearly an hour longer. Then Stubbs returned, dreadfully mauled, but joyful and triumphant.

Amid pain, hunger, and cold, poor Grimes could scarcely respond to the eager caresses of his devoted friend, who licked his face and hands, all the time whining, partly from the pain he must have been enduring, and partly no doubt from anxiety as to his beloved master, who could not rise, and, indeed, could scarcely speak. He managed, however, to stir a little, and from a bleeding wound on his own hand, he got the blood to trace the warning message, which he tied round poor Stubbs' neck. But it was all he could do to persuade the dog to leave him. Stubbs for some time could not understand that his master wished him to return to the camp for help. He hung about his master, love shining in his eyes as he licked the bleeding hand which patted him. At last, when he saw that Grimes really could not rise, he seemed all at once to understand, and with a joyful bark he sped away as fast as his own wounded condition would allow him. The rest we know.

And now, in a few words, we must wind up this short story. Grimes was carried back to the camp by rough though kindly hands, and laid upon a couch; and, thanks to the good nursing of his mates, he came out all right, and was able to do his part when work began again in the spring. To his comrades he seemed almost as a new man, for all his hardness and reserve had melted away, and he was kindly and generous to all those about him.

And what of Stubbs, the ugly dog? Why, he became the hero of the camp! With his legs splintered and bandaged he shared his master's invalid couch, and was petted by the other men to such an extent that, if it had been possible to turn a dog's head with flattery, Stubbs' head would have been turned. He remained to the close of his life the same ugly old fellow, humble, obedient, and loving-hearted; and, when at last he died, he was lamented by every one who knew him, and his grave was wept over by one man, in whose heart the poor dog had awakened love, with all its blessings. Need I say that this man's name was Frank Grimes? M. K.



"He came down faster than he went up."

CURIOSITY PUNISHED.

A NUMBER of noisy young men were passing through a village late one night, on their way home. They saw that a small new notice board had been nailed to a tall post just over a fence. They

stopped and tried to read it, but were unable to do so on account of the darkness. One of them, however, determined to settle the matter. He climbed to the top, being pushed up by his companions. He came down faster than he went up, for the notice which he was so anxious to read was this: 'Wet paint.'

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 43.)

CHAPTER VII.—RED MEN AT HOME.



DEAR me, how time goes! I think of Cecil, our home-baby, as a small boy, with long curls, and he must be quite big—four years work marvels in boy-flesh and bone.

Well, you must none of you be at all uneasy about your baby when he is here. He will like the Colonial ways. He always was fond of plants and creatures, and

will be able to prosecute his natural science as much as he pleases. I think mother will come and pay me a visit when I have her baby as an inducement, and some day I expect Sissy to be my prairie housekeeper; indeed, I hope, ere very long, I shall have you all here as my guests. Cecil should leave so as to reach me about the end of May, before the hot season sets in. I shall be in a fever of impatience till he comes.

I rode home alone by moonlight, thinking of my small brother, and promising myself a rare old time when he is here; indeed, I was thinking so much of Cecil, I forgot all about that wretched ruffian, Mutt, until Scott asked, 'What in the world made Belle behave like a fool?'

Then I told him all about it. He listened in silence; but when I was done, he shook his head in a sage manner, which he often assumes, and said. 'They may fetch the police, and raise the countryside, but they will not lay hands on Robert Mutt. When he saw that the fright he gave the mare did no harm to the bairn, he would know very well that she would tell what had happened. Depend upon it, he was hiding in the scrub when you rode after her, boss, and he will be beyond reach long before the police are on his track, and he will keep out of reach, out of sight. He will not trouble this part of the valley for a good time after this. The pity is that Mr. Wilson let him off before.'

It turns out that Scott was right. We have all—assisted by some members of the police force—scoured the valley and its adjacent prairies for miles and miles. The Indian Reserves have been turned outside in (metaphorically), but we have not come on Mutt. Every one now, except Scott, believes that Scott was mistaken, and that the man he saw was a half-breed, with some resemblance to Mutt. There have been some American half-breeds about lately, sowing discontent among our quiet, well-behaved Indians, and they have been ordered across the border again. It is thought that the man Scott saw was one of these, and that he is now back among the Yanks.

But I incline to believe with Scott, remembering what Nora said about the ruffian's eyes.

Please observe that we Canadians speak of 'Ameri-

can' as not pertaining to us, but to the United States. This is Canada—a loyal British dominion. The States is America, and the people there we call the Yanks.

I hope what I have said about discontented Indians will not alarm you in any way. The Canadian Government has its native dependants well in hand. There are one or more white men stationed on every reserve, and the regular visits of the mounted police put these in a position to give timely warning of any suspicious circumstances which might lead them to suspect that the Indians were being tampered with.

When I was out assisting in the search for Mutt, I fell in with one of the old-time scouts, and he offered to take me to a reserve situated some way up the valley. I was glad of the chance to make acquaintance with red men at home, so I accepted the invitation with joy. This reserve has an area of fifty-four square miles, and the population is 260 souls. It is one of the most fertile and picturesque parts of the valley—plenty of wood and water on the ground, and a farm instructor living on the reserve.

This all sounds encouraging and like a lesson-book, does it not? But, alas! for one's dreams of the noble red man and his poetic wigwam! Our brown neighbours dwell in—no, not tents, but stone houses, and only revert to canvas in summer-time, when they find it cool and convenient to carry their *teepees* (dwellings) wherever the harvest or the hunt is being prosecuted. Of course, you are thinking of Uncas and all the rest of Cooper's splendid savages; but I have not been introduced to any of that sort yet. The chief whom I saw on the reserve was a poor sort of a mortal. He was squatting on the ground, with a red blanket huddled about him, and he was smoking horrid tobacco from a cutty pipe.

My boy, Brownie, came from this reserve, and he has evidently given me a good character to his people, for I was greeted with smiles and hearty hand-shakes.

One of the squaws brought a pair of beaded slippers she had made, and begged me to have them; and then I found that she was Brownie's 'mamma!'

Though I was made so welcome, I saw that my guide was not popular, and he told me that he was often there 'on Government service,' which explained the scowls cast upon him. It did not affect him in the least, and he moved from house to house, asking questions and glancing keenly about him with as much confidence as if he were in a London police office. While he was so employed (seeking for tidings of Mutt, in fact), I chanced to see Nacot standing beside a tall tree and following the scout's movements with angry looks.

'Hullo!' I said, going up to the Indian, 'I did not expect to see you here, Nacot. Is this your home now?'

'No home,' he answered, quickly. 'Nacot find shelter with his people if he wish it, but no home.'

'I have been hoping to see you at my place,' I said. 'I hope you mean to come next time you are knocking around?'

'Nacot hears and thanks you,' was the grave answer, and he would not speak another word, but

stalked away in solemn dignity. He must have thought I was going to cross-question him, as my companion was doing some of the others, and I was a little sorry that my visit had been paid with the Government official.

As soon as Nacot left me, a boy came up, carrying in his arms a young fox, which was as tame and at home as a dog might have been. The lad was about fifteen, tall and thin, and, I fear, very ill of consumption. In a soft voice, with the same fine accent which Brownie has, he said, 'Will you take my little one, sir? I go from this world soon, and I wish my little one to be loved when I am gone.'

It struck me all of a heap, and I scarcely knew how to answer, I felt so sorry for the poor lad. He stroked the fox gently, and said to me again, 'Take him. You are good. Mangwapel says so. You will love my little one, and he will forget me, and that is best.'

Poor fellow! I told him that I would take his pet since he wished it, but that I hoped he might recover.

'Nay,' he said softly; 'I am called and I shall go. I am glad I was at the white man's school, and learned much there. I know that our Good Spirit and your God are one, and that we are all His children. Will you tell Mangwapel that I desire he may not forget what we were taught about God?'

'Mangwapel is a very good boy,' I said; and then I thought I would please him, so I added: 'I have a young brother about your age who has been delicate always, and he is coming to live with me that he may grow strong in this fine country. I shall give your pet fox to him, for he dearly loves all sorts of creatures, and I shall tell him about you.'

The poor, sad face lit up, and he answered: 'That is good—very good. . Now take my little one, if you please.'

But when I tried to take it, the little beast snapped at me, and nestled close to his master, and I began to think that Cecil might not look upon the legacy as any great blessing!

However the Indian boy popped the fox into my jacket pocket, and buttoned the flap deftly. There the creature sat with its snout out at one side, and its beady bright eyes peering from the other. But my trouble began when I went to mount Belle. She smelt the fox and highly disapproved, so that I found it impossible to get on her back. I 'whoaed' her, and tried every blandishment I could think of; but whenever I tried to go close, she pranced and shied away from me.

'It is that coon in your pocket, of course,' said the scout; 'the broncho does not freeze to cattle of that sort.'

'I know, but she will have to give in,' I replied; for the Indian boy was looking on, and I was not going to let him think his gift a nuisance to me.

To my relief and surprise Nacot set the matter straight by coming up and saying, 'Nacot will carry little fur dog to your home. Nacot will be there this evening.'

And without a 'by your leave,' or any other word, he took the fox from my pocket, and marched off along the trail. 'That is well,' said the Indian boy, and I mounted Belle in peace, bade them all good-

bye, and galloped off to overtake the scout, whose patience had become exhausted by then.

'How did you get over the difficulty?' he asked; and when I told him he smiled grimly, and remarked: 'I guess you may find an Indian gift something of a white elephant.'

About an hour after I got home Nacot arrived. The Indians do get over the ground in a surprisingly rapid way.

I had told Brownie of his schoolmate and the little fox; also about his mother and the slippers. That incident somewhat counteracted the saddening effect of the other, and he was ready to receive the legacy with smiles of welcome. Even Scott, who dislikes pet animals, owned it was a 'bonnie beastie,' and, when I told them I meant it for Cecil, he remarked: 'Awell, boys are the same all the world over, and a brown boy likes creatures of the sort just as a white boy does. I remember when I was small I kept two rabbits in my box a whole summer. They ate holes in my clothes to that extent I could not put them on, and I dared not tell. At last my mother found out all about it. You never saw such a sight as my Sunday suit was. They made a pot of broth of my rabbits, but I had none of it; and that was the first and the last of my tame beasties.'

I gave Nacot a hearty meal, and we never so much as mentioned the name of Robert Mutt.

I had warned Scott before the Indian arrived to keep off that rock.

Nacot ate in grave silence. I expect he thought he had earned his supper, but he would not remain longer than it took to finish his meal and a pipe.

He went out as he came in—quiet and silent as a shadow, and I must say I felt a bit annoyed that my friendly overtures were received so coldly.

Brownie and I were busy for the rest of the evening, turning a piece of iron stove pipe into a kennel for the fox, which we named Puss in Boots. We lined the pipe with blanket, and covered the ends with wire netting, which we fixed down when Master Puss was inside to prevent his escape.

Those prairie foxes tame easily, and run about the house like dogs, but I knew that this one would require to be kept a prisoner until he had learned to be familiar with us and his new home.

He seemed to appreciate the comfort of his kennel, and snuggled down quite happily. So now I am quite prepared for the advent of our young scientist, Cecil!

* * * * *

Well, what a surprise to be sure! I had been dreaming that mother would come some day to see my Canadian home; but I never in my wildest vision expected her to come with Cecil. And here she is! Can you imagine how I looked when I saw her step out of the train? I had gone into the town to meet Cecil, who had wired the hour of his arrival from Montreal, and I was on the platform, of course, when the cars ran in from the east. Oh, but it was prime (after the first spasm of surprise) to see her dear, loving face again.

And the 'baby!' What a handsome chap he is growing. He is altogether delighted with Daisy Dell, and the valley and prairie too. In half an



"He stroked the fox gently, and said to me again, 'Take him.'"

hour he had made friends with Puss in Boots, and they are inseparable. Cecil says that he will go to the Reserve and see foxie's former master—if still alive.

But where is Cecil not going? I assure you he means to 'do' this country in style. So look out for the tale of adventure which will follow.

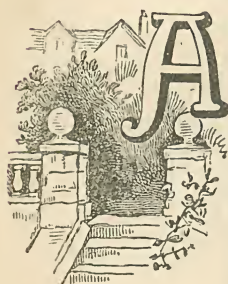
(Continued at page 61.)



"If you please, sir, I have a letter here for Captain Gordon."

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

CHARLIE TEMPLE.*



A GROUP of lads stood in the playground of Holmwood Priory, Dr. Thornton's school, discussing the weather and holiday prospects. One of them was Charlie Temple, a bright, intelligent, roguish-looking lad, who could never keep a penny in his pockets.

A proposal was made to go over to Hawley Manor, and call upon the lady who owned the estate, a Miss

Hawley, who, upon such occasions, generously supplied the boys with fruit and nuts.

'The old lady is ailing, and won't see any but intimate friends like Captain Gurdon.'

'Oh! half-a-crown to the butler would set that all right,' said Temple. 'He would show us in, I wager; and the old lady would forgive him when she found what pleasant visitors she had got.'

'And where would ye get the half-crown from, my boy?' said O'Toole, a witty Irish lad. 'Turn out your pockets and let us see it.'

There was a general laugh at Temple's expense, which he bore good-humouredly.

'Never you mind,' he said. 'I could find half-a-crown easily enough if I wanted it.'

At this speech a general outcry arose; many of the lads doubted Charlie's ability to do so, and one said out boldly that he did not believe it. 'However empty my purse may be,' said Temple, 'I could produce half-a-crown this very evening if I chose.' Hereupon Charlie was subject to a cross-fire of questions. 'Would he beg, borrow, or steal it?' 'Would he pawn for it, or find it?' Temple asserted that he would do none of these things, and then, turning to Dilke, who insisted upon his making his statement good, he said: 'Very well, I *will* make it good, and if you choose to call upon me at supper-time, Dilke, I will either produce the half-crown or beg your pardon. If I do produce it, I shall expect you to beg mine.'

While the boys had been talking the rain had ceased, the sky cleared, and the sun was trying to shine forth. The different groups dispersed, some to one game and some to another, with the exception of Temple, who betook himself to the schoolroom to finish an imposition for Mr. Hepburn, the assistant master, with whom he was no favourite. The boys of the first and second class were invited to accompany Captain Gurdon, and Mr. Wilkes, one of the masters, to Hawley Manor, and the invitation was accepted by all but the ill-starred Temple.

It was supper-time when the boys returned from their excursion. Charlie Temple, true to his word, showed his half-crown, and there was nothing left for Dilke but to beg his pardon.

* The Rev. H. C. Adams, that favourite writer of public-school boys, in his *Who Did It?* describes the school-life of our hero and his comrades.

Winburne and Wright, two of Temple's chums, gave him a graphic account of the visit to Hawley Manor, and their encounter with a gipsy girl whom they met as they were leaving the wood to go up to the house. She was a gaunt, ragged, dirty-looking creature, and was dressed in a red shawl, and a large limp bonnet, which quite hid her hair everywhere except in front. She told a long, doleful story about her family, and so worked upon the party that Captain Gurdon gave her half-a-crown, Mr. Wilkes a shilling, Burton and Graves each a shilling, while a great many of the boys gave sixpence and three-pence apiece—so that she went off well content.

'She must have made out a very deplorable story indeed,' said Temple. 'I can just fancy what she would say!' and Charlie began to rehearse a pitiful tale in an altered voice.

'Why, Charlie, that is the girl herself! You don't mean it was you dressed up, to be sure?'

'Oh, gammon!' exclaimed Winburne. 'That is Charlie's chaff; I can't believe that.'

Temple made no immediate answer, but putting his hand into his pocket, he brought out a handful of silver.

'There's the half-crown you were talking about, which I brought out at supper,' he said, selecting a battered old coin from the heap. It was indeed Captain Gurdon's half-crown, and the boys at once knew it. Temple had kept his word to Dilke, but his school-fellows were amazed at the method he had chosen for procuring the money.

It turned out that he had borrowed the clothes from an old woman who kept a rag-shop, leaving a pair of his trousers as security for the hire.

Temple had a more difficult task before him in the restoration of the money; for, of course, he had no intention of keeping it.

It was necessary to dress up as a gipsy a second time, as the money was to be carried to the house-door in an envelope, and given to Cobbe, the school-porter, with a particular request that he would hand it over to Captain Gurdon.

An afternoon was chosen when the head-master and his assistants were out. Cobbe, who answered the bell, was indignant at the daring of the supposed gipsy woman, and bade her begone.

'If you please, sir,' said Charlie, dropping a respectful curtsy as he spoke, the execution of which nearly sent the boys who were watching from a corner into fits of laughter; 'if you please, sir, I have a letter here for Captain Gordon.'

'Gurdon, young woman,' corrected Tom Cobbe, sternly.

'Gurdon, sir—I beg your pardon,' said Temple humbly, and making a second curtsy. 'Gurdon no doubt it is, and will you be pleased to give it into his own hands?'

'A letter, eh,' said Tom, eyeing the document suspiciously. 'And there's something in it too,' he continued, as he handled it. 'You're sure there isn't anything wrong in it—no poison, no 'splosives—nothing that can harm a man?'

'Nothing at all, I assure you, sir, if you will only please to take it.'

'Very well, young woman,' returned Tom loftily. 'You don't 'spect no answer, I suppose?'

'Oh no, sir,' said Temple; 'I wouldn't presume so far.'

Tom nodded approval of this frame of mind, took the letter, and vanished into the house.

Temple was making his way towards the gate when he found himself suddenly confronted by Captain Gurdon and Mr. Hepburn, who had been disputing on the way home as to whether or no there were gipsies staying in the neighbourhood. So spirited was the dispute that both had agreed to refer the matter to Bartholomew Baines, the head constable at Walescliffe.

Mr. Hepburn contended that the gang of gipsies had left the neighbourhood two months before, while the Captain, who had met the gipsy girl and given her alms, was, of course, equally positive, on his side, that there was a gipsy family in the neighbourhood.

Here was a dilemma for our hero! Charlie was at his wits' end. He was on the point of making a desperate rush, when suddenly an extraordinary uproar arose in the back yard. Neptune, Captain Gurdon's bloodhound, was heard barking furiously, and those assembled round the gipsy heard screams and cries for help, as from some one in mortal danger. In the general excitement thus produced, Temple contrived to escape before the constable appeared upon the scene.

The story turns upon a proposed pistol match between Graves and Temple, and the plot of the tale gives the answer to the question contained in the title, *Who Did It?*

The 'it' refers to the shooting of the bloodhound. At first appearances are all against the two boys, and Captain Gurdon himself was convinced that Graves was the culprit. After a great deal of trouble he discovered that a week before poor old 'Nep' was shot, there was a wager made between Graves and Temple as to which was the best shot with a pistol, and a day was fixed when the match was to come off. Graves was anxious to win, and wrote home for a brace of pistols which he had reason to believe were unusually good. The pistols did not reach Walescliffe till three or four o'clock on the morning of the 19th—the day fixed for the match. Yet, strange to say, though none of the boys were absent from school on the morning of the 19th, yet the pistols were in Graves' possession by noon. It was found that a boy named Hugh Gray had been paid, by Graves, half-a-crown to fetch the box containing them from the Walescliffe coach office. To deliver the box to Graves who was waiting for it, the messenger-boy had to mount a ladder, as the box was too large to be passed through the opening in the gate. Descending the ladder, the boy fell. The last thing that he remembered hearing before he became unconscious was the angry barking of a big dog, and the sound of a pistol-shot which followed. Against this stood the constable's statement that on the morning of the 19th, a search was made for the pistol with which the dog had been shot, and it was believed that it could not be found. That was a mistake. 'The pistol was picked up by Mr. Hepburn in a patch of long grass, very near the place where the body of the dog was found.' It had also been lately discharged, whereas Graves' pistol had not.

It was brought up late on Friday (the preceding) night. Temple himself went out after the house was locked to fetch it; the dog followed him out, didn't know him in the dark, and flew at him. Flustered and frightened, before he knew what he was about he raised his pistol and shot Neptune. That, at any rate, was Constable Baines' view of the matter!

The concluding chapter, 'The Answer at Last,' brings to light the real culprit, and describes the astonishment of the head master, Captain Gurdon, Mr. Hepburn, Constable Baines, and all concerned, when he is revealed.

JAMES CASSIDY.

WOMAN'S WIT.

AN Emperor of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time, the Emperor determined to take it by storm, and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenceless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt, and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The Emperor was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

A CURIOUS DUEL.

AN apothecary having refused to give up his seat in a theatre to an officer's lady, the officer felt himself insulted, and sent him a challenge. The apothecary presented himself at the place of meeting at the appointed time. He said, however, that he was not accustomed to the use of firearms, but he would propose another way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, took from it two pills, and thus addressed his antagonist:—'As a man of honour, you would surely wish to fight me only on equal terms. Here are two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, and the other perfectly harmless. We are on equal ground if we each swallow one. You shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take the one you leave.' The officer laughed heartily at the strange proposal, and, shaking hands, they parted good friends.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

MAJOR CHARLES J. C. GOUGH, of the 5th Bengal Cavalry, earned his Victoria Cross several times over.

Whilst in action near a place called Rhotuck, in August, A.D. 1857, he, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved that of his brother who was seriously wounded, and, at the same time, he killed two of the enemy.



Victoria Cross Heroes : Major Charles J. C. Gough.

Three days afterwards, whilst charging at the head of a troop of the Guides cavalry, he engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand fight with two Sowars, both of whom he cut down.

In January of the following year, during a charge at Ghunshabod, he attacked one of the rebel leaders with his sword, which was then hurled from his hand.

He continued to defend himself with a revolver, and shot two of the enemy.

A month later, this gallant officer went to the help of Brevet-Major St. George Anson, and killed the man with whom he was engaged. He then attacked another of the enemy, and, after a sharp conflict, cut him down also.



"I love to lie and read
A fairy tale like this."

AN IDLE GIRL.

I LOVE to lie and read
A fairy tale like this;
With none to tease or interfere,
I call it perfect bliss.

It's true I have not learned
My French, nor done my sums;
But, oh! there's time enough for these
Before to-morrow comes.

Oh, how I wish that girls
Might do just as they please,
With none to cry, 'Come here, go there,'
In short, with none to tease!

But as for me, poor me!
No leisure can I find
To read a fairy tale, or do
Just as I feel inclined!

But wait till I grow up!
I'll fling all books away;
I'll dance and sing, and laugh and play,
And spend the live-long day

In fun of every kind,
With none to hinder me,
For, when I come of age, of course,
From bondage I'll be free!

M. K.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 56.)

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW 'BRONCHOS' PROCEED.



SO you wanted to hear about our horses (or bronchos, as they are called here). They are just as nice as can be, though they give us no end of trouble herding them during hot weather. They are small, quite docile, and without vice, when properly handled and broken in; but, in consequence of being put to work when very young, their spirit is somewhat crushed, poor things! What I like about a broncho is its intelligence and almost human

ways. As soon as it fully comprehends what is wanted of it, that thing it instantly sets about doing.

If you speak in a kind tone, or give it a gentle pat, the broncho looks round at you with quite human affection in its beautiful eyes, and fawns to you like a dog.

It makes me very mad often to see a fine horse quite ruined by mismanagement, and I often wish that some of us had been taught how to train them.

Young and inexperienced as he is, Cecil is going to be the best horseman amongst us. His intense love for animals, and his study of natural science, helps him perhaps as much as a 'course' at Epsom might have done.

By the way, Sam dubbed Cecil my 'squaw,' because he makes tea, and does a lot of the house duties, which he performs as deftly as any woman; also because I have not forgotten the old home habit of petting the 'Baby.'

We do not allow our honoured visitor, mother, to do any domestic work. We take her out riding and driving, and show her off to our neighbours, and we exhibit her small white hands with due pride. Brownie quite adores her, and waits upon her as well as if he had been a trained page boy.

She has struck up a friendship with Mrs. O'Boyne, and gets all her washing done at their farm. I believe she pays a fabulous price for everything washed. The wool she brought out has been handed over to the O'Boynes' little girls, who are working it up into socks for me; and I shall be afraid to wear them, for I know they will cost mother a little fortune!

However, this is *her* scheme for assisting the O'Boynes, and what can a mere man say when his respected parent boxes his ears in a playful way, and bids him mind his own business.

It is altogether pleasant having her here, and Cecil too, though it is enough to make me die of laughing to see her scares about the darling boy Cecil!

She thinks his name of 'Squaw' a distinct improvement on 'Baby,' but you should see her astonishment at his feats. I think she is at last waking up to the fact that her blue-eyed Benjamin is a mere human boy like the rest of us! In the few weeks he has been here he has learned to ride like a Centaur. He looks well on a tidy broncho, with little to speak of on besides a leather belt and a sloucher hat, under which his girl's eyes, with their languishing lashes, are quite lost.

Mother was anxious to see us 'breaking' a broncho, and, as I have a young mare to be taken in hand, I determined we should set about the job for mother's benefit.

Donna is a black-coated, graceful broncho, full of spirit, and not too young. The 'Squaw' makes a capital cowboy, though he has been at the work such a short time, and at my request he quickly brought the herd of bronchos into the kraal.

The creatures have an intense fear of a lasso—they know only too well what it means; and you can drive them frantic by whirling a rope near.

Scott is very strong and very patient, and he knows pretty well how to deal with horses as well

as cattle; but I do not think he quite believes in the law of love, and advocates coercion, which I do not approve.

As this work of breaking in horses forms a large part of the settler's employment, it may be of use to describe our proceedings with Donna minutely.

Scott went into the kraal with a lasso coiled up over his arm, and I followed, leading steady old Aster by a halter. We led the horse round and round, and in and out amongst the herd, hoping that Donna would fraternise with him, and permit herself to be quietly captured; but no such thing! She always contrived to elude us just at the nick of time. Then Scott took the halter, and slowly sidled the herd-horse (Aster) towards Donna, while I moved about at the other side of the kraal, which made the whole bunch crowd near Aster. The horse knew very well what *he* was required to do. He edged up to the little black mare and rubbed his nose against her neck. While he was using such blandishments, Scott very gently passed his hand under Aster's throat and stroked Donna, who started at the touch and moved a little further away, casting as she did so a look of wild inquiry at the horse. He went close to her again, and again the hand stole softly to her, and again she started, but not with such alarm as at the first.

Over and over again these manoeuvres were played, until the mare ceased to take alarm at the touch of Scott's fingers coming to her from behind Aster.

Then Scott's hand traversed gently up her shoulder, along her slender neck, over her full-flowing mane, and next moment a loop of the lasso was round her throat.

She gave a furious bound, and we both hung on to the rope, and, as it tightened, she stood, trembling with fear.

Then Aster came close to her again, and, while he was encouraging her in some horse-fashion, Scott contrived to pass a second and necessary loop round her neck, and the capture was complete.

Cecil then opened the kraal, and out bounded the herd. Donna, of course, attempted to follow, but—

When we tried to persuade her to do so after a different method, she point-blank refused, and it cost us much time, trouble, and patience to get her out of that kraal.

The next step was to teach her to lead. After the halter was adjusted, she set her fore feet together, and would not budge an inch.

In vain we stroked, and wheedled, and dragged, and pushed. She only sprang about, and seemed utterly obstinate, but, in reality, she did not comprehend what was wanted of her.

'If she only understood our speech!' I heard Cecil exclaim; and then he came up and took the halter from Scott, who was very hot and breathless by that time.

'There's a good lass! now, come, old girl, come along!' said my 'Squaw,' addressing Donna in the dulcet tones with which he was wont to charm the ladies at home. And—will you believe it?—the mare took two timid steps forward, with her wild eyes fixed imploringly on him. 'That's it, my lass,'

he said, gently; 'come along, good lass!' and he patted the mare as he moved very slowly on a bit, she following. A little more of the same thing showed her what she was wanted to do, and before many minutes Donna was trotting around wherever Cecil chose to lead her.

When we were satisfied that that lesson was fully learned, we put a bridle on her. Poor thing! how she champed and fretted; but she accepted bit and rein more easily than I had expected.

Then came the saddling.

A heavy Mexican saddle was put on her back, and she began to shake and tremble again; but, when the girth was brought round for buckling, she dropped to the ground as suddenly and helplessly as if all life had been struck from her limbs in an instant.

She was up in a moment again, and stood quaking, but again Cecil came to her aid, and I, taking a leaf from his book, added my coaxing to his, so that before long Donna suffered the saddle to be girthed without more ado.

I will not enter into more details, or you will perhaps think us very cruel, but I assure you it was all necessary; and I will merely now say that, after hours of painful work, the mare was 'broken' and submissive.

When, at last, she let herself be ridden quietly backwards and forwards, I dismounted, and the 'Squaw' came to her with a can of water, and something not unlike tears in his eyes. He had been looking on all the time, and had thought Scott and myself a pair of hardened sinners. Perhaps if you had seen it all you would have thought with Cecil; but, indeed, there seems no other way of taming a wild animal of the sort. And, perhaps, it is as well that some of you at home should realise a little of the rough work that we have to do out here.

Cecil wiped the foam from Donna's neck, and, removing the bridle, gave her some water, which cooled and soothed her chafed lips. She was tired out, as well as subdued, and his ministrations were very grateful to the poor thing.

As she turned her dark, humid eyes upon him, and leant her head with an almost caressing motion against his arm, I felt as sorry for her as he did. So I brought some oats—which are to a broncho what sweets are to a boy—and had the satisfaction of seeing Donna enjoy the 'pipe of peace' which she had earned.

She bore no malice; she is absolutely without vice. Before the week was done she was following us quite docile and grateful for kind words and caresses, which she gets in abundance. When she was completely 'in hand' we put mother's side-saddle on her, and now the pair look as handsome as Belle and Nora did; but we shall have no escapades of *their* sort with mother and Donna.

Some of our bronchos have been trained for herding only, and so are rather troublesome when put in harness.

You must understand that, when capturing cattle or horses—or any beast, in fact—the herd-horse you ride is taught to stand firm and pull hard when he feels the lasso tightening. The end of the lasso is attached to the horn of the saddle. Thus a herd-

horse, when he feels harness checking his motion, thinks there is a refractory quadruped tugging somewhere, and he sticks fast. We call that 'baulking,' and, I tell you, a baulking broncho is enough to try the patience of any man when in a hurry to get his rig across country.

Mother and I had a little adventure a few days ago, and, though no harm came of it in the end, she says she suffered more torture on that occasion than she has endured since our school days.

Well, I had driven her to Strathearn, and, in returning, we had to cross the Creek at a spot we call the Arm. I allow it is rather an ugly place to get over; the banks are very rugged and steep, there is a good deal of soft mud under the water, and the bridge of logs had been washed away by the spring floods.

We were in my buckboard, which is a very light vehicle, swung low on four wheels. It cannot be upset easily, and any amount of rough ground will not dislocate it, but it twists and turns in the liveliest manner possible. If the buckboard keeps all its joints intact, it is more than you can yours, for after a rough ride you feel as if you were all disjointed. However, one gets used to it, and even mother will allow that nothing but a buckboard will do for the hummocky prairie.

When we got to the Arm mother said: 'You are never expecting to get down and up that gorge, Hermes?'

'I shall not do it, but Don will,' I answered; and, without waiting to debate the point, I called to the broncho, 'Get along, old boy!'

He put his four feet close together, and, as mother said, 'slid down the bank, and rolled together like a ball.'

'We shall certainly go over his head. We shall all tumble into the stream together,' mother gasped out; but we did not. I knew we were safe enough, for I had been over that Arm, and worse places too—so often, indeed, that it seemed nothing to me; but such rough riding is new and alarming to mother.

We stuck in the mud once or twice while crossing the water, and she declared, with calm severity, that we must certainly be drowned or smothered; but when we were over the stream she leapt off the buckboard, and scrambled up the other bank by herself. Nothing in the world, she announced, would induce her to mount that 'precipice' behind Don upon the rig.

She gazed at me in horror while I was sitting on the buckboard, urging the horse with voice and rein to climb the bank, which he did manfully, and, when we were safe on level ground again, mother exclaimed: 'I thought you would go topsy-turvy into the water backwards. It is really dreadful, and I do not know which is worst—to be on the thing one's self, or to stand above and see you there.'

When we reached another ravine she got off and walked across; but, when she saw how deftly Don took the rig along the second—and worse—bit, her fears abated, and she was persuaded to keep her place till we were on the prairie again.

It was getting dusk, and I wanted to get home



“ She gave a furious bound, and we both hung on to the rope.”

before the cold night airs set in ; so I very foolishly left the level trail, and took a short cut across virgin soil.

We were rattling along at a good pace when suddenly Don swerved to one side, and, stumbling into a badger's hole, fell forward with a wild cry of pain.

I was out of the rig in a moment, and mother too ;

for the horse was kicking and squalling in a terrible way. I went to his head, and tried to get him up, but found he had broken his leg ! Poor old Don ! And there we were ! Night coming on ! no habitation within miles of us ! mother quite unequal to a long walk ! and not even a rug to keep her warm !

(Continued at page 66.)



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.



"Will you go and bring help to my mother?"

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 64.)

CHAPTER IX.

OUT IN A THUNDERSTORM.



YOU have no idea how cold our evenings are—even in summer. As soon as the sun goes down—and he does not take long about it—it is very chilly indeed.

I have by accident spent a night on the prairie more than once, and I managed to keep all right by huddling up to my horse part of the time, and walking round him in a circle for the rest of the night. But mother could not do that sort of thing, and no more could she walk to the nearest farm, which chanced to be Rose Plain, situated not less than five miles from where we were. Moreover, I was afraid to go further off the trail when it grew quite dark, lest I might lose myself; and, to add to my trouble, Don kept screaming in the agonised way a horse has of expressing fear or pain.

Poor old horse! If I had had my revolver with me, I think I would have put him out of his pain at once.

At one time I thought of going back to the trail, and then walking on as far as mother was able. There was a chance of meeting some belated traveller on the road. Have you any idea what our roads and trails are like? I will just explain. The tracks between important districts are scalped. That is, the turf is removed and the soil roughly levelled over a space wide enough to let two vehicles pass each other. These trails are what one might style the main roads; the less-important tracks are just paths over the grass worn a little smooth by the feet of cattle and men and the wheels of vehicles. I asked mother if she could manage to walk a bit over the hummocks to regain the main track, and she said: 'I will do whatever my Hermes thinks best; but you know I am not able to walk much with my weak ankle, and is it not a pity to leave the poor horse?'

Indeed, I did not like to leave old Don to die in prolonged agony, a prey to coyotes and vultures, who no doubt were scenting him already from afar.

Then there was always the danger of missing the way in the dark; and I have seldom seen the night fall so dense as it did on that occasion.

'I was a fool to leave the main track,' I exclaimed, in wrath with myself, and not knowing what to do next. But mother was as cheery as possible, telling me that accidents will happen in the best-regulated households, and that she was rather pleased to come in for a little adventure. It would be something to boast of to Sissy, who had declared that she was sure everything was as ship-shape in Assiniboia as it was in Sussex, and that adventures such as one reads of as happening in uncivilised countries were quite impossible in the neighbourhood of Daisy Dell.

I hope Miss Sissy is reading what I write to you, and that ought to convince her.

It was like the dear little mother to be brave and cheerful, but I did feel mad myself for exposing her to the very smallest discomfort.

Just as we were standing together debating what was best to do, the sky was all lit up by a great flash of lightning, and the thunder crashed overhead with such a horrible noise, we crouched down as if we expected the sky to fall in upon us like the roof of an old house. Then flash after flash, peal on peal, followed fast on each other till it quite stupefied and confused us, and we could only hold our hands to our heads and keep our eyes closed.

Poor Don gave a shriek, or a groan every now and again, and in a pause of the storm I tried to comfort him by calling out, 'Good old horse! I have not left you. Poor old Don!'

I am sure the sound of my voice did soothe him a bit. He was lying not far from us, near the buckboard from which I had, of course, freed him. It was near, and I thought perhaps we ought not to be so close to the vehicle, which was almost entirely made of steel and iron; and on the level prairie it might prove a fatal attraction to the lightning.

When the storm broke out afresh, I glanced around and saw the lightning was playing about the buckboard like fireworks. I was just going to tell mother we must move further off, when a tremendous flare of light almost blinded me.

Don gave a hideous scream, mother dropped her face on my arm, and the thunder crackled as if it were the noise of a world breaking up under the hammer of Thor! This did not last long, however, but it was so terrible I was glad when rushing torrents of rain poured down, for that indicated that the worst of the thunderstorm was over.

In ten minutes we were drenched through and through; but even such a catastrophe as that did not seem so bad as the lightning, and, when the thunder began to roll further and further away, the flashes to grow more faint, and the rain to become heavier, I heard mother whisper faintly, 'Thank God, that awful danger has passed us by.'

Don was quite quiet then, and I spoke to hearten him up, but I got no response. 'Don, old chap!' I called out, expecting him to whinny in reply, but he did not make even a moan, and then mother said,— 'The storm must have quite cowed the poor thing, so that he forgets even his pain.'

'I will just see to him,' I said, fearing something different, and as I feared so it was. The horse was dead, struck by lightning, and the buckboard was lying near him, twisted out of all shape and use, a tangled heap of iron rods and charred wood.

I cannot tell you how profoundly I was impressed by what had happened, and I stood in the pelting rain and darkness filled with an awe I have no words to describe. Presently mother was standing beside me by the remains of our horse and vehicle, which looked through the darkness so strange and unreal that I felt as if I were suffering from nightmare.

I came to myself very soon, for I felt mother shiver as she leant against me; and then I said: 'We must not stand or sit about another moment.'

We must try and find the trail; we must keep moving no matter what happens.'

So we began to blunder along; but it was a difficult business, and I could feel mother hanging heavier and heavier on my arm. I felt very anxious on her account, and longed for daylight, but that was far off.

As we plodded along in a sorry plight I fancied I saw the shadow of a huge bird flit by, and I said, 'Did you see that, mother? The vultures are after poor Don already.'

'Oh, you think it was a vulture that passed? It seemed so large. I really thought it was a man, Frank. And see,' she added in a whisper, 'there it is again; quite distinct in spite of the darkness.'

There really was a large object not far off; and, hap-hazard, I called out, 'Who is there? We need help.'

The shadow stopped short a little way in front of us, and we stopped too, and 'Who is it? Come here!' I said, and the shadow came up to us and spoke.

'Nacot knows you are lost,' said the shadow. 'White man steal prairie from Indian, and prairie like the big sea to the stranger pale-face. He cannot see his way over the prairie-waves. He lose himself. The prairie is not his, and loves him not; it keeps its secrets for the red men.' His tone was bitter and scornful, and I hoped there were no more of him about just then. There was no mistaking the tone in which Nacot spoke of our interference with the rights of Indians, and I had no wish to stir up his angry feelings by offering excuses for my kind, so I just said, 'I should not mind being lost, Nacot, if I were alone, but this is my mother, and she is not strong.'

Then mother spoke in her soft, persuasive voice: 'I am sure you—who are so clever at finding your way about—will help us to find the right road; or, if you have any place of shelter near, you will take us there—we are so cold, and tired, and helpless.'

Her voice fell and quivered at the last words, and it would have melted any heart. It certainly had an effect on Nacot, who said quietly, 'Nacot show the way to shelter,' and he stepped out to the left, leaving us to follow.

He did not lead us far, for in a few minutes we came upon his little tent set up in solitary state on the plain. At least I could not see any other erection anywhere near, and the night was by that time clear and bright with many twinkling stars, so that, if there had been any more Nichies or their teepees about, I must have seen them.

'Nacot's tent was very small, and it did not smell nice; but it was rain-proof, and there was a fire glowing in the middle of it with a pile of dry sticks close by. That was a welcome sight to us, and we made haste to kneel by the fire and warm our chilled flesh, while Nacot sat down in a corner, and watched us with grave and gloomy looks.

'This is good,' said mother; but she looked so white and worn out I was very anxious, and I asked Nacot how far we were from any settler's house.

He held up his hand, and spread out the fingers to indicate five, and he said 'Mile.'

I studied him for some minutes as well as the flickering firelight allowed, and then I stood up and said: 'Nacot, you do not love white men; and I allow we might have been more just in the past to your people than we were. I know you never take rewards, or anything of that sort, for doing a kind action; so I can only cast myself on your manly goodness of heart, and your sense of justice. Is it right? can it please the Good Spirit? is it what a brave red man should do, to punish one delicate, defenceless woman for what a great many cruel men did long ago? You see my mother here, Nacot; she is not strong, and she will die if she remains here, cold and wet, much longer. It was my fault that we were off the trail and lost our rig, and I shall be unhappy all my life if she suffers from this night's adventure. I would go and seek for help, but I do not know my way. Nacot, you can find your way in the night about the whole of this Territory; will you go and bring help to my mother?'

While I had been talking Nacot had got on his feet, and when I finished he said not one word, but slipped noiselessly out of the tent, and I was satisfied.

I cannot say why, but, in face of all that the settlers affirm of this wandering Nacot, I have taken a fancy to him, and believe in him.

'Where has he gone, I wonder?' mother asked; and I just told her I believed he had gone to the nearest farm for assistance. Then, with a lighter heart in me, I piled sticks on the fire and made a good blaze; but still she shivered of cold, and her wet clothes steamed like an engine.

It was horrible; and I could not talk. I could only scold myself in my heart for our misfortune.

We sat like that for more than an hour, and the dawn was at hand, when I fancied I heard, at a distance, the jingle-jangle of harness and the thud-thud of horses' hoofs on the sod.

I went outside the tent and listened intently until I was sure the sounds were coming nearer, and then I told mother, who was half dozing over the fire. She roused up quickly enough, and we both stood to listen. No doubt about it in a few moments more. A rig was coming at a rattling pace over the prairie; and before long Sam's buckboard bowled up to us, with Sam himself, Nacot, blankets, and food aboard.

They had put a pair of bronchos into the rig, and had come at a brisk rate, for the horses were panting and foam-flecked. Good old Sam had not spared his team for mother's sake.

We did not know how to thank the Indian, but he did not want our thanks. He ducked into his tent and dropped the flap, which served for a door, as a broad hint that he had no further use for any of us.

So I wrapped mother up in the blankets; and, after making her drink some wine which Sam had thoughtfully brought with him, we stowed her between us in the buckboard and set off for Rose Plain, which we had no difficulty in finding, as the daylight was by that time broadening over the prairie.

(Continued at page 78.)



THE RED WHORTLEBERRY.

THERE are four varieties of this plant, commonly known as the Cowberry, the Bilberry, the Blackberry, and the Cranberry; they are all natives of England, and are found in some places in great abundance, while in others they are entirely unknown. The red Whortleberry, or Cowberry, is an evergreen, and is planted by the Norwegians as a border to flower-beds, as we plant box, whose foliage it somewhat resembles. The blossoms are red, and the berries, Gerard tells us, 'are full of iuyce, of so orient and beautifull a purple to dye linnen cloath, or to linne withall, that Indian lacca is not to be compared therunto.'

Pliny mentions the use of it to dye 'the garments of bond slaves.' Blue ink is manufactured from it by the French, and the Icelanders extract from the leaves a yellow dye. The berries of all the tribe are

good for food: in Devonshire they are eaten with cream, and elsewhere they are used for tarts and in confectionary. They are extensively exported from Sweden for preserving, and the people there make them into jelly in preference to currants. The Cranberry, or Crane-berry (from the berry growing on a long drooping stalk like a crane's neck), is very abundant in Cumberland, where it forms a considerable article of commerce. Nevertheless, many hundredweights are annually sent to England from the north of Europe, and though inferior in size and beauty, these are far superior in flavour to those grown in America. R. B.

THE HUNTER AND THE BEAR.

AN American hunter, who was one day rowing upon a lake, fell from his boat into the water. Just then a great log of wood drifted towards him, and this he grasped with all his might, and raised himself upon it. But what was his horror to find a large bear seated on the log! The man and the bear gazed at each other, neither seeming to know what to do. The hunter had no weapon but his large pocket-knife, and, whilst he was thinking how he could best use this against the bear, the animal began to back slowly, slid into the water, and swam away. The hunter's friends on shore saw his danger, and rescued him by means of a boat.

A BOER RAID



THE 'Boers' is the name applied to the Dutch colonists of South Africa, who are engaged in agriculture and the care of cattle. Their first settlement at the Cape of Good Hope dates from the sixteenth century, and they have since then been reinforced by Huguenots from France, in search of a freedom which they cannot find at home.

After the final cession of the Cape to England in A.D. 1814, these men disliked the new government, especially its friendly policy towards the natives and the emancipation of the slaves in A.D. 1833. Accordingly, in A.D. 1835, bands of Boers 'trekked' northwards in search of greater freedom of action. In this way they occupied Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, seizing the lands of the natives as pasture ground for themselves, and reducing the natives to a form of servitude. The Boers are by no means humane in their dealings with the native races; but they have their good points, too, for they are remarkable for courage, love of freedom, sobriety, and industry. What a pity it is that humanity towards the helpless and oppressed cannot be added to these good qualities.

Our illustration depicts one of the many raids of cattle during the early period of the Dutch settle-



A Boer Raid.

ment, and we can easily imagine how terrible it must have been to the poor natives to be aroused from sleep by the shouts and cries and cracking of whips of the white men, and to see them driving away the cattle which were their sole means of livelihood! Not seldom, too, their poor huts were set on fire, while on the slightest attempt at self-defence, they knew only too well that these good horsemen and

splendid marksmen would think nothing of stretching them bleeding on the ground beside their ruined homes!

Ah, what tyrants men can be to their fellow-men! Let us be thankful when we see men helping the helpless and the down-trodden, and putting an end, as far as it is possible, to the vile slave-trade that in some parts of Africa still exists.

D. B.

A MAN OF SENSE.

THE man who makes the best of things
 With riches can dispense,
 Since Heaven has endowed him with
 A fund of common sense.
 Though he may live in poverty,
 He has a happy lot,
 Because he doesn't sit and mourn
 For what he hasn't got.

The man who makes the best of things
 Is tolerably rare,
 But, when you find him, you will see
 A man devoid of care.
 His rule of life is simple—just
 To do his level best,
 And then he does some resting,
 And lets others do the rest.

The man who makes the best of things,
 He knows what he is at,
 He is a true philosopher,
 And to him I doff my hat.
 But when I run across a man
 Who's always finding fault,
 I know, without your telling me,
 He isn't worth his salt.

Somerville Journal.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

11.—WORD PUZZLES.

(A.) A word of nine letters expressing a useful guide, containing shorter words without transposition.

- 1.—1, 2, 3, 4. Dreadful, distressing.
- 2.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Strait, open, plain.
- 3.—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. The head of a parish.
- 4.—3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. The dwelling-place of the above.
- 5.—6, 7, 8, 9. One of a political party.

(B.) A word expressing a command.

- 1.—1, 2, 3. One of the human race.
- 2.—2, 3, 4. A much-used conjunction.
- 3.—4, 5, 6, 7. A fruit; a point of time.
- 4.—5, 6, 7. What you did at your last meal.

(C.)—A savage fabulous animal.

- 1.—1, 2, 3, 4. To move heavily; a hindrance.
- 2.—2, 3, 4. A tatter.
- 3.—3, 4, 5. In past time.
- 4.—4, 5. Depart!
- 5.—5, 6. Not off.

C. C.

12.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

Four rivers in England all bearing the same name: one in Yorkshire, another in Sussex, one in Northamptonshire, and another in Norfolk.

1. A fertile spot in the midst of a desert.
2. One of four divisions of a sister country.
3. A group of thirty-eight islands and numerous dangerous rocks in the English Channel.
4. Two rivers of the same name, one in Scotland, the other in Ireland.

C. C.

[Answers at page 87.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------|-------------|
| 8.—A. 1. Dace. | B. 1. Goat. | C. 1. Peat. |
| 2. Race. | 2. Goat. | 2. Heat. |
| 3. Face. | 3. Boat. | 3. Meat. |
| 4. Mace. | 4. Moat. | 4. Beat. |
| 5. Lace. | | 5. Neat. |
| 6. Pace. | | 6. Feat. |

- 9.—1. Bar-rack. 2. Bag-pipe. 3. Bride-groom.
 4. Bar-row. 5. Bar-net.

- 10.—1. The morning sun never lasts a day.
 2. All things have their place, if we knew how to place them.
 3. This world is nothing unless it leads to another.
 4. Step by step, the ladder is ascended.
 5. He is rich enough that wants nothing.
 6. Trust not one night's ice.
 7. In the kingdom of blind men, the one-eyed is king.
 8. He that seeks trouble never misses.
 9. Moderation is the mother of Health.
 10. He that once deceives is ever suspected.
 11. Forgive much in others, but little in yourself.
 12. Idleness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.
 13. He that respects not, is not respected.
 14. The bitter before the sweet, makes the sweet the sweeter.
 15. The best hearts are ever the bravest.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL BUILDINGS.

THE ROYAL MINT.



HAT do you expect the Mint to be like, my lad?' was the question asked of a public school-boy of eleven years.

'Oh, a long, low building, with a guard of soldiers outside and inside. Big guns about everywhere, a lot of mangers filled with gold and silver, and the whole place well warmed by

great fires,' was the ready reply. So the imagination misleads.

Almost within a stone's throw of that old Roman fortress, the Tower of London, stretches a solid-looking flat-faced building, with two wings of shorter length. The Royal Arms stand out in relief from the white stone of the central wall, and two policemen and a sentry at the right-hand gate are the only uniformed representatives of law and order. To pass these custodians a permit must be obtained from the Home Office.

The reception-room, which lies immediately to the left hand upon going through the two large doors, is a spacious and comfortable apartment, containing a few old parchments, dating back to George the Third's reign, and a case or two of interesting relics and coins. The visitor's book on the table shows many very well-known names. The guide, a pleasant-looking, happy old man, with ruddy face and snowy beard, spends his day in conducting

parties of sightseers over the Mint. His time is limited to half an hour for each 'set,' so that it becomes necessary to use one's eyes well to gain even a fair amount of information.

'The Melting Room' is the inscription painted in bold characters upon a heavy door, which our guide unlocks ere we enter. Inside this room a busy scene meets the eye. There are crucibles, filled with liquid gold and silver, red hot in the furnaces, some of which are being drawn off the fire by grapples, and lowered by cranes into iron frames or supports, so as to allow the workmen to pour out the metal into moulds. As the molten mass in the crucible is stirred to mix well the alloy with the pure metal, beautiful and many-tinted flames dart up as the result, witnessing that the desired chemical combination has taken place. The liquid gold and silver are then poured into iron moulds which have been previously well oiled. Here the metals are allowed to cool. When taken from the moulds, the form in which they appear is that of gold and silver bars of about three-quarters of an inch thick and two feet in length. The filer takes these rough metal laths and smooths away their uneven edges ready for the roller.

Very clever are the rolling and cutting processes. Placed between heavy rollers, the metal bars are made thinner and at the same time longer under the intense pressure brought to bear upon them. In order to secure uniformity of weight and thickness in the different pieces, they are passed over a machine with a number of small concave rollers, technically termed a drawbridge. The bars destined to be converted into shillings are, of course, narrower than those intended for half-crowns or florins, or for four and five shilling pieces. The cutting room is furnished with complex machines which keep up a ceaseless work day by day upon the sheets of metal passed through them. Worked by steam, these machines cut out circles from the long narrow strips of metal, and of course leave a perforated gold, silver, or copper ribbon behind. This is melted over again. Many coins are cut out of each bar, and these run down into hoppers below. The edge put upon the coins is imparted by means of a grooved or fluted 'collar,' as the grooving machine is termed.

Tempering is a most important process. Placed in crucibles—melting pots—the metals are subject to the heat of a slow furnace for a short space of time. 'Peep in there,' said our guide, as he opened a large oven door. 'Those five or six dull-looking vessels contain about ten thousand pounds-worth of gold.'

Dark and dirty is the appearance of the coin as it is drawn forth from the water into which it is plunged to complete the tempering, the silver resembling dull lead. A bath in sulphuric acid effects wonders, changing the leaden tint into white, and making the coins look like pieces of china. Upon being drawn out from the sulphuric acid, the metal is dried in beechwood sawdust, and then carried to the stamping machines. These are most ingenious contrivances, fitted with dies and double-pronged tongs. The tongs catch hold of a coin, and, placing it between the lower and upper dies, remove the

preceding coin as it is stamped. The money, after impress, drops down into a receptacle below, and is promptly conveyed by workmen to the weighing shop.

Perhaps this room may be considered the prettiest in the Mint. Rows of oblong glass cases, in which carefully adjusted steel and brass weighing machines perform the delicate task of selecting coins of standard weight—rejecting those either too light or too heavy—are in themselves attractive models of mechanical skill and brightness. The money is also rung in this department, and, should any cracked coins be discovered, their fate is to be again melted in the crucible.

The practice so often resorted to by small shopkeepers of ringing money is quite valueless for testing the genuineness of the metal, inasmuch as cracked money, though otherwise perfectly sound and of full value, will not ring. Bankers will always exchange a cracked coin, which is returned to the Mint and melted again.

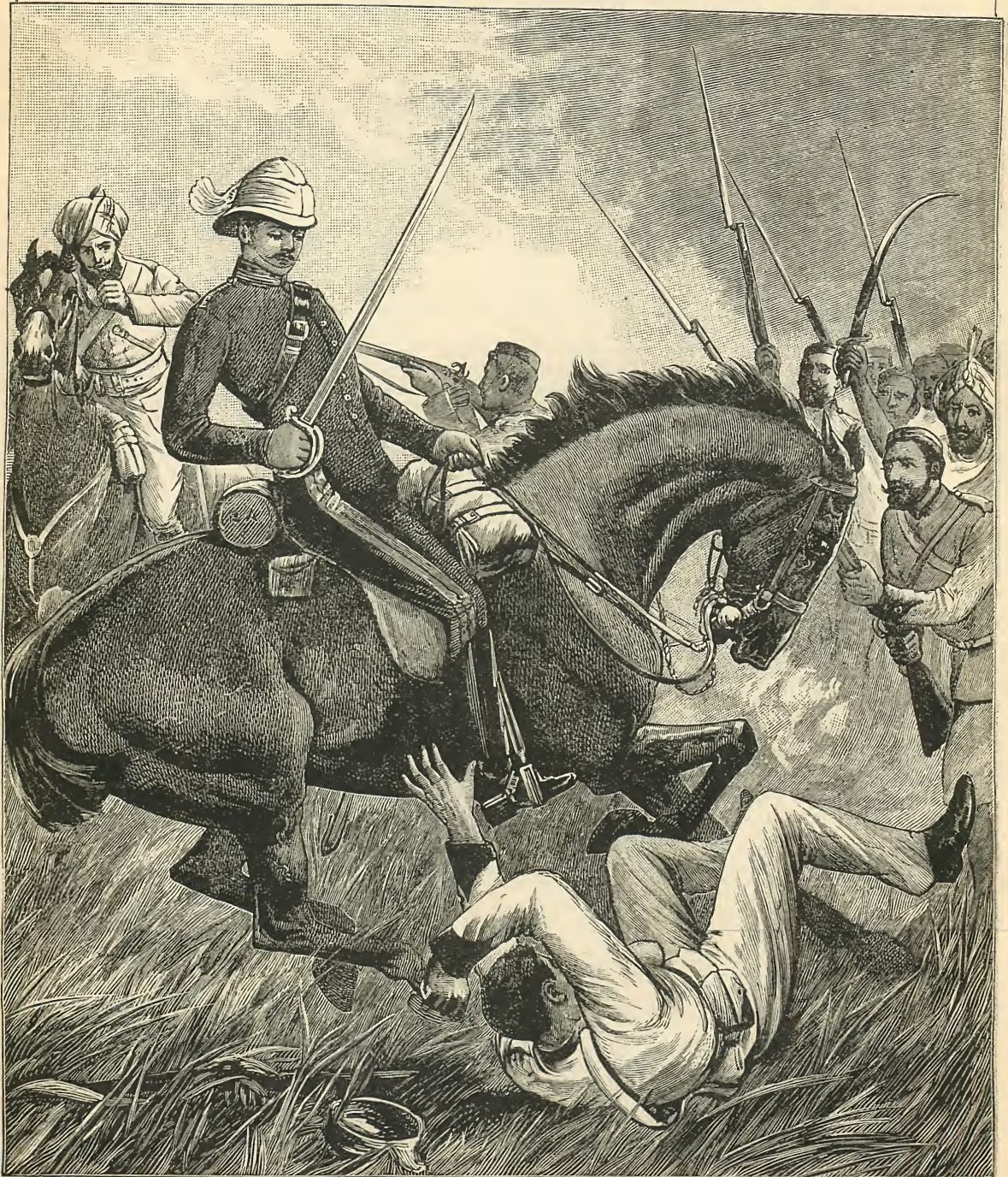
Gold is weighed to a nicety, that is to say, to the sixth part of a grain in half a sovereign, and to the fifth part of a grain in a sovereign. Silver is not quite so exactly balanced. All money is counted and stored in the cellars of the Bank of England. The money-makers are locked in their various rooms daily until accounts are balanced by an examination of their work and stock, when, all being correct, they are permitted to leave. It is seldom necessary to make a personal search, which is looked upon as a great disgrace.

JAMES CASSIDY.

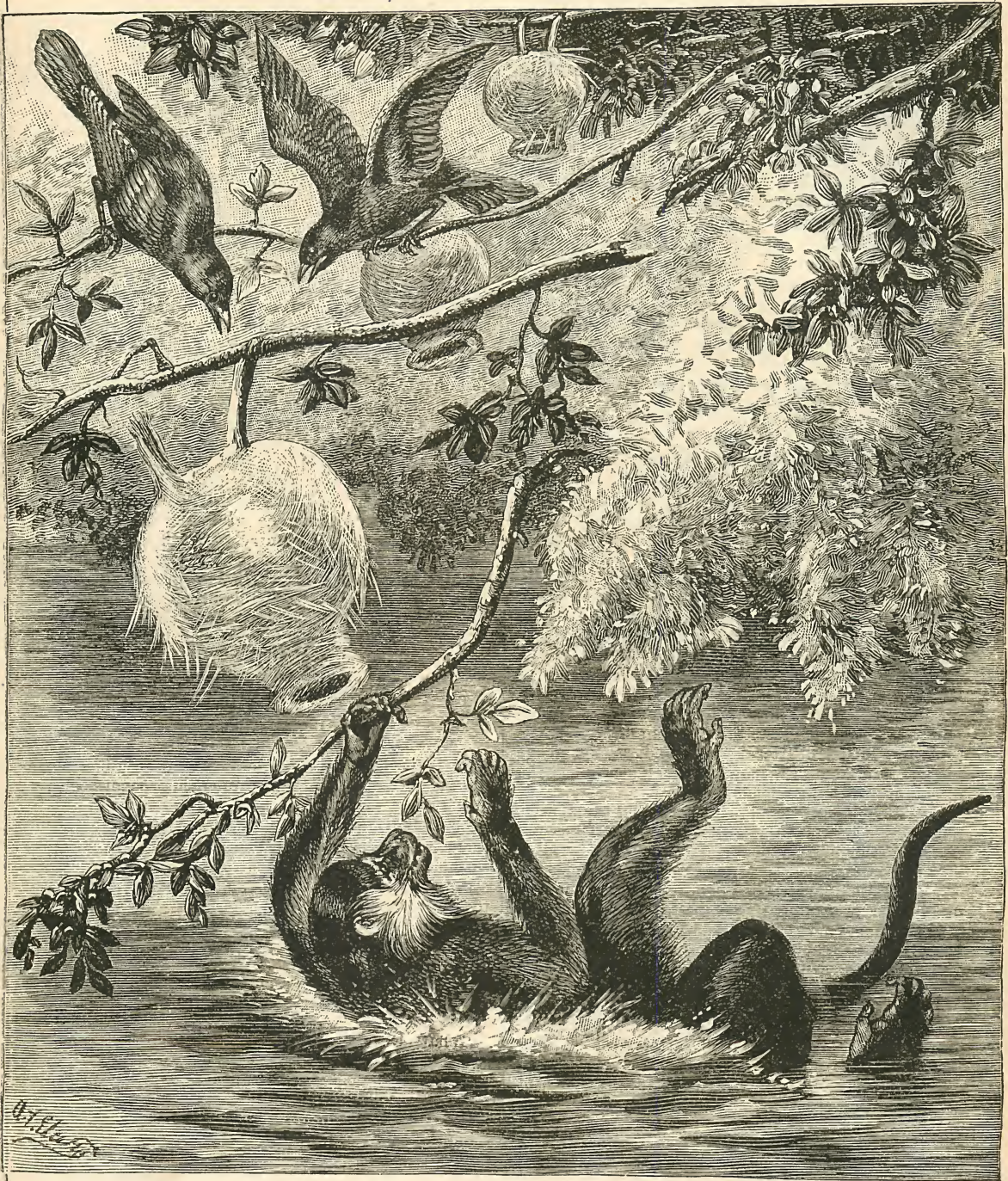
VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

NO more gallant soldier than the present Lord Roberts ever drew sword in defence of his country's honour. His extraordinary military and personal achievements in India and Afghanistan are fresh in the memory of many readers. Amongst the many hard-earned war medals hanging on his breast, the Cross 'For Valour' has a prominent place. When he earned it, he was only a young lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery. It was in January, A.D. 1858, that he was driving the retreating Sepoys back faster than they were willing to go, in order to convert a retreat into a rout, when he saw two of the enemy going off with a standard which they had captured. He galloped after them, and overtook the pair at the entrance to a native village. The Sepoys faced round, with their rifles presented; one of them pulled trigger, but the rifle missed fire just as Roberts rode at him and cut him down with his sword. Despite the efforts of the other warrior, the young artilleryman seized the standard and bore it safely back again. An hour or two later in that same day he was again engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the enemy. On this occasion he rode at full speed against a Sepoy, and with one tremendous cut killed him on the spot. Such deeds have but preceded many others equally bold and daring which he has done, but these which we have described earned him his V.C.

F. R.



Victoria Cross Heroes : Lieutenant Roberts.



Monkey and Weaver Birds.

MONKEY AND WEAVER BIRDS.



WEAVER birds are natives of the warmer parts of Asia, Africa, and Australia; none being found in Europe, nor in America. They are small birds, somewhat like a finch, with a strong bill—the males of many species having a distinct summer and winter plumage. There are upwards of two hundred species of these birds, their peculiar nests being objects of the greatest interest, woven as they are in a very wonderful manner of various vegetable substances.

There is great diversity in the form and appearance of the nests constructed by different kinds of weaver birds. One of the best-known species is the Baya, or common weaver bird of India and Ceylon—the nest of which is a pouch, elongated into a tube, and entered from below, the parent birds climbing up through this tube in order to reach their eggs or young ones. They very generally suspend their nests in the same way from the extreme ends of branches, and often prefer branches which hang over water, probably as affording further security against monkeys, squirrels, snakes, and other enemies. Of these enemies, the monkey is the most persevering and mischievous. He knows well that if he can only introduce his long arm into that mossy tube, he may withdraw it again with a young bird held firmly within his grasp; but it often happens (as we see in our picture) that the monkey is balked of his prey—the slender branch to which the nest is suspended gives way under his weight, and he gets a cold bath sorely against his will. All the time that this is going on, the parent birds are loudly chattering their indignation above his head, and doubtless they feel much pleasure at the discomfiture of their enemy.

Social habits are very prevalent among these birds, many nests of the same species being often found close together. Thus the social, or republican weaver bird of South Africa constructs a kind of umbrella-like roof, under which one hundred to two hundred nests have been found, the nests being like the cells of a honey-comb, arranged with wonderful regularity.

An acacia, with straight, smooth stem, such as animals cannot easily climb, is generally selected by the bird community. When the situation is chosen, the birds begin by constructing the roof, which is made of coarse grass, each pair afterwards building their own nest, which is attached to the roof, and it is said that although there may be hundreds of birds thus gathered together, the utmost harmony prevails among them.

The Whydah, a genus of African birds, is also related to the Weavers, as well as the Waxbill and well-known Java Sparrow. These birds are often brought to Europe and kept as cage-birds. As they are all seed-eaters, they reconcile themselves wonderfully well to their captive condition.

B. M.

THE MILKMAIDS OF DORT.

DORT, or Dordrecht, in Holland, is a grand old town, amongst whose ancient buildings, with their quaint gables and big iron cranes, many an interesting event has taken place.

In the centre of the great market-place stands a fountain, and upon its tall pyramid is carved a cow and a sitting milkmaid. To these attaches the following little story:—

One day, during the troublous times when the Netherlands were struggling for their liberty, the two daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town with milk, saw several Spanish soldiers hidden behind the hedge, not far from their path. Pretending not to have seen the strangers, the girls continued their journey, and upon their arrival in the city they insisted upon seeing the burgomaster, although he had not yet risen from his bed. They told their tale, and not a moment was lost in averting the imminent peril. The Council was assembled; it was decided that the sluices should be opened at once. This was done; numbers of the enemy were drowned, and Dordrecht was saved from an awful doom.

When the peril was over, the magistrates of the town honoured the farmer with a formal visit, to thank his daughters for the great service which they had rendered to their country. They paid him fully for the loss which he had sustained by the inundation. The fair milkmaids found themselves famous, with many of the most distinguished young citizens at their feet, suing for the honour of their hands.

Such is the story commemorated in stone in the ancient market-place of Dort. E. D.

HIPS AND HAWS.

HURRAH for the hips and haws! said a boy one autumn day, as he laid down his school-books, and looked forward to the pleasure of a ramble amongst the lanes and woods where he could gather these, with other wild fruits or berries. It was not so much for the sake of eating them (for really they are not very nice) as for the amusement of hunting, to see how many he could gather, and what varieties. Still, hips, haws, and similar wild fruits are often eaten by children, though less refreshing than the juicy blackberry. To many birds they form an important article of food, helping them through the winter, and until spring brings forth fresh green food and insects.

What is commonly called the hip, or *hep*, is the fruit of the wild rose, also called the dog-rose, from a notion that dogs ate them, some say, but others think it was only meant to imply that this kind was inferior to the choice roses of the garden. It is in June that the dog-rose makes the hedges gay with its bloom. The scarlet hip which follows in autumn contains one seed; it is hairy, and the pulp is hard, even when the fruit is ripe. From it, however, a sort of jam has been made, which is used in medicine. If you get a bit of it at a chemist's, you will find that it is not disagreeable in taste.

'Briar' was a name formerly given to a number of different plants, but we now apply it only to the bramble or blackberry, and to some of the wild roses, especially to the sweet-briar. The fragrance of the sweet-briar rose is not from the flowers, but is produced by tiny glands upon the leaves. One of our wild roses is the Burnet, which has a Latin name meaning 'most spiny,' and it is so all over. The flowers are large and white, its fruit or hip is brownish, not red. A curious species of rose is the one called the 'soft rose,' found in some northern woods; the leaves are thick with hairs, and the white or red flowers, which open early, are followed by large hips. In Yorkshire grows the trailing dog-rose, which is supposed to be the chosen emblem of the Yorkists; it can climb very high, its flowers are pure white, and smell rather like musk. The fruit or hip is dark red and smooth; that of the sweet-briar, the Eglantine of the poets, is scarlet.

Pass we now to the *haw*. The cat-haw, some folk say, was the name given to this fruit at one time, why, we do not know. It is very abundant most years on the hawthorn, whitethorn, or May-bush, which has, for a long period, been so much used in forming quick or living hedges. It also grows in many copses and woods, and some of the old trees are of curious and fantastic shapes. It is a proof how people's ideas change, that some folk will tell you it is 'unlucky' to gather the hawthorn or May-blossom, and bring the twigs indoors; yet our ancestors made it a regular custom to go out early in May and seek for these flowers, which were brought home in triumph, to be placed above the doors and in the porches or halls.

J. R. S. C.

HOME, ONCE MORE.



DEAR mother, you are too kind to me. I feel that I deserve nothing at your hands, after the cruel manner in which I treated you. I cannot understand how you can be so good to me, mother!' and the speaker, a delicate-looking young woman, sank back in her chair, and fixed her eyes, which were fast filling with tears, on her mother's face.

The elder woman did not reply for a minute or two. Then she answered, 'Ruth, my dear, you are a mother yourself, and you must know what a mother feels. You are my own dear girl in spite of all that has happened, and, please God, Ruthie, you and I may be very happy yet.'

'The younger woman sighed and said, 'Mother, though it seems late in the day for me to say it, I shall honestly try from this very hour to be a good and loving daughter to you. Do you believe me, mother?'

'I do, my dear,' replied Mrs. Penfold, 'and your little Willie will be a common bond between us. We must try to bring him up well, Ruthie; we must

try to make him a good, obedient, loving-hearted boy, a help and a comfort to us both—you can't think, my dear, how I love to see a child in my cottage home once more!'

But what had been Ruth's early history, perhaps my young readers may wish to know. Richard Penfold, the village carpenter at Linbridge, a much-respected man, had died from the effect of an accident, when only in his thirty-fourth year. Much sympathy was felt at the time for the widow, who had now to take up the heavy task of supporting herself and her two children, a boy and girl, neither of whom had reached an age when they might have been expected to help themselves.

But another trial still was in store for Mrs. Penfold. One year after her husband's death, her boy Willie was drowned while sliding on the mill-pond one frosty day. This was a terrible blow to the mother, for Willie had been a promising boy, good and dutiful, so that her hopes had been fixed upon him, more than she herself knew, till he was taken away. But with the greatest patience she submitted herself to the will of her Heavenly Father, feeling thankful that she had still one child left to be a comfort to her in her old age. But alas for all her hopes! Ruth had early shown a self-willed disposition, and a love of admiration which did not promise well for her future happiness. She soon grew tired of home, and seemed pleased enough when her mother got her a situation as under-housemaid at the Hall. After a few weeks' trial, however, Ruth grew weary of service, threw up her situation without consulting her mother, and engaged herself as shop-girl at the village store, where she had more chances of seeing and being seen. This step had vexed her mother greatly, but worse was to follow. Her daughter soon told her that she had accepted an offer of marriage from Henry Sergeant, a man of doubtful character and idle habits, known as having a violent and irritable temper.

The poor mother pleaded with her girl, but as usual Ruth would have her own way, the wedding took place, and Henry Sergeant with his young wife went to New York, where he said that he had a brother who had promised him employment. From that day the anxious mother heard nothing more—no letters arrived from the young wife—until four years had passed, when a letter arrived for Mrs. Penfold, but written in a strange hand, and dated from a small town not very far from New York. The letter ran as follows:—

'MADAM—I write to you by request of your daughter, Mrs. H. Sergeant, who, with her baby boy, has lived with my husband and me for seven months past, at which time her husband left her without any explanation or promise of return. Every one in our village knew that she had had a sad life with him, still we were astonished to find that he had left her without any means whatever.

'I, who knew her perhaps better than any one else here, advised her to write to her old home, but she said that she was ashamed to do so, as she had never written since her marriage, and had been an undutiful girl in her youth. My husband and I are now removing to New York, and we have at length persuaded your daughter to return to you, and my



"You can't think, my dear, how I love to see a child in my cottage home once more."

husband has undertaken to pay her passage to the old country. If it is true that my poor friend was undutiful in her youth, I think that you will find her changed now. I shall say no more, but conclude with the earnest hope that she may receive a welcome from you, and may find, in her mother's love, some compensation for all that she has suffered during her married life.—Yours truly, 'MARY WHITE.'

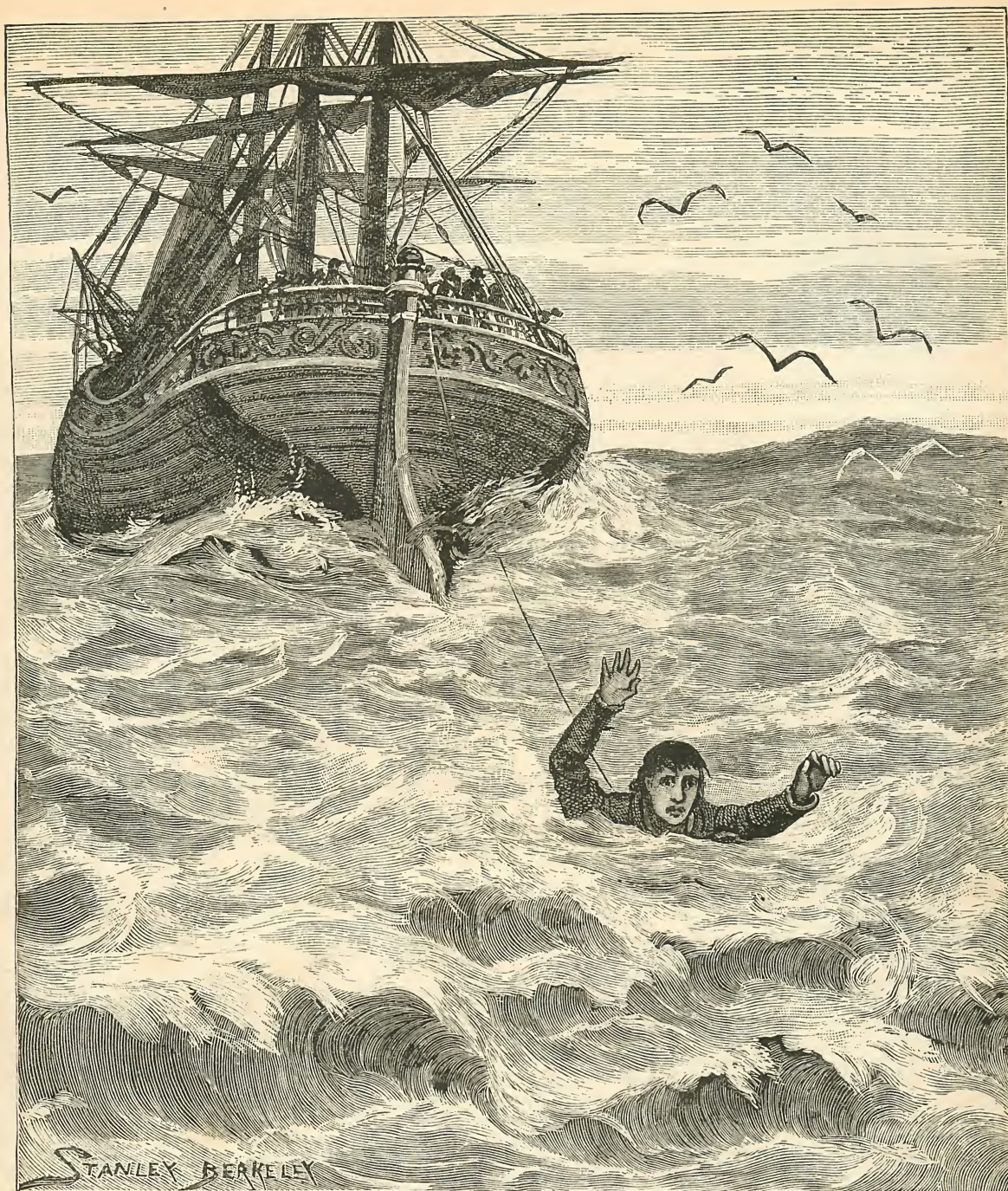
Our readers will easily believe that this letter was received by poor Mrs. Penfold with mingled feelings of joy and grief; grief to think how much her poor little Ruth had suffered, and joy to know that she was now returning to her early home and to her mother's tender love. Oh! how she would care for her, and shield her from all trouble!—and the dear little boy, her own grandson! The good woman wept tears of joy and thankfulness, and then, with a full heart, she began to make all necessary preparations for the expected arrival.

And now Ruth is at home once more, gentle and subdued in disposition, but sadly weak in body, and desponding as to the future. But the dear old

mother is as a tower of strength to her, and as the days pass quickly away her courage returns, she takes in fine needle-work and clear-starching, and at length she is able not only to maintain herself and her little Willie, but greatly to add to the comfort of her mother's declining years. Here we must leave them, saying, as we do so, to our young girl readers, do not be too confident in early youth, lest you have to atone for it by bitter repentance all your life afterwards. K.

THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

A KING was sitting in a vessel with a Persian slave. The boy having never before seen the sea, nor felt the discomfort of a ship's motion, began to cry and lament, and his whole body was in a tremor. Notwithstanding all the soothing things that were offered, he would not be pacified. The king's diversion was at an end, and no remedy could be found for the misery of the slave-boy.



"He knoweth the value of prosperity who hath encountered adversity."

A philosopher, who was in the ship, said: 'If you will command me, I will silence him.'

The king replied: 'It will be an act of great kindness.'

The philosopher ordered them to tie a rope round the boy and throw him into the sea. After several plunges, they dragged him towards the ship. He clung to the rudder with both his hands.

When he got out of the water, the boy sat down quietly in a corner of the vessel. The king was pleased, and asked how this was brought about.

The philosopher replied: 'At first he had never known the danger of being drowned; neither knew he the safety of a ship.'

In like manner, he knoweth the value of prosperity who hath encountered adversity.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER X.—CELEBRATING 'DOMINION DAY.'



TAFFY was on the alert when we arrived at Rose Plain, and had evidently taken in our situation quite clearly from Nacot's brief but precise statement to Sam.

A roaring fire was alight, and a jolly meal spread; but we insisted on mother retiring to what Sam calls his 'prophet's chamber,' where we supplied her with hot water for a bath and

some garments which she could wear in bed while her own were being dried.

After she was comfortably tucked in between blankets with a hot water-bottle to keep her company, we made mother drink some warm milk, and after that she fell asleep quite cosy.

I got into some of Sam's clothes, and Taffy was sent off to Daisy Dell for some of mother's things; so that, when she awoke, she had decent dry garments to put on.

I was delighted to find that she was none the worse for our adventure, only a bit stiff in the legs, and about noon Cecil came along with Belle and Donna in tow, and we all rode home together in the afternoon.

After we got in, and had told Scott what had happened, he scratched his head and remarked, 'A well, you have had a rough time, but I have had as bad myself.'

'You, Scott! You do not look it; what was up?'

'Oh, that squaw of yours, Boss. He has nigh knocked the house about our ears. When the storm began he was sure you were out in it, and he rampaged up and down like a demented hen when her ducklings take to the water. If I had not kept him in by reason and strong words he would have gone and got lost too. The lad was in a sad case about you. But what in the world was the creature Nacot doing out there alone?'

'He had been trapping gophers and badgers,' I answered. I had seen the skins hanging up in the tent. But Scott shook his head as usual, and replied, 'He is an idle, wandering fellow, that! I fear he was after something less honest than killing vermin; but I allow it was real kind of him to help you as he did.' Then, with a grim smile, Scott added, 'On my word, it was Nacot who played the good Samaritan this time, and little Miss Nora will be blithe to hear it.'

* * * * *

We have been celebrating Canada's birthday, and a prime jollification we made of it, I tell you!

Perhaps you do not know—for I think very few people at home do know—that Canada followed the example of the United States, and fixed upon a day to be held as a national festival in commemoration of the time when she became an independent State.

The Americans do not let the world forget that they cast off the sovereignty of Britain on the 4th of July. They make a fuss on that occasion wherever two or three Americans are to be found.

Canada never has boasted, or made a fuss, about herself. She has quietly and calmly asserted her right to manage her own affairs, and she has gone ahead in a straight and modest way, which her neighbours over the border might follow with profit.

This is a great country for picnics. It is the way of exchanging civilities, and getting through business. You see the settlers have few chances for meeting to talk over matters. Their homes are so widely scattered apart, it is not easy to convene a meeting of farmers. So the affairs of Church and State, school and home, are often discussed and arranged through informal speeches made at picnics.

The oratory on Dominion Day is on political subjects mostly; but I am afraid Cecil and I were thinking more of the games of base-ball, and the pony races, than the speeches.

There is a beautiful grove near Strathearn, and that is where the picnic of our district is held every year on the 1st of July. Our 'district,' you must know, extends for fifteen miles east, west, north, and south of the grove. This picnic is always well attended.

We left Daisy Dell rather later than usual, because I wanted mother to see the gathering complete at first, and it was indeed a striking sight when we drove into the open glade beside the grove.

Buckboards, waggonettes, buggies, and carts were drawn up in a half-circle around a wide stretch of fine level turf, and the horses were picketed on the further side of a belt of wood which skirted the plain opposite where the rigs were stationed.

Openings among the trees showed shady paths leading in different directions across the valley and by the river, and we could see the bright dresses of the ladies among the trees. Children were playing about in all directions—swinging on branches, gathering flowers and wild fruit; and, in hidden pools of the river, some folk were enjoying a swim, so refreshing in the extreme heat.

A corner of the plain was marked off for games, and there a lot of the fellows were at it, in spite of a scorching sun.

Every party had brought hampers, of course; and some of the more sedate ladies, helped by a committee of young bachelors, were busy setting out the tables. The tables were long planks raised on barrels and logs of wood; and the seats were ditto.

The trees spread thickly overhead, making a delightful shade: and you can't think how inviting it all looked. Mother was quite charmed, and was soon lost to me among the matrons. So I found some small boys and girls who wanted their swing fixed, and I offered my services to them.

While I was busy adjusting the ropes, Nora Wilson said in a little whisper:

'When you have finished, Frank, will you come away by the river and tell me about that terrible thunderstorm, and Nacot? Cecil says you can tell it best.'

Nora always gets her way with me, and with many another. So, before long, she and I were

strolling by the river, and I was telling her of our adventure.

I tried to make it interesting to her, and not too gruesome; but the little girl's vivid imagination gave her details which I have striven to tone down, and she exclaimed, 'Poor Don! I am always so sorry for animals when they suffer. You see they cannot reason about it; they cannot see why it may be good for them; they cannot look ahead of the pain; they can only suffer, poor things!'

'I wish,' I answered, 'that people would remember that, Nora; and then many a poor animal would be spared great pain, which the thoughtlessness of men inflicts upon them. I assure you I felt very much for poor Don, and I think he knew I did.'

'Do you know,' she said, 'I never will believe after this that wandering Nacot is a bad man, and yet somebody told us he has done a very wicked thing, for which he can be punished. Do you think he did so?'

'What do they say he has done?' I asked. 'You know people may suspect Nacot did it; but that is no proof that he *was* the culprit. I believe in him as you do, Nora.'

Her face brightened up, and she eagerly exclaimed, 'Oh, thank you, I am so glad! Well, this is what happened. Some of Mr. Vancroft's young cattle strayed, and Jim went to look for them, and he found two of them lying among the scrub, newly killed. When he went a bit further to look for the others he met Nacot and asked him if he had seen the cattle; but the Indian was sulky, and only said:

'White man have not clear eyes that see straight. He despise Nacot. Let white man find what he loses,' and he would not say another word, but went off at once. Then, as Jim was going on, he found Nacot's knife lying on a heap of dry grass, where he had been resting, and the knife was all over blood.'

'But still that does not *prove* that he killed the cattle, though it looks ugly,' I said; adding, 'Do not be afraid that such evidence is going to land Nacot in prison. He may have been snaring and killing gophers. At the same time, Nora, we must not forget that he *is* a savage, and hates white men, though he may feel kindly to one or two of us who have tried to be just and kind to him. Nacot would not, could not, look upon the killing of an enemy's cattle as we look on it, and he may think such revenge quite fair. You know Mr. Vancroft is very hard on the poor Nichies.'

'The worst of it is,' said Norah, with a long sigh, which came from the depths of her gentle little soul, 'the worst of it is Mr. Vancroft and Jim are *sure* Nacot was the person who killed the cattle. And as soon as Jim found the knife he rode after the Indian and beat him with his riding whip. It was very wrong, I think; don't you, Frank?'

'Yes, it was wrong, and it was unwise,' I said; and I felt annoyed at Jim for his hasty action.

By that time we had got to a very pretty part of the river, and here we met Cecil, who said to me: 'I was looking for you, Hermes. Come along and have a swim. The fellows have found such a clear, cool pool. It is some way from here; but not so far from the picnic ground.'

'Good-bye!' said Nora. 'I am off to look for straw-

berries,' and away she ran to join Katie Vancroft and a party which she had taken with her to hunt for fruit.

As Cecil and I strolled onward we met or passed many groups of people sitting under the trees, or wandering down the wooded paths; while children were racing from spot to spot in the wildest excitement.

A good many of the people had come from the town, twenty miles away, and, though it is only a prairie city, composed of irregular and detached buildings, squatted on a plain of wild roses, it is a town, and the children who dwell there do not have much out-of-door life.

'I shall be after the fruit, and a game at hide-and-seek, when my bath is over,' said Cecil.

But just as he had spoken a little scream was heard, followed by a chorus of children's shouts; and, as the noise came from the riverside, I exclaimed,—

'Sounds as if some one had fallen in.'

Cecil was off like a whirlwind, and I followed, of course; but, stumbling over a fallen branch hid among last year's leaves, I came flat down. Before I could gather myself up and resume running, Cecil had got well ahead; and when I reached the spot where a number of children were screaming, he was flinging off clothes and asking questions.

Other people were coming in a hurry too, and I gazed eagerly into the pool, over which the poplars and willows drooped, as I asked what was the matter, for I could not see any one in the water.

Next minute Cecil took a header into the pool, and in a few seconds came to the surface again, holding a senseless child in his arm.

The little chap had climbed along a branch which overhung the river, and had fallen in. He had gone plump down at once, and but for Cecil's promptitude might have lost his life.

As things were my squaw fished him out, and after some shaking and rubbing the boy 'came to,' and was soon none the worse for his tumble into the water.

'What will you do about clothes?' I asked of Cecil, and he replied coolly—

'I have had my bath, anyhow. I will just hunt up Mrs. Wilson, and ask leave to go to the farm, and get a change of garments there.'

I picked up his jacket and waistcoat, which he had thrown off before, and went with my squaw in search of Mrs. Wilson, whom we found with mother watching a game.

'Why, Cecil!' mother cried, 'what have you been doing?'

I told what had happened, and how we had left the rescued boy in good hands, and how Cecil needed dry clothes. Mrs. Wilson was on her feet in a moment, and carried off Cecil to Strathearn, leaving me to boast about our 'baby's' feat, which I did to all who cared to listen.

By the time he returned from the farm a horn was being sounded to call the people to lunch; and soon we were all seated on the logs around our well-spread tables, enjoying the good things before us and chattering nineteen to the dozen. The girls had gathered a splendid supply of fruit, so we had a delicious dessert.



"Next minute Cecil took a header into the pond."

After our meal we had speeches about Canada, and we all sang the 'Maple Leaf,' which is a sort of Dominion 'God Save the Queen.' The music is not so stirring, and I hope the Dominion will not content

itself with such a National Air, but will produce something to warm the blood by a really musical and poetical appeal to patriotic feelings.

(Continued at page 82.)



Victoria Cross Heroes : " Lucknow " Kavanagh disguised as a native.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.



ANY acts, not necessarily involving the shedding of blood or taking of life, have earned for the doers a well-won Victoria Cross, and of these, one of the most meritorious is that which gained the proud trophy for Thomas Henry Kavanagh, better known to fame now as 'Lucknow' Kavanagh. Mr. Kavanagh was Assistant Commissioner in Oude, and during part of the time, when the great Mutiny was at its height, he was serving under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir James Outram, in the city of Lucknow. The garrison was surrounded and hemmed in on all sides in the Residency, and suffering great straits whilst waiting and hoping for relief from outside. At this juncture Mr. Kavanagh volunteered for the highly dangerous task of trying, in the disguise of a native, to get through the Sepoy lines, in order to act as guide to the Commander-in-Chief through the city, every street of which he (Kavanagh) knew well. He assumed the native dress, stained and coloured his face, neck and hands, and accompanied by his Indian servant, a man in whom he had unbounded confidence, he started on his perilous mission. More than once, as they passed through the long lines of the mutineers, they were challenged, and at such moments both men were, of course, in the most imminent danger: if they had been discovered, instant death would have most surely been their fate. Kavanagh was thoroughly acquainted with the language of his enemies, but, for fear of his accent being discovered, he let his servant do most of the talking. Mercifully for themselves, and for the unhappy people in the Residency, the rebels, suspecting nothing, allowed them to pass through, and they reached the camp in safety. When the relief force marched upon Lucknow, Kavanagh's knowledge of the place was of the greatest assistance in guiding the troops, and when the campaign at length was over, a Victoria Cross fittingly rewarded his boldness and skill.

FOX RUSSELL.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE RAZOR-SELLER.



FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence,
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap
As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge, who suffered from a thick black beard,
Which seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
'This rascal stole the razors, I suppose!—

'No matter if the fellow be a knave;
Provided that the razors shave,
It certainly will be a wondrous prize.'
So home the clown with his good fortune went
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
Just like a hedger cutting furze;
'Twas a vile razor! Then the next he tried—
All were impostors—'Ah!' Hodge cried,
'I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.'

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began:
'Perhaps Mr. Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun
That people flay themselves out of their lives:
You rascal!—for an hour I've been grubbing,
Giving my beard and whiskers here a scrubbing
With razors just like oyster-knives!

'Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave
To cry up razors that won't shave!'
'Friend,' said the razor-man, 'I'm no knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my word I never thought
That they would shave.'

'Not think they would shave!' said Hodge with
flaming eyes
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
'What were they made for then, you dog,' he cried:
'Made,' quoth the fellow with a smile, 'to sell.'

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 80.)

CHAPTER XL.—PICNIC INCIDENTS.



WE need a church very much in our district. There is an old ramshackle wooden building in the neighbourhood which does duty for a church, and was perhaps large enough and good enough when it was put up a few years ago, for at that time there were not more than five or six families near enough to use it.

But, now that the country is being settled up at a great rate, we feel we need a good church.

Mr. Wilson made a capital speech on the subject at our picnic that day, and he was seconded by Mr. Vancroft and others, so that afterwards all the farmers promised to 'lend a hand' with the church, and the matter was settled then and there. There were more speeches and more songs sung while we rested among the trees; but by-and-by young people began to stray away in couples; elderly men got out their pipes, and tiny wreaths of smoke rose on the breeze. Babies fell asleep, and lay across their mothers'

knees in happy helplessness, and I do not know which looked prettiest—the rosy little sleepers, or the smiling mothers hanging over them!

I had seen Katie Vancroft with a troop of little girls going away to a thicket, where June berries are in abundance, so I thought I would share their fun; and when I got there they set up a shout, for they look on me as a sort of beast of burden, made to do the behests of little children. I rather enjoy it, I confess, and a high old time I had, playing with the youngsters, and telling them stories of my school-days. Our peace was soon invaded by Jim Vancroft, who hunted me out because the pony-racing was begun, and they required me and my bronchos to take a part.

'Oh, you must let me ride one of your ponies, Frank,' said Nora; 'I dearly love to be in the races.'

Of course, you understand that a picnic-race is not one bit like what we associate with horse-racing at home; so you need not be surprised at Nora's request; and, from what you have heard of her on horseback, you will easily imagine that she was as likely to land the broncho she rode a winner as any of us.

I said to her as we walked along: 'Why, Nora, surely you had enough of my bronchos when you fled off on Belle;' but Nora laughed, and answered: 'For the honour of Belle and myself let us be in the race, Frank.'

But that I would not do; and I told her I simply could not endure to see her on Belle; so we made a compromise—she was to ride docile little Donna, and Cecil was to ride Belle.

As I led my little black beauty—with Nora in the saddle—to the starting-point, Katie Vancroft on her beautiful Senora joined us, and she was soon followed by more girls, and I noticed that they had the best horses on the field. Our farmers are very polite.

'I suppose there will be more than one race,' I said to Mr. Wilson, who smiled as he replied: 'This is the ladies' race. You rough riders will have your chance afterwards; but we do not want many lads in this run—just enough to give the girls something to boast of in beating them!'

I gave a careful look to Donna's gear, and then the ponies were taken to their starting-points, allowances being made for differences of weight and so forth.

The signal was given, and away the racers went like birds skimming over the sea—so lightly did they fly over the sward.

That was a famous race, and we watched it with delight. There were twelve horses in it—seven girls and five lads, and in a very short time I saw that the contest was to lie between Katie's Senora and my two mares.

These three soon got ahead of all the rest and kept well together; but by-and-by I noticed that Belle was taking it very easily indeed, and then I was sure that Cecil would win. Belle is my favourite, and I wanted her to come in first; so I was pleased enough when I saw that the Squaw had only to let her go and she must distance all competitors. But he evidently did not mean to do

so till near the end, so as to keep up interest for the onlookers. Presently we saw that Katie was urging Senora to the utmost, and for a short time she and Belle flew along neck to neck; then Senora fell behind, the goal was not far off, and little Nora's steed came up with Katie's, passed her, and took the place by Belle's side.

The two—Nora and Cecil—rode on at equal pace a short way further. I was looking through my field-glass, and I saw Cecil gently check his broncho as they neared the winning-post, and Donna carried little Nora in first.

I thought that very good of my squaw, and the bright face Nora brought back to us was reward enough for any fellow. The best of it was that nobody but myself suspected for one moment that Cecil had given the honours of the race to the girl. People said that the Canadian lassie could ride better than the new-comer from the old country; and, though Belle was far and away more fleet than Donna, it was to the credit of Nora that the inferior broncho won.

'Are you awfully cross, Hermes?' asked my squaw as he brought Belle back.

'Cross at what?' I answered.

'Cross that your beloved Belle did not win.'

I held up my field-glass, and let him understand that I knew what had happened, and that I approved.

He blushed like a girl at being detected in a generous action, and whispered: 'I thought you would like Nora to win even better than Belle; and, after all, Donna belongs to you too.'

'Go and win now,' I said to Cecil later in the day, when Belle had rested and the fellows were all in the race.

'Not at all,' replied our wide-awake baby, with his most angelic smile. 'If I rode and won, my little trick would be discovered. Take Belle yourself.'

This I did, and Belle carried me in first by a long way, which confirmed the folk in their belief that the English boy did not know how to ride.

Cecil took all the chaff he got in the most good-natured way, and I reckon it does him credit; for you know it is never pleasant to be laughed at in such a case, and some people do not spare one.

Just before we were all dispersing Mr. Wilson said to me: 'By the way, Frank, have you seen anything lately of old Rudyard?' He has not been our way for an age, and no one seems to know about the old man.'

Rudyard was a queer old chap who lived by himself in a hut among the scrub in a secluded ravine.

He disliked company, and very seldom visited any of the farmers, but grubbed on a patch of land, planting as much wheat and potatoes as sufficed for his own wants. He was a good shot, and provided himself with game, and his chief employment was trapping wild animals.

The Government gives a reward for gopher tails; these little beasts are the nuisance of the farmer, and quite overrun the wheat-fields at times, so we want them exterminated. Everybody is on the alert to trap gophers. Rudyard made quite a bit of money



"What struck us was the confusion in which everything was."

last season by gopher tails, until Mr. Vancroft suggested that the Government would do better if it gave the reward for gopher heads.

Jim took to exploring the prairie for gopher tails, and he discovered that quite a number of the little creatures he killed had no tails! And then we all saw what old Rudyard had been up to. He had caught the gophers alive, taken off their tails, and

set them at liberty to go back to their burrows and raise more gophers to provide Rudyard with more tails!

Of course, Mr. Vancroft reported the matter; but, though we were sure enough who had been practising in that way, it could not be proved, and some people said it was an Indian trick, not the work of Rudyard at all. After that it was easy to lay the blame on

wandering Nacot; but I, for one, believed that it was Rudyard.

The old man had taken the sulks when gopher heads, not tails, were demanded by the Government, and he kept still more away from everybody.

But there were a very few things which he could not provide for himself and had to buy of others. These were tobacco, cartridges, tea, and clothes, and once in every three months the old man would go to Sam or myself and commission us to buy what he needed when we went to the town. He had a curious objection to purchasing anything for himself, and never went near the town unless to sell his furs and hand over his 'tell' of gophers to the agent. He kept no accounts, and always carried back the price of his skins in coin.

People said that he must have gathered up quite a tidy sum, and we often wondered where it was hid.

Old Rudyard, as I said, visited no one but Sam and myself, so it was natural that Mr. Wilson should ask me about the old man; but I had not seen him for a long time, and when Sam and I compared notes it came out that each had supposed Rudyard had been to the other, and that not a soul had clapped eyes on him for six months!

'I think,' said Mr. Wilson, 'one of you, who are his favourites, should go to the hut and see what he is about. The poor old creature may have come by an accident, or be ill. Some one must see after him.'

It was then agreed that Sam and I should go that very evening and pay a visit to Rudyard's shak. So when the picnic party broke up, Cecil rode home with mother, while my chum and I set out for the East Bend, as we call the ravine where Rudyard had taken up his abode.

We had some way to go, and we took it very easily, for the evening was clear and warm, our horses and ourselves just a little lazy after the day's happy exertions; so we rode at an easy canter, chatting together, and as light-hearted as we were when ten-year-olds.

After we had covered a good part of the way we dismounted, and picketed our ponies on a verdant 'slew' where the finest of grass grew. We gathered sticks and lit a fire (for we were in the wooded valley, not on the prairie), and heated some cold tea, and enjoyed ourselves. It was quiet and lonely where we had camped, and we took a good sleep, which was wonderfully refreshing. Then, as the day began to break, we got up, shook ourselves, put the saddles on our nags, and rode on briskly, meaning to breakfast at Rudyard's, with or without his leave.

A quick trot of an hour or so brought us to the East Bend, and we were soon in front of the old man's hut; but the door was closed and we hesitated to rouse him up at such an unearthly hour.

A few fowls were strolling about under the trees, and they seemed very wild, and dodged out of sight as soon as we came near. We heard some pigs grunting among the scrub, but there were no other signs of life about the place, and the unearthly quiet, as well as the neglected look of everything, made us feel queer.

I got off my horse, and said, 'I will take a peep through the window, I think.'

'Curtain there,' said Sam.

I hitched Belle to a post and went nearer, but still did not knock at the door, and presently Sam joined me, and we both stood and looked at the hut and felt that there was something wrong. It was not the silence, but the uncared-for look of the place that impressed us. After exchanging looks but no words, we stepped to the door and knocked. No answer!

We knocked again louder, but there was no response, and then I tried the fastening and found that the door was closed from the outside by a piece of cord tied to the side of the hut. We unfastened the cord, and went in, and stumbled on the skeleton of a dog lying near the threshold.

We just glanced at it, then I tore the curtain from the window, and Sam did likewise by that of the bed in the corner. The bed was empty. It was all turned topsy-turvy, the straw mattress was ripped up, and there were dark, tell-tale stains upon the straw, which smelt mouldy.

There had been no fire in the stove for a long time. The stove itself, and the kettle and pan beside it, were covered with rust. There was stagnant water in a pail. But what struck us most of all was the confusion in which everything was. A chair and bench lay on their sides, a box was turned upside down with its lid smashed, and some clothes scattered beside it. The cupboard was open, and the few articles in it scattered in broken fragments over the shelves. Some of the flooring was torn up. In short, everything went to show that a robbery had been committed, with what success we could not guess; but we did not doubt that poor old Rudyard had paid with his life for his reputation as a miser having a hidden store of money.

(Continued at page 94.)



SWORD OR HORN?

HERE once lived on the borders of Scotland a jolly horse-dealer, known as Canobie Dick, remarkable for his reckless and fearless temper, which made him much admired and a little dreaded amongst his neighbours. One moonlight night, as he rode over Bowden Moor, having a brace of horses along with him, which he had not been able to sell, he met a man of venerable appearance and singularly old-fashioned dress, who, to his great surprise, asked the price of his horses, and began to bargain with him. The stranger paid the price agreed on in curious old gold coins, and bade the dealer come again, alone by night, bringing other horses.

Dick sold a good many horses in this way, but after awhile his curiosity got the better of him, and he began to question the stranger as to where he dwelt, and he strongly hinted his wish to accompany him home.

'You may see my dwelling, if you will,' said the stranger; 'but if you lose courage at what you see there, you will rue it all your life.'

The horse-dealer laughed the warning to scorn, and followed the stranger along a narrow footpath which led up the hills. Dick was somewhat startled to observe that his conductor entered the hill-side by a passage or cavern, which he himself, though well acquainted with the spot, had never seen before.

'You may still return,' said the guide, looking back; but Dick scorned to show the white feather, and on they went. They entered a long range of stables; in every stall stood a coal-black horse; by every horse lay a knight, in coal-black armour, with a drawn sword in his hand: but all were as silent, hoof and limb, as if they had been cut out of marble. Many torches flickered gloomily in the hall, and the light from these showed an old-fashioned table, and upon it a sword and horn. 'He that shall sound that horn and draw that sword,' said the stranger, 'shall, if his heart fail him not, be king over all Britain. But all depends on courage, and much depends on whether he takes the sword or the horn first.'

Dick was much disposed to take the sword, but he thought that to unsheathe the sword first might look like defiance and give offence to the powers of the mountain. He took the bugle with a trembling hand and blew a feeble note, but loud enough to produce a terrible answer. Thunder rolled in stunning peals through the immense hall: horses and men started into life; the steeds snorted, stamped, ground their bits, and tossed on high their heads. The warriors sprang to their feet, clashed their armour, and brandished their swords. Canobie Dick's terror was extreme at seeing the whole army, which had been so lately silent, now in uproar and about to rush on him. He dropped the horn and made a feeble attempt to seize the enchanted sword; but at the same moment a voice pronounced aloud the mysterious words:—

'Woe to the coward, that ever he was born,
Who did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.'

At the same time a terrible whirlwind howled through the long hall and bore the unfortunate horse-dealer out of the mouth of the cavern and flung him over a steep rock of loose stones, where the shepherds found him the next morning, with just breath enough left to tell his fearful tale.

The moral of this legend would seem to be that it is foolish to awaken danger when we are not prepared to resist it. JAMES CASSIDY.

PACE, THE JESTER.

PACE, jester to Queen Elizabeth, was so bitter in his retorts upon her that he was forbidden her presence. After he had been absent for some time, a few of his friends entreated her Majesty to receive him back into favour, engaging for him that he would be more guarded in his discourse for the future. The very first time they met again, Pace was as bad as ever. 'Come on, Pace,' said the Queen, in a gracious humour; 'now we shall hear of our faults.' 'No, madam,' said Pace; 'I never talk of what is discoursed by all the world.'

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

IT was a summer's evening,
Old Casper's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found:
She came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Casper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'

'I find them in the garden, for
There's many hereabout:
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in the great victory.'

'Now tell us what it was all about!'
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes,—
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.'

'It was the English,' Casper cried,
'That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for
I could not well make out;
But every body said,' quoth he,
'That it was a famous victory.'

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by—
They burnt his dwelling to the ground
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.'

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born infant died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.'

'They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many a thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.'

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why, it was a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory;

'And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But it was a famous victory.'

SOUTHEY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

13.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. ANXIETY, caution.
2. A plant which rarely blooms.
3. To turn on an axis; sometimes seen on your breakfast table.
4. Lively fish.
- 2.—1. A precious stone.
2. A square of glass.
3. A woman's name.
4. A strong-flavoured vegetable.
- 3.—1. A shaggy animal; to endure.
2. A river in Spain.
3. Dry, not fertile.
4. Part of a verb of movement.
- 4.—1. Welcome, when tired.
2. A lake and river in Ireland.
3. Presently.
4. A movable shelter.
- 5.—1. Too often wasted.
2. A false object of worship.
3. To labour, to toil.
4. A woman's name.
- 6.—1. Deep mud.
2. A strong, hard metal.
3. A public way for travelling.
4. Terminations.

C. C.

14.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. SEND lad, run.—A town in the north of England.
2. His cheer.—A northern county of England.
3. Deep cave, R.—A cape on the western coast of Africa.
4. Danes.—A range of mountains in South America.
5. I lose rent, M.—A town in one of the western counties of England.
6. Oral bard.—A country in British America.
7. Stew chop.—A town in England, bordering upon Wales.
8. Wed May.—A river rising in Surrey and flowing through Kent.
9. More malt, S.—A whirlpool on the north coast of Europe.
10. He hops, Sir R.—A county of England.
11. Salt, A.—A range of mountains in Africa.
12. Seen a hat?—A kingdom in the interior of Guinea.

C. C.

[Answers at page 103.]

ANSWERS.

- 11.—(A.) Directory.—1. Dire. 2. Direct. 3. Rector.
4. Rectory. 5. Tory.

(B.) Mandate.—1. Man. 1. And. Date. 4. Ate.

(C.) Dragon.—1. Drag. 2. Rag. 3. Ago. 4. Go.
5. On.

12.—Ouse.

1. Oasis. 2. Ulster. 3. Scilly. 4. Erne.

MONSAL DALE, ON THE RIVER
WYE, IN DERBYSHIRE.

THE limestone dales in North Derbyshire are very beautiful, some of them being watered by streams of a fair size, while others are mere ravines, where the water scarcely leaves a path even for the foot-passengers. The whole course of the Wye is through a series of precipitous and rugged rocks. It is in these limestone rocks that 'swallows' occur. A 'swallow-hole' consists of a cleft in the rock, through which a stream suddenly disappears, emerging again to the light of day quite a long way off.

About two and a half miles from Ashford-in-the-Water, by the road following the Wye, is Monsal Dale, where the river flows in from Miller's Dale, a favourite resort of anglers. Close to the railway-station Monsal Dale is joined by a small brook from Deep Dale, and the scenery is very grand and beautiful.

Not far from Monsal Dale some time ago, a barrow (ancient mound) was opened, and found to contain a curious collection of swords and javelins. Another barrow at the same place was called the 'Gospel Hillock,' perhaps from the first Christian missionary having taken his stand thereon, while exhorting the Saxons to forsake the worship of the old Saxon gods, Woden and Thor.

Ashford-in-the-Water takes its name from its standing on the Wye, which supplies water-power for several marble-mills. In the churchyard are some fine yew-trees. In the north aisle the visitor may see five funeral garlands still hanging, the relics of a pretty custom at one time prevailing in Derbyshire. The relations hung up in church a paper garland in memory of any youth or maiden who died in the village. This custom fell into disuse, perhaps a century ago, but has of late years been revived.

The practice of ringing the curfew is still kept up in Ashford, and the still rarer one of the pancake bell on Shrove Tuesday. At the west end of the village are the marble works for which this place is celebrated, where the various marbles found in this county are cut, polished, and turned in lathes. The best marble occurs in beds, none of which are more than eight inches thick, alternating with chert, a kind of flint-stone. This neighbourhood furnishes all the finest varieties of marble. There is a quarry about a mile from the village from which the famous rosewood marble is obtained.

J. C.



Monsal Dale, on the River Wye, Derbyshire.



The Little Brothers before their Mother's Portrait.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

HUMPHREY AND MILES DUNCOMBE.*



MRS. DUNCOMBE had been dead about two years when this story begins. Her two little sons were just at an age when the loss of their mother was most keenly felt. Humphrey was seven, and Miles four. Very different in disposition were the two children. Humphrey was impulsive and rough; Miles was a quiet, gentle, timid little fellow, with coaxing and winsome manners. Sir Everard Duncombe showed a decided preference for his younger son. Lady Duncombe had more than once taxed him with his partiality, and he had answered, 'Miles is such a coaxing little thing. . . . If I took Humphrey up, he would struggle to get down, and be climbing over the chairs and tables.'

Miles would not struggle to get down. He would nestle his head contentedly upon his father's shoulder, and show his affection in a thousand engaging ways.

Lady Duncombe had understood Humphrey better than his father did. She had gloried in his manly ways, his untiring spirits and activity, and she loved his rough caresses quite as much as the more coaxing ways of his baby brother.

There was a full-length picture in the drawing-room of Lady Duncombe with Humphrey in her arms; and at times, when the elder boy was in some trouble with Virginie, the French nurse who looked after the children, he would steal in there and lie curled up on the floor in the darkened room; putting himself in the same attitude that he was in in the picture, and then try to fancy he felt his mother's arms round him, and her shoulder against his head. There were certain days when the room was scrubbed and dusted; when the heavy shutters were opened, and the day-light streamed upon the picture. Then the two little brothers might be seen standing before it, while the elder detailed to the younger all that he could remember about their mother.

It was Miles' admiration for his brother which was the bane of Virginie's life. Timid by nature, Miles became bold when Humphrey led the way; obedient and submissive by himself, at Humphrey's bidding he would set Virginie at defiance, and, for the time, be as mischievous as he.

One evening, when the children had been waiting some time for Sir Everard's home-coming, counting the raindrops on the window-pane, Virginie was suddenly startled by Humphrey's jump from the window-sill on to the floor.

'What is it?' she exclaimed.

'My father,' answered Humphrey in French, for the brothers were neither of them allowed to address her in English.

'Your father! Then wait a minute while I brush your hair and arrange you.' She might as well have spoken to the winds: nothing was heard of Humphrey but sundry bumps and jumps in the distance which told of his rapid descent down the stairs.

Accompanying the tall, dark gentleman, Sir Everard, was another of slighter build. 'I wonder if you know who he is?' said their father.

Humphrey looked up into the young man's face, and said, while his colour deepened, 'I think you are my Uncle Charlie, who came to us once, a long time ago, before you went to sea, and before—'

'Quite right,' said Sir Everard; 'I did not think you would have remembered him.'

Uncle Charlie was a kind-hearted, good-natured fellow, and he amused the boys for hours at a stretch with his sea-yarns, so that they were both heartily sorry when his visit ended. Uncle Charlie had seen many instances, during his short stay, of the affection of Humphrey for his little brother. He did the elder boy's motive justice, too, as he witnessed his determination, at church, to sing out of no other hymn-book than his mother's. The memory of Lady Duncombe was to Humphrey a sweet and holy pleasure, not unmingled with pain.

'I have got so many plans in my head, that I think I shall burst,' said Humphrey to Miles the next morning, after a long evening of stories, as he stood on the door-steps, watching the dog-cart vanishing in the distance, on its way to the station with their father and uncle. 'Some of the things Uncle Charlie was telling us about would be quite easy for us to do. You wouldn't be afraid, I suppose, to climb up the big tree overhanging the pond where the water-lilies are? Don't you remember the man in the story crawled along the branch that stretched over the water? Well, this tree has a branch hanging right over the pond, and I want to crawl along it like he did.'

It was a very hot day as the two children started off for the tree with the overhanging branch. Poor weakly little Miles was soon overcome with the heat, for there was no shade at all on the journey to the tree. Humphrey carried Miles a good part of the way, and did his best to persuade him what a pity it would be to give up when so near the goal. At last, when the elder boy fell with his burden, as he caught his foot in a rabbit-hole, poor little Miles began to implore his brother to take him under the neighbouring hedge to rest.

Humphrey readily consented, and led him out of the baking sun. Seeing how hot and tired the poor little fellow was, Humphrey said, 'We will give it up now and come again this evening after tea. I declare,' he added, suddenly breaking off, 'there's a mushroom out there.' He was off in a moment, and returned in triumph. 'Isn't it a lovely one, Miles? How fresh it smells, and how beautiful it peals. . . . We might come here some morning and get a lot if we brought a basket. . . . I tell you what, we will get up quite early to-morrow, and come and have a regular mushroom hunt. Won't it be fun?'

Little Miles was dreaming of a green bank, on the top of which he and Humphrey were seated, making daisy chains, when suddenly the midges began to fly

* The beautiful story of these two little brothers is told in a book entitled *Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery.

in his face in a most disagreeable manner. Buzz, buzz, they came up against his cheeks like hard lumps and he couldn't drive them away. He turned to Humphrey for assistance, and such a strong gust of wind blew upon one side of his head and face that he fell over on his side and began to slip down the hill. He clutched hold of his brother to save himself, and woke to find neither bank nor daisies, but that Humphrey was dragging him out of bed.

(Concluded at page 98.)

THE SILENCES.

IN silence mighty things are wrought;
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul, with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings in the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chained is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

T. T. LYNCH.

SOMETHING ABOUT STORKS.



STORKS and Cranes, as most of you know, are regular birds of passage. So punctual are they in their comings and goings that from the most remote times they have been held to be gifted with reasoning power. The Bible mentions the instinctive obedience of the stork. If you turn to the book of Jeremiah, viii. 7, you may read this passage:—

'Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord.' Here you find the instinctive obedience of the stork contrasted with the disobedience of man.

Dr. E. Stanley, the well-known naturalist, writing upon the habits of many interesting birds, says, 'So punctual is the arrival and departure of the various migratory birds, that to this day the Persians, as well as ancient Arabs, often form their almanacs on their movements. Thus, the beginning of the singing of the nightingales was the beginning of a festival

welcoming the return of warm weather; while the coming of the storks was the period of another, announcing their joy at the departure of winter.'

A traveller in the Holy Land says, 'While our ship was riding at anchor under Mount Carmel, we saw three flights of these birds, each of which took up more than three hours in passing us, extending more than half a mile in breadth.'

Again he writes: 'Returning from Cana to Nazareth, I saw the fields so filled with flocks of storks that they appeared quite white with them, and when they rose and hovered in the air they seemed like clouds.'

Even the Turks, reckless as they are in shedding human blood, reverence and love the stork. He is always a welcome visitor; they call him friend and brother, and entertain the belief that wherever the influence of the religion of Mahomet prevails, there will the storks be found.

Have you ever heard of the rich hospital expressly built and supported by large funds for 'the sole purpose of assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and burying them when dead?' It is at Fez, a Mohammedan town on the coast of Barbary. The people of that country believe, as did their forefathers many, many years ago, that the storks are human beings in that form—men from some distant islands, who become storks that they may visit Barbary, and afterwards return to their own country and human form. Some people say that this odd tradition came from Egypt, for the Egyptians had great respect for the stork. The Jews called this bird *chasedu*, which in Hebrew signifies piety or mercy, from the tenderness shown by the young to the older birds, who, when the latter were feeble or sick, would bring them food. It is not the young birds only which show a tender kindness to the weak. The parent-birds are most affectionate, and many instances are given by naturalists of a parental affection in the stork which has stood the severest tests that could be applied to it. The old storks have been known to perish sooner than desert their young.

The same writer says, 'Of their attachment towards each other, we can give another instance. A gentleman had for some years had two common cranes; one of them at length died, and the survivor became disconsolate. He seemed to be following his companion, when his master placed a large looking-glass in the aviary. The bird no sooner beheld his reflected image than he fancied she for whom he mourned had returned to him; he placed himself close to the mirror, plumed his feathers, and showed every sign of happiness. The scheme answered completely: the crane recovered his health and spirits, passed almost all his time before the looking-glass, and lived many years after.'

And now it is time to give the stork story depicted by our artist.

Some time ago a French surgeon, visiting Smyrna, wished to procure a young stork, but he could not prevail upon the Turkish inhabitants, who, as you have heard, hold this bird in high veneration, to sell him one. The Frenchman resorted to a trick. He robbed a stork's nest of its eggs, intending to get them hatched by a hen. He put a hen's egg in the



"Mrs. Stork stood patient and timid in their midst."

stork's nest. The stork continued to set, and in due time the chickens were hatched. Then indeed her troubles began. Mr. Stork, in a high state of indignation, left her, but only to return with a crowd of his friends. These formed themselves into a circle, and without deigning to notice the spectators who had come to see what would happen next, they began

a lively conversation in stork language, clacking their long beaks to make sharp and discordant sounds. Mrs. Stork meantime stood patient and timid in their midst. The council over, the whole flock set upon her, and tore her to pieces, and when their cruel work was done, they dispersed, the nest being abandoned.

J. C.



"Within those gates, long, long ago,
I had my happy home."

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

WITHIN those gates, long, long ago,
I had my happy home;
Before I chose to wander forth,
Through the wide world to roam.

How glad some were those early years,
How full of mirth and joy;
My mother! oh, I loved her well,
When I was but a boy.

And yet they say I broke her heart!
I know I went away,
Though she with tender, loving words,
Had begged her boy to stay

At home—but no, I would not stay,
It seemed so tame to me;
A wanderer in far-off lands
Far rather would I be.

I went; and smitten by the love
Of gold—accursed gold—
I spent long years in Ballarat,
In misery untold.

I lost my health, but still I stayed,
Though poorer every day;
Until my mother wrote a line
That made me come away.

She begged one favour of her son
(Her only son was I),
That he would visit home once more,
In time to see her die!

Ah! then, the early love returned;
Her face I longed to see,
To clasp her in my arms, and ask
That she would pardon me.

I came—but all was still and cold,
For winter reigned around;
Last summer's leaves had dropped, and lay
All soaking on the ground.

The grass was green upon the grave
Of her who loved me well;
No welcome here for me!—my grief
What tongue could ever tell?

My mother! dearest friend on earth,
You had to soar to Heaven
Without one farewell word!—oh, may
My sins be all forgiven.

D.

LIFE PERIODS OF ANIMALS.

A BEAR rarely exceeds 20 years.
A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

A squirrel or hare lives 7 or 8 years; a rabbit, 7 years.

A dog lives 20 years; a wolf, 20; a fox, 14 to 16 years.

Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years.

Sheep seldom exceed the age of 10, and cows live about 15 years.

Camels sometimes live to the age of 100; stags are long-lived.

A swan has attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived.

Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years.

Pigs have been known to live to the age of 30 years; the rhinoceros to 20.

A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but averages from 20 to 30.

Insects, as a general rule, are short-lived, though there are a good many exceptions to the rule.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 85.)

CHAPTER XII.—VAIN SEARCHING.



TO search for old Rudyard was our first thought, of course, or rather, I should say, for his body; for we were sure he had come by a foul end at the hands of some ruffians. And as we left the hut to prosecute our search in its neighbourhood, we looked at the dog's bones, and Sam said:

'He was a faithful creature, was old Rudyard's dog. Most likely he died in defending his master.'

We took a bit of old blanket and wrapped the skeleton in it; rats, gophers, and mice had cleaned the bones of all flesh. Then we dug a grave with the spade that lay among the grass by the door, and we buried what was left of the poor dog.

After that we searched in every likely spot, but could find no trace of old Rudyard. So, after spending hours in vain, we rode away to report what we had seen and done, and what we suspected.

Mr. Wilson is the most important person in our district, and he is a justice of the peace as well. So we headed for Strathearn, and there told our tale.

'The old man has met foul play, I fear,' said Mr. Wilson; 'but it has likely happened months ago, and it may be quite impossible to trace who did it now. Boys, it may be best to say nothing about this until

I have made some inquiries. We may find out more by not raising an alarm.'

Of course he knew best, and we kept what we had seen to ourselves, for until Rudyard's body was found no one could say that he had been murdered. The old man had curious ways. Perhaps he had desired to 'efface' himself, and had hit on that plan to make us believe him dead, when he had merely changed his abode.

When I got home they asked me if I had had a pleasant visit to the palace of East Bend, but all I told was that Rudyard was not at home.

I suppose my reserve provoked curiosity, for Scott and Cecil both started cross-questioning me as if they had been Philadelphian lawyers, until I was obliged to say:

'Do not ask me any more about it. I will allow that all is not on the square at Rudyard's shak; but Mr. Wilson does not wish talk raised at present, so please keep quiet.'

They did not bother me after that; but a day later Cecil asked me if I could spare Brownie and a couple of ponies, as they wanted to go to the Reserve, and to do some botanising on the way.

Of course, I made Cecil welcome to ponies and boy, and anything else he liked, and I saw them off with a good bag of provisions behind Brownie, a rifle and cartridge-belt on Cecil's saddle, and Cecil's retriever scampering after them.

Mother will not listen to her 'baby' going on any distant expedition by himself, and the Indian was delighted, as he often went with Cecil in consequence of her fears. He was pleased to go and visit his people; for he is fond of them, though he does not care for their mode of life, having been accustomed since his babyhood to *our* ways. When the Indian children are taken away to the Industrial school very early, they easily adopt the habits of civilisation, and have no desire when older to return to the life of their people.

I assure you that every inducement is held out to them to hand over the little ones to the care of the Canadian Government, and by-and-by there will be no savage red men left in the Dominion.

I took for granted that Cecil would remain a day or two at the Reserve, as the Farm Instructor could offer him comfortable quarters. Therefore I was much surprised at seeing the lads (white and red) ride back that same afternoon with very solemn visages. They were not long of telling what had brought them back. The East Bend lay in their way up the valley to the Reserve, and Cecil's curiosity having been fired by what he called my mysterious hints, he determined upon investigating Rudyard's shak for himself.

So the two lads rode straight for the East Bend, and as soon as they got there they set Bran to work. Of course the dog first hunted out the skeleton of his brother which we had buried, and this excited him very much. Cecil told us that Bran went nosing around the whole place, and at last began to scratch and whine beside a stream which runs close by the shak.

The earth did not seem to have been disturbed before, and grass was growing there in profusion; but the boys started to dig, and there they found the old man's hoard of money tied up in a waterproof bag.

It was a large sum; and after a great deal of searching, which resulted in no more 'finds,' they resolved to ride to Strathearn with the money, and then return and tell me of their adventure.

Next morning I went to Strathearn, accompanied by the boys, and had a talk with Mr. Wilson, who still desired to keep the secret. But all the details of our story were carefully noted and given to the police, who set to work in quiet ways to get upon the track of old Rudyard. The money was deposited with the officials in the town, and an advertisement was put in various papers requesting Rudyard or his heirs to communicate with the governor, but no one replied. Though the notice appeared over and over again, no person could give any clue to where old Rudyard was to be found, and the matter became forgotten in a short time.

Only Sam and I, when we met, continued to speak of the peculiar old man who had taken a sort of fancy to us, and whom we had rather pitied because of his melancholy looks and queer ways. That he was unhappy, and must have had a hard and lonely life, we did not doubt. No more did we doubt that he had come by a violent end, and we were truly sorry for him.

And now I have another adventure to tell you about. It has to do with bronchos, and I am afraid you will think that those quadrupeds are the chief personages out here. Indeed they form a very important part of the community, and any person who cannot afford to keep a horse is a person devoid of a sense in our estimation!

Well, those bronchos beat all the wild goats, mad cats, rabbits, and mice that were ever created for flying over everything, getting into everything, disappearing when wanted, and appearing when not wanted. They require constant herding in summertime, and that is no joke, I tell you, in this broiling weather.

The squaw is our chief of cow-boys, for he loves the work, but he feels the heat very much. So Brownie and I take the herding when the sun is hot, leaving Cecil to look after the 'chores,' which interpreted mean odds and ends of work around a house and farm.

In early morning and the cool of the evening he rides after the bronchos; and he keeps one eye on them, and the other on every living thing and every plant that comes in his way. He is not fond of shooting, and very seldom brings in game; but his pockets are filled with an endless collection of grasses, flowers, and such-like.

The other day I had much to look after, and I neglected to see to the bronchos as often as was needful; so when I did go to see after them they were not to be found.

I did not bother myself on the subject, supposing them to be down some ravine near the river, and having some pressing work on hand, I clean forgot the horses for an hour or more. Then I saw Cecil going out for a ride on his cream-coloured mare, Princess, and I asked him to take a look for the herd.

'Where was it last?' quoth he.

No; that I could not tell him, but I told him where I had seen them at day-dawn, and went on

with my job. Cecil rode off, and I thought no more about it until, chancing to look up, I beheld Princess scouring along an edge of the prairie, which overlooks the valley with its innumerable ravines; and then a sort of foreboding that the bronchos were lost came over me.

Scott was busy beside me, and I remarked: 'Seems the squaw has not got on their trail yet.'

Scott scratched his head and replied, 'These creatures are worse than eels for slipping off and hiding in holes.' Just then Sam's buckboard came rattling along, and the old fellow pulled up by me.

'Came across the squaw riding like mad!' said he. 'It is not often Cecil rides so fast and hot; the herd is lost, I fear, for he cannot find it.'

Then Scott remarked: 'The mosquitoes drive the poor beasts daft, and, if they have gone out of the valley on to the prairie, it is quite likely they are lost.'

I had, however, great belief in the horses not straying far from the river or its tributary streams, and I affirmed that they were probably in some deep gully, and had escaped the squaw's observation.

'Cecil's vision is masculine, keen, and careful, though his eyes are girlishly pretty,' said Sam.

The bronchos are valuable stock, and I became very anxious. So I asked Sam to go up by himself to the house and talk to mother, while Scott and I looked around some of the nearer ravines.

We poked about the scrub and the river-banks for a good hour—got thoroughly over-heated, tired, and anxious, but saw no signs of the herd beyond a plain trail trending towards the prairie.

As we returned we met Cecil, who declared that the ponies were not anywhere near; he had made a thorough search; they must have strayed miles on miles away, either up the valley or away on the boundless prairies. In either case they had a free course over the continents of North and South America, not to mention Asia and Europe, *via* the icefields of the North, and Africa through the Isthmus of Suez. Over all these lands my bronchos might travel if they chose to cross over at the North Pole.

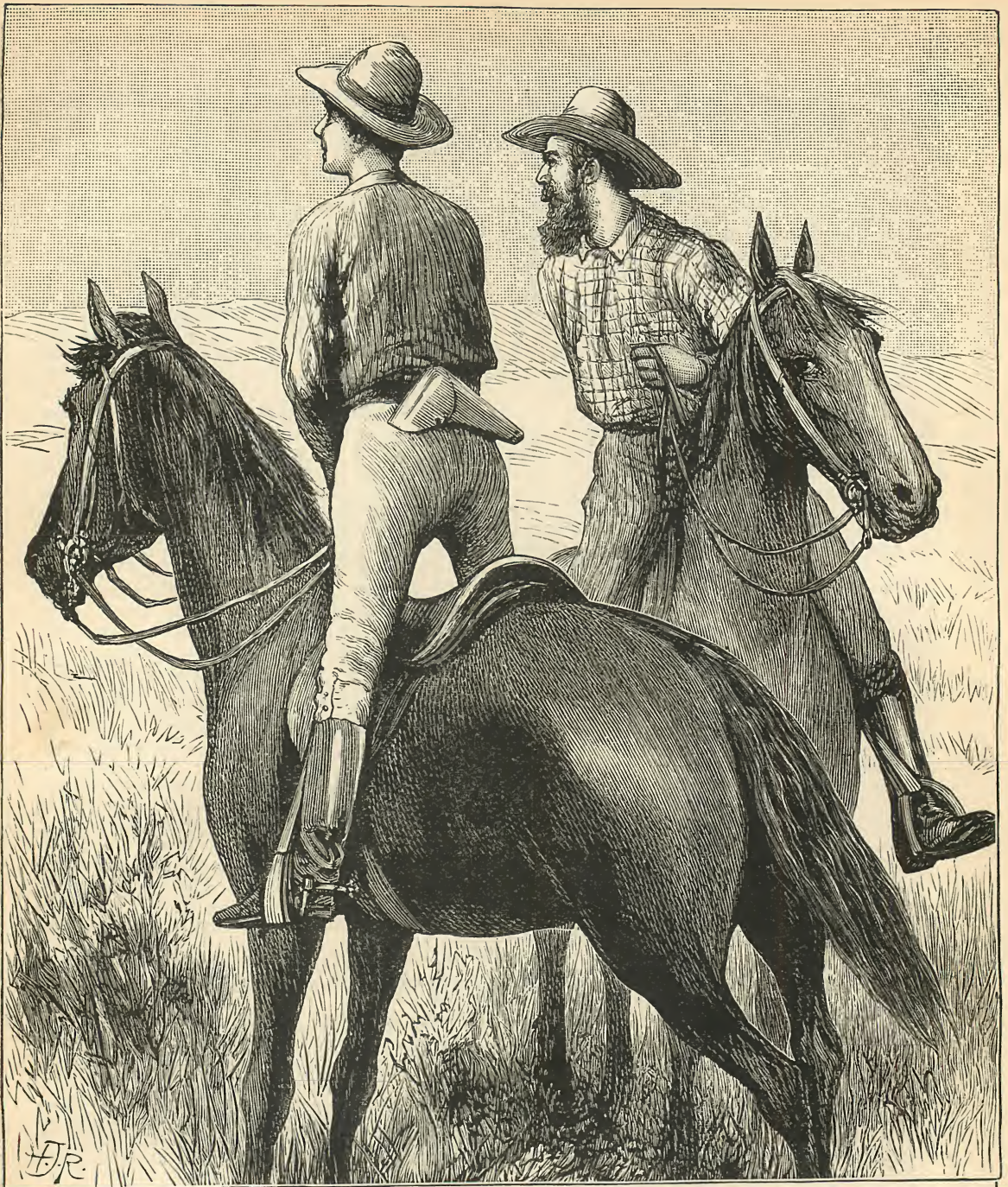
There was nothing for it but to go off in search of them without further delay—I mean systematic search.

The question then was *who* should go? Two are always required for such expeditions, and the search is conducted this wise. You start from a certain point, one going to the left, the other to the right, till you have put twenty or thirty miles of level prairie between you. You then ride onward, keeping the same distance apart for a time, but gradually narrowing it till you meet again at some place previously arranged upon.

The atmosphere is usually very clear and the ground level; so that, with the aid of a good field-glass, you can easily detect objects on the prairie a long way off. Of course, when there does chance to be any haze, you cannot extend your operations over so wide a field.

If either of you have the good luck to 'spot' the lost beasts, you drive them in towards the appointed goal, where you meet your comrade.

If neither has seen any trace of the stock, you go



Looking for the Bronchos on the Prairie.

forward in the same way towards another point fixed upon, and so on.

Sometimes men are out for a week or two exploring in this fashion, and it seldom happens that a hunt of the sort ends in less time than twenty-four hours.

Often you have to deal with worse than mosquito-tormented animals on the rampage. I mean thieves

who are on the alert to secure straying stock, and, if not caught, carry your bronchos into the States, or to remote places, where they can always find men like themselves willing to buy cheap and ask no questions.

Thus you see one has to be on the alert, and in good time, if one wants to recover such lost property.

(Continued at page 99.)



A Stern Chase.



EAGLE AND CYGNET.

IN the picture there is an eagle and a swan; let me tell you something about these two kinds of birds.

The eagle has been called the king of the birds; he certainly deserves the name if his size, strength, and daring can earn it for him. Many of you have seen this great

bird in the Zoological Gardens. Perhaps that is better than not seeing him at all; but the way to see him best is amongst the rocks and mountains in which he takes up his abode.

If you were asked to guess the weight of a large eagle, how near the truth would you be? Try now! You give it up? Well, a large eagle weighs about twelve pounds. 'That is not much more than an average-size goose,' you reply. True, but then 'in order to transport this weight with its extraordinary speed of 140 miles an hour,' a prodigious spread of wing is necessary and an almost incredible muscular power. 'An eagle,' says Dr. Stanley, 'has been known to strike and kill its prey with a stroke of its pinions before it touched them with its claws.'

There are many stories of eagles having carried away children and lambs. Here are two. 'In the Isle of Skye, in Scotland, a woman left her little child in a field for a short time. An eagle carried it off in his talons across a lake, and there let fall his burden. Some people herding sheep saw it, and hearing the infant cry, they hurried to the spot, and found that it was not hurt.'

The second story is a sad one. A Swedish mother was working in the fields, and had laid her infant on the ground at a little distance; soon after an eagle darted down and carried it off. For some time the wretched woman heard the poor child screaming in the air, but there was no help. She saw it no more; in a little time she lost her reason, and had to be confined in the lunatic asylum of the town near which it happened.

As to swans, there are three sorts—one, the familiar tame species, the two others wild; one called Hooper, Whooper, or Whistling Swan, from its shrill cry; the other, Bewick's Swan. The Icelanders listen eagerly for the notes of the wild swan, as they herald the approach of spring. The islanders compare this cry of the wild swan to the sound of a violin.

Have you ever seen a common swan lash the water with its wings? Such a sight shows the swan's strength. When a boat comes near the female swan with her young cygnets, the force with which she strikes the craft shows the strength of the pinions more clearly still. It is said that a stroke of a swan's wing will break a man's leg.

In the picture the artist depicts a stern chase. He writes: 'This chase was witnessed on the Thames. An eagle had come down the river, pressed for food, when he saw some young swans. Fixing his eagle eye upon a fine-grown cygnet, he prepared for a rapid drop upon him.' It looks very

much as though the eagle is to get the best of it—indeed, there can be little doubt but that he will. Of course, an eagle will think twice before he will attack a full-grown male swan, as the chances are that the swan will dash him to pieces, or drown him.

J. C.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

HUMPHREY AND MILES DUNCOMBE.

(Concluded from page 91.)



'A last!' whispered Humphrey. 'I thought you never *were* going to wake; I've tried *everything*! I've thrown bits of biscuit in your face, I've blown into your ear, I've shaken you till I was tired; I couldn't speak, you know, for fear of waking *Virginie*. Be very quiet, for she has moved once or twice.'

'But what do you want, Humphie?' asked Miles, rubbing his eyes, 'and why do you get out of bed in the middle of the night?'

'Middle of the night!' echoed Humphrey; 'why, it's broad daylight! Look at the hole in the shutter, how sunny it is out of doors. I've been lying awake ever since the cock crew, watching the light get brighter and brighter, and—'

But before he had concluded his sentence, his weary little brother had settled himself again on his pillow.

'Miles! Miles!' whispered Humphrey, in despair, stooping over him.

'Good night, Humphie,' said Miles, sleepily.

'Why, you're going to sleep again,' said Humphrey in his ear.

'No, I'm not,' said the child dreamily. . . . 'What is the matter, Humphie?'

'Nothing's the matter, but don't you remember our *delicious* plan to get up early and pick mushrooms?'

Miles remembered now; but the plan did not seem so delicious now, somehow, as it had done the day before. He was roused, however, by seeing his brother carrying towards him a big water-jug.

'What are you going to do, Humphie?' he exclaimed.

'Why, you see,' said Humphrey, in a loud whisper and rather out of breath, for he was oppressed by the weight of the water-jug, 'the best way to wake people is to pour a jug of cold water suddenly on their face, and so—'

'Oh! I'm quite awake now, Humphie,' said Miles, getting out of bed in a great hurry. 'You needn't, really. Look at my eyes.' And the child opened his large blue eyes to their fullest extent.

It was an uncomfortable dressing-time for both children. *Virginie* might wake at any moment. The clothes wouldn't come on. Poor little Miles was

in great difficulty over his stockings; his toe became fixed in the place where his heel ought to be. Humphrey tried to help him, and put on the stocking the wrong side out. No walking boots were to be found, so that delicate Miles wore his thin indoor shoes. Humphrey took off Miles' nightgown, and put on his under-clothes. He could not tie the strings, so he suggested, 'I'll pop on your blouse, quick, and make the band very tight to keep it all steady.'

Miles agreed, and then, as Humphrey told him that he was finished, he said, 'I don't feel so warm as usual.'

'Why, what's this?' asked Humphrey, picking up a small flannel shirt.

'Why, it's mine,' said Miles.

'So it is,' rejoined his brother; 'of course, that's why you felt cold. Well, we can't wait now. Come along—be very quiet.'

The dew was heavy on flowers and grass, and by the time the two little fellows got into the meadow their feet and legs were very wet.

At sight of the first batch of mushrooms in the distance, Humphrey got wild, and with a scream of joy he bounded towards it. From one batch to another he sped, picking as fast as he could, and was soon out of sight. Miles was industrious too, but he gathered toad-stools, and when Humphrey returned and examined them, he exclaimed, 'Toads, every one!' and emptied them out of the basket upon the grass; then they jumped upon them till their shoes and stockings were covered with the nasty mess.

'What will Virginie say?' laughed Humphrey, as he looked at his legs.

'What *will* she say?' echoed Miles, delighted. Suddenly he stopped short. 'Humphie, I never said my prayers!'

'Good gracious! No more have I. I quite forgot.'

'What shall we do? We shall have to go home. It wouldn't be right, I suppose, to say them out of doors?'

'No harm at all,' said Humphrey; 'let us say them under the tree.'

The two little fellows knelt down, and Miles, acting under Humphrey's direction, took off his hat, 'as they do in church,' and said after his brother, 'For what I am going to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful!' Prayers over, the brothers sat down on the grass and counted their mushrooms over.

How they were discovered and hurried home by the indignant Virginie, and with what results to Miles, every reader of *Chatterbox* should find out for himself or herself by reading the book.

The telegram received by Sir Everard some long time after this which ran thus: 'An accident has happened. Both the young gentlemen have fallen into the pond, but neither is drowned. Come directly,' is the introduction to a new phase in the history of the high-spirited Humphrey.

After clasping little Miles in his arms, and smothering him with kisses, enraptured at his favourite's safety, the father asked suddenly, 'Where is Master Humphrey?'

'They told me not to say,' began little Miles; but

his father was looking directly at one of the gardeners, and the man was obliged to answer.

'If you please, Sir Everard, we carried Master Duncombe in there,' pointing to the drawing-room.

'In *there*!' said the baronet, amazed.

'If you please, Sir Everard, it was the first room we came to, and the only one where there was a sofa—'

There, under his mother's picture, colourless, motionless, and to all appearance lifeless, lay the boy for whom, had Miles been injured through following his leadership, 'no punishments could be severe enough,' and whose disobedience he had felt he never could forgive.

How could the old doctor, who had known Sir Everard all his life, bear to tell him that his boy, who had never sat still in his life, was to be a hopeless cripple—a cripple who would never have the use of his limbs any more?

'Impossible,' rose to the father's lips. 'Impossible! Humphrey to be chained to an invalid's chair!'

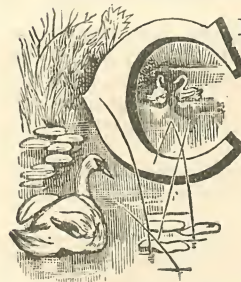
Ah! God's ways are not our ways. The story ends with little Miles' words, 'Humphie has gone to sleep.'

JAMES CASSIDY.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 96.)

CHAPTER XIII.—THE SQUAW'S REASONING.



CECIL had been out in the sun that morning, riding hard for hours, and we had never used him for service of the sort now required. So he was out of the question.

I did not like removing both myself and Scott from home just then; partly because mother is timid, and partly because

our young lambs and calves wanted careful and close attention.

I was deciding to start, with the Indian boy for my assistant, when Sam, hearing us debate the point, called out, 'Do not worry over that, Frank. I have nothing much to do to-day. Indeed, I was intending to go round by Middleton, and "laze" there for the rest of this day. So I will go with you, and, should the expedition prove a long one, my Taffy can supervise himself and the others.'

We hitched a fresh nag to Sam's buckboard (we keep a few of our trained horses always picketed), tied on a couple of blankets and a water-can, and stowed a parcel of bread and cheese under the seat in a handy locker I fixed there. Sam got aboard. I mounted Belle, and, bidding mother a merry good-bye, off we went up the valley, heading due north, from whence the breeze was coming in cool whiffs at rare intervals.

Poor mother looked as anxious as if we were going on the war-path to capture scalps, with an equal

chance of losing our own. She has got her head so full of the terrible tales of old times, and she does not as yet fully realise that we are as safe in my wooden house as you are in England.

To make my narrative read correctly, I must here tell you what took place after I left. My own particular portion of the story will come later.

Some little time after we left, when Cecil had cooled down and been refreshed by draughts of cold tea, he politely offered to go over to Middleton for mother's plaid, which she had left there on the previous day. It was her Shetland wool plaid, to which she is devotedly attached, you know.

Between ourselves I think Katie's piano, and some rare plants which Masie Vancroft is nursing for him, had as much to do with my squaw's obliging offer as his desire to bring back that old plaid to mother.

However, he promised to be back in two or three hours at most, and when Cecil gives his word he means it. So mother knew that he would not linger over the piano or plants. She employed the stated time of his absence in writing her home-letters. Then she prepared a dish of her 'baby's' favourite curds and cream, and hauled out of one of her numerous boxes a bit of home-cake.

Having made all those preparations (upon which she enlarged pathetically afterwards) she sallied forth to look for the return of Princess and the squaw. They were not in sight, but, as I think I have told you, there are hillocks and ravines all along the valley and round Daisy Dell, so he might have been near and yet unseen by her.

Mother strolled out to where Scott was finishing my job, and had some talk with him; but, as Cecil did not appear, and mother is always expecting he is to break his neck when out of her sight, she grew nervous, and asked Scott what he thought was keeping her boy.

'A-well,' said he, 'the girlies and their jingling machine and the garden will be holding him at Middleton.'

'But Cecil always keeps to what he says,' mother retorted. To which Scott had no better answer than to scratch his head and look wise, but say nothing.

I expect, from what they told me afterwards, that he had to scratch his head a great many times that day before he found answers to all her anxious questioning. For hour followed on hour and the squaw did not come, and during that time every conceivable accident which can or cannot happen here, including being kidnapped by Indians, eaten by wolves, murdered by horse thieves, shot by mistake, thrown by his horse, had happened to her 'baby' in mother's imagination.

At last she waxed desperate, and ran back to Scott, who was still hammering away at the new fence. 'What *can* have happened? Something dreadful must be the matter! I shall go to Middleton myself,' she said (and she confessed later to every word and fear).

I dare say Scott was very near answering with some impatience, for he is a blunt, practical Scotchman; but, as he looked up at her approach, he saw what checked the words upon his tongue, and made his heart 'loup to his mouth,' as he told me afterwards.

There is a good-sized hillock at the back of the house, and round the left shoulder of this hillock, making straight for the kraal, Scott saw the cream-coloured mare, Princess, come trotting, riderless!

He dropped his hammer, and with an 'Oh, sakes! Sirs! sir!' stood aghast, too scared to notice that Princess had on neither saddle nor bridle.

Mother would have got a terrible fright if she too had caught sight of Cecil's mare just then; but before she was near enough to Scott to see even the horror in his face, her ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs behind, and, turning quickly, she beheld her mis-ing Centaur trot round to the right of the hillock on a black pony—on Aster, one of our herd-horses!

'I have found the bunch of bronchos,' said Cecil, as calmly as became a great brave and no squaw!

By that time the whole drove of bronchos appeared at the heels of the mare, who had hurried to the kraal where her foal had been prisoned during her absence.

Then the squaw told his tale, or part of it. He had gone to Middleton as arranged, and, in spite of Katie's piano and Masie's plants, he had resolutely left again at the time he said he would (with mother's plaid strapped to the saddle).

As he was descending into the valley by a short cut, very breakneck and seldom used, but familiar to Cecil, who had found that gully a priceless field of science research, he came upon recent tracks of horses going in quite a different direction from what we all had supposed that our herd had taken.

Then it flashed upon Cecil's bright mind that the wind had shifted in the forenoon, and he got an inspiration. The squaw does not let his natural-science instinct rust out here, you bet! He knew that the bronchos when feeding keep head to wind, which prevents the clouds of mosquitoes from settling upon them. Therefore, when a herd strays, one may with certainty seek them in the 'teeth of the wind.'

We had forgotten altogether that the wind was blowing from the *south* in the early morning (at which time the beasts skeddaddled), and we had gone searching *north*, from whence the breeze was coming later in the day. Cecil, with sharper wits and more reflection, came to the conclusion that he and we had conducted our search without considering a main factor in the business. But he had made another and more important discovery in that lonely gully, only he kept that to himself for a long time, and we never knew that his frequent visits to the spot meant more than botanical expeditions. You shall hear of this later.

Now, when this wise 'baby' of ours got so far in his reasoning about the bronchos, he made sure the tracks he had come on belonged to our herd, and, whether or no, he meant to satisfy himself on the point; so, after spending an hour in the gully, he followed the spoor, after a long and erratic course.

The further he went the more sure he became that he was on the right trail, and after a fatiguing hunt he came upon the bronchos in the deep ravine of East Bend, slaking their thirst at the streamlet.

I had been right so far: the horses had kept to the valley. Had they wandered on to the wide prairie, the squaw would not have followed, as we made him promise us never to ride alone beyond



Recovery of the Lost Herd.

landmarks that he knew well. The next point was how to get the beasts home.

Princess had not been accustomed to herding, and was newly broken, besides being tired out with the day's work and longing to be at home with her foal. Cecil found her of no use in his attempts to collect and drive the herd; but he remembered that Aster,

our best herding-horse, was with the drove. He also remembered that Princess's foal was at home, and that the mare if left to herself would, without doubt, hasten off to her infant, although it is quite independent of her. But when do mothers believe that their young ones can do without them?

Princess was no exception to a rule among the

higher animals, and that Cecil knew. He also believed that, if *she* made for home, the bronchos might follow her lead.

It was clever reasoning on Cecil's part.

Bringing Princess close to Aster, Cecil caught the horse, put the bridle and saddle on him, set the mare free, and had the satisfaction of seeing everything happen as he had desired. Princess made tracks for home at once; the herd, stimulated to move on by our Centaur on Aster, set out at her heels, and in this manner the squaw brought in my lost bronchos.

Mother's gladness was, of course, incomplete, for was not I, her precious Hermes, out on the boundless prairie, looking for that which I should by no means find, since my squaw had proved the wiser brave of the two?

And I might wander for days and nights in a fruitless search; and what might not happen to me and to my friend Sam while so employed?

It was vain for Cecil to assure her that we were all right. Scott said, 'Mem, I might as likely lose myself between our barn and stable as they two lose themselves in summer weather out yonder.'

But mother thought of our adventure in the thunderstorm, and would not be consoled. Her trouble touched Brownie, who adores her, and he volunteered to go after us, and report Cecil's feat, which news was sure to bring us home again. She was satisfied that an Indian can find his way under any circumstances, and she gladly agreed to Brownie's proposal, forgetting that he has been trained like any white child, and has little of the peculiar faculties of his people. However, Scott, who is always 'in command' at Daisy Dell when I am absent, believed no harm could come of sending Brownie after me, so he cheerfully permitted him to go, and then mother set herself to look out for our return and to imagine a great many impossible things.

Just as Brownie was cantering away, a sudden idea possessed Cecil and he called 'Stop!'

The two lads had a rapid but animated conversation out of ear-shot, and mother wondered what it was all about, for Brownie became quite excited over Cecil's talk. Then Cecil returned to the house, and hurriedly opened my tobacco jar, and emptied its contents into a small pouch. Next he attacked the tea-caddy, emptying it in like manner, and both parcels he shoved into Brownie's pocket, talking in a low tone all the time. Then the Indian smiled, nodded, and rode off. 'Whatever did you do that for, Cecil?' mother asked, and she was not satisfied when he calmly replied, 'Perhaps Frank may want tea and tobacco.'

'He filled his pouch before he left,' she answered; 'and, as for tea, how can he use that without a pan, or cup, or anything? Don't try to make me believe nonsense.'

Cecil was properly astonished at her unusual severity, but his calm was not disturbed, and he replied, 'Very well, mother dear. But sometimes a fellow must keep his reasons for certain actions to himself. Now please just trust your Baby this time to be acting not without sufficient cause. I shall explain the tea and tobacco by-and-by.'

You know the dear mother is very reasonable with us, and when we ask to be trusted she never puts

another question. She put her arm through Cecil's, and said, 'Very well, my boy. Do as you think best.' Then turning to Scott, who was staring at the squaw and scratching his head as he always does when his mind is working, she said, with a confident smile, 'We can always be sure that this wise boy has good reasons for all he does, even for emptying the tea-caddy!'

(Continued at page 106.)

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

An Allegory.



THE young man, Ernest, had heard, when a child, from his mother's lips, the local prophecy that some day there should come to the valley one bearing an exact resemblance to the great stone face which they could see in the neighbouring mountain, and, being the greatest and noblest personage of the time, he should be a blessing to those among whom he lived. Ernest had taken the prophecy more seriously than the other inhabitants of the valley. As he had greater faith, he had the power of seeing more clearly than his neighbours the grandeur of the strange, stony outline, and so the prophecy meant more to him than to the rest, and the hope of its fulfilment entered more deeply into his life. Ever as the years passed, that hope became stronger and more full of meaning.

When this one and that one came to the valley and was regarded as the fulfilment of the prophecy—Mr. Gathergold, the millionaire; General Blood and Thunder, the military hero; Old Stony Phiz, the eminent-statesman; and the poet, whose wondrous songs glorified both nature and humanity—Ernest's hope was most eager and rejoicing; but he was always the first to discover that the prophecy was not yet fulfilled. But ever as the fulfilment of the prophecy was thus deferred, the great stone face seemed to whisper to him, 'Fear not, Ernest; he will come.'

While he thus cherished the hope of the great man's coming, he gave himself to doing good, preparing the valley for the benefactor's arrival—doing, in his imperfect way, what he thought the great one who would fulfil the prophecy would do in his better way when he came. Ernest became an unwearied toiler in the paths of beneficence, and his life was a quiet stream which made a wide margin of verdure along its course. He also learned a heavenly wisdom and became a preacher, the simplicity of his soul, which dropped silently in good deeds from his hand, flowing also from his lips in words of truth, so that the people came to him with their needs and troubles, and felt in his presence the calm kindness of the great stone face, and they had a greater confidence that one would come who resembled it. At length, when Ernest had grown old, and with grey hair about his

face like the mists which often hung about the face in the mountain, the people saw that he resembled it. His hope had changed his features, even as the character of which they were the expression. And the people said, 'The man resembling the great stone face is with us;' but Ernest the more firmly believed that a wiser and better than himself would yet appear.

Thus is it ever with our noblest hopes. Thus is it with the grandest of all hopes—that of seeing God. All grossness, selfishness, sordidness, falsity, scorn, bitterness, and contempt are purged from the heart where such hope abides.

HAWTHORNE.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

15.—HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

A FAMOUS Governor-General of India, who in the latter part of the eighteenth century was accused of misgovernment and oppression of the natives; after a trial which lasted for some years, he was at last acquitted.

1. A name borne by some kings of England, and by the greatest of English poets.

2. A great conqueror of ancient times; he ruled over a small kingdom in the south of Europe.

3. The wife of the above.

4. The Christian name of a very brave King of Scotland, who went through many difficulties and dangers before he gained possession of his kingdom.

5. Those who leave their own country to settle in another.

6. A people who conquered England, and established a new line of kings.

7. The name borne by the greatest number of the Kings of England.

8. A most useful science said to have been first taught in Egypt, and brought into Europe from Arabia.

9. A Persian governor.

10. The Christian name of an Archbishop of Canterbury who was murdered in the twelfth century.

11. A quantity of unwrought metal.

12. A battle in which a King of England was defeated by his own subjects.

13. A name given to a planet in the eighteenth century, in honour of the King in whose reign it was discovered.

14. A law prevailing in some countries by which women were forbidden to reign.

C. C.

16.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHAT is between mountain and valley?

2. Why do white sheep eat more than black ones?

3. When may a man not marry the mother-in-law of his brother's wife?

4. If you have a sackful of corn, how can you fill another sack with the same contents without removing any of the corn?

5. What is that which is harmless pleasure to a child but ruin to a man?

6. Why is a person casting up accounts like a venomous reptile?

7. What is better than presence of mind in an accident?

8. When is a horse not a horse?

9. Of what colour is the grass when it is covered with snow?

10. If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relationship does she bear to you?

17.—PUZZLES.

1. My first two letters are a man, my first three are a woman, my first four a brave man, my whole a brave woman.

2. What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill and yet never moves?

3. What is that which comes with a coach, goes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach cannot go without it?

4. Name me, and you break me.

5. Where is happiness always to be found?

6. Why would an owl be offended if he were mistaken for a pheasant?

7. If Apollo threw Pan into the Aegean Sea, When he came out what would he be?

8. When do two and two not make four? ANON.

18.—CHANGED WORDS.

1. Change Head to Tail.

3. Change Cold to Heat.

2. „ Malt to Beer.

4. „ Many to More.

C. C.

[Answers at page 127.]

ANSWERS.

13.—1. CARE 2. OPAL 3. BEAR

ALOE PANE EBRO

ROLL ANNE ARID

EELS LEEK RODE

4. SEAT 5. TIME 6. MIRE

ERNE IDOL IRON

ANON MOIL ROAD

TENT ELLA ENDS

14.—1. Sunderland. 5. Leominster. 9. Maelström.

2. Cheshire. 6. Labrador. 10. Shropshire.

3. Cape Verde. 7. Chepstow. 11. Atlas.

4. Andes. 8. Medway. 12. Ashantee.

READY-WITTED.

THE Shah of Persia is a despot by virtue of his position. The life of any of his subjects is at his mercy, and it depends upon his temper how he deals with them.

A Shah of a former time was hunting in the village of Nethnez early in the morning. He suddenly came face to face with an ugly man. His horse started, and the Shah was nearly dismounted. As he thought that this was a bad omen, he ordered the man's head to be struck off.

The attendants promptly seized the unfortunate peasant, who prayed that he might be informed of his crime.

'Your crime,' said the angry Shah, 'is your ugly face, which is the first sight I saw this morning, and which has startled my horse.'

'Alas!' returned the peasant, 'by this reasoning what must I call your Majesty's countenance, which was the first sight I saw this morning, and which is now the cause of my death?'

The Shah admired ready wit, as his countrymen generally do. He let the man keep his head, and gave him also a handful of coins.



Listening to the Skylark.

TO THE LARK.

DEAR little bird, I love to see
 You spread your pretty wing,
 And how I love your joyous note,
 You merry little thing!

Why do you mount so high, dear bird,
 When on the lowly ground,
 Amid the lovely clover blooms,
 Your pretty home is found?

Is it because you wish to leave
 The fog and mists below,
 That thus you flutter towards the sky,
 Still singing as you go?

You cannot tell me, pretty lark,
 Why God has made you thus;
 I think 'twas just because He knew
 You would be a joy to us!



"Go, white man : you are not wanted."

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 102.)

CHAPTER XIV.—CAMPING OUT.



MEANWHILE Sam and I rode steadily on our quest, scouring the prairies, sighting many herds, but, on closer inspection, finding that none of them were my lost bronchos.

In almost every case a cow-boy was in charge of the animals, and a jolly sort of life some of those cow-boys lead. They are generally in pairs, and have a tent. Tom Vancroft has a passion for this kind of work, and I came across his camp, where I found him roasting prairie chicken, and whistling blithely to himself.

The fowl smelt tempting, and some potatoes baking in the embers laughed at me so pleasantly, that I got off Belle, and joined Tom at his noonday meal.

While we were sitting enjoying ourselves we saw a rider come cantering towards us, and it proved to be Katie, bringing a fresh supply of provisions for her brother. She dismounted when she reached us, and her saddle-bags were taken from Senora's back in a jiffy.

'You will find a jam pie that should come in for dessert, Tom,' said she; and in a twinkling the pie, new bread, and a can of rich cream were spread on the grass. Miss Katie had come a long way, and was not above owing to hunger; so she sat down and helped us to finish the chicken and potatoes.

I am afraid I had rather forgotten about my bronchos by the time we had finished our meal; but then Katie recalled my errand to my recollection by saying:

'I came across Sam as I rode out. He has seen nothing of your horses, Frank. He said you had arranged to meet him at The Bluffs. Why?'

'Because,' said I, 'I cannot help thinking the bronchos will keep near the valley, where they can get water, unless they have joined themselves to some big herd out here.'

'I suppose,' said Tom, 'you have visited all the herds about?'

'A good few. My beasts are not on this side the valley, and I shall search the ravines to-morrow.'

'I agree with you, Frank,' replied Tom; 'the horses would not of their own will leave the neighbourhood of wood and water in this hot weather.'

'Then, why on earth,' Katie exclaimed, 'did you not hunt high and low in the valley before taking the prairies?'

'I had to consider the chance of their going to some large herds, as is the way of bronchos. Besides, we did search a great part of the valley in our neighbourhood. It is always wisest to go afield first, and take the nearer places on our return. It often saves time.'

'I see,' she answered; 'the bronchos might be

travelling miles and miles over the prairie while you were searching the valley. But they take it in a leisurely way when among streams and valley-grass.'

Miss Katie did not stay long. She said that she was wanted at home. So, after brewing tea for us, and helping us to drink it, she mounted Senora and rode away, leaving us all the better for her company.

'I have been camping out for a month,' said Tom, 'and Katie comes every week to see how I am getting along. She brings what I want in the way of food; more than what I want, but not more than what I like! She always brings some little dainty made on purpose, and with a thought of my particular fancies. We are lucky chaps, Frank, in having mothers and sisters who care so much for us, and study our comfort as well as share our life out here.'

'Right you are, Tom,' I replied; and I told him how mother meant to stay until autumn, and then she was going to send Sissy out to us.'

'Folk in the old country,' Tom remarked (he is great at giving one the benefit of his reflections in long and solemn words), do not seem to realise how terrible it is for young chaps to live out here without mothers and sisters. It is very sad and depressing. Think of it. After a long day of hard work to come into your house, and have to cook your own supper and make your own bed! No soft words and gentle looks to hearten a fellow up. Buttons all off; do not know where to find a clean towel; dishes unwashed; confusion reigning everywhere. That is the state of man out here when he has no womankind with him. I really think that is what makes the men so discontented as a rule; and those who are not discontented are in low spirits. There is your chum, Sam Verney, for instance; what fits of depression he does get, to be sure.'

Poor old Sam! He has neither mother nor sister to come to him, and he always was very dependent on women for sympathy and care. You remember he always called himself mother's extra son. He still calls her 'mother,' and I often lend her to Rose Plain for a day or two.

I said to Tom, 'Yes; you and I are more fortunate than most of the young chaps about. I do wish we could tell their fathers to send out the girls with their brothers. I am sure girls get along in a new settlement just as well as boys, if they are sensible and care less for frocks and luxury than for their brothers and a free, open-air life.'

'Just so,' replied Tom Vancroft.

By that time I felt that I ought to be moving on. So I said, 'If I "laze" here much longer, Sam will be at The Bluffs long before me, which I do not wish to happen.'

So I left Tom with his herd and his excellent ideas, and went on my way.

Of course I never sighted the bronchos, and at dayset I was at the rendezvous, where Sam had been for an hour. He had unhitched his horse from the buckboard, lighted a fire, boiled the water in a meat-can, and was all ready for me to share tea with him.

We exchanged the day's experiences as we supped, and we agreed that our further search must be in the ravines which drop in all directions from the prairies into the valley.

I wonder if you quite understand how the hills here are below the level of the plains? It sounds funny, does it not? But this is how it comes about.

The prairies are a great way above sea-level, and they stretch, as of course you know, for thousands of miles in all directions. Here and there the water has worn a channel for itself in the bosom of the prairie.

In the course of ages these channels have gone deeper and deeper, winding into the heart of the rich soil. Then the melting snows and spring torrents of rain have run down the sides of the channel to find the original stream which has grown into a river, and gone lower and lower as it grew, fed by the little threads of water. Sometimes those tributary streams have swollen into waterfalls and rushing torrents, which have swept everything before them that was movable, leaving the rocky ground standing in bold scours, and carrying the loose earth to be formed into dells where green-sward and trees could grow.

Where the water is there the wood grows. This is how our magnificent valley was made, and this is how the scours and bluffs (little hills) come to be below the level of the prairie, scooped out of it.

To return to our expedition. Sam and I wrapped ourselves in our blankets when it got dark, set a good fire agoing, and went to sleep quite comfortably; for, I can tell you, when one has been out riding in the scorching sun all day, he does not require an opiate to put him to sleep at night; nor does it matter whether his head rests on a down pillow or the saddle of his horse. He slumbers fast enough anyhow, particularly if he has had a square meal, and carries a clean conscience.

We were up with daylight, and, after a breakfast of cold tea and a slice of bread and cheese, we put our two horses in the buckboard, intending to proceed through the Bluffs together.

As we were discussing how best to search the ravines, Sam said, 'Suppose we go up the East Bend, Frank? Most streams are dried up at present in the ravines, but there are deep springs by old Rudyard's shak besides one or two big pools. It is a likely place for horses to seek: good feed, plenty of water, and shade from the heat.'

I did not much care to go near the place, but I allowed that Sam was right, and that our search to be complete, and perhaps successful, should include the East Bend.

Accordingly, to the East Bend we progressed; and imagine our surprise to see a small column of smoke rising from the chimney of old Rudyard's hut.

'Some crank seems to have taken possession,' said Sam; 'only a crank like himself would stay in this solemn gulch and that ramshackle hut.'

'Perhaps it is old Rudyard back again,' I said, and at that Sam mended the pace and got near the shak.

When we were within a few hundred yards, I jumped out of the rig, and walked up to the door, making as much noise as possible, so that the inhabitant should not be taken by surprise, and perhaps welcome me with a bullet.

As I neared the door it opened, and out came wandering Nacot, whose impassive face never changed a bit as he recognised me, though I had believed that he knew that I was his friend.

He said good morning very gravely, and I asked, 'Have you seen a bunch of bronchos straying about this neighbourhood, Nacot?'

'No,' he answered shortly.

I wanted to be friendly, so I remarked, 'And so you have served yourself heir to old Rudyard, Nacot? Well, it is a lonely place enough, but I dare say you find the old shak better than camping out always. And it might be made cosy enough. I will lend you a hand to make it snug if you like. May we come in and rest?' He looked very much annoyed at my request, and I could see that his ideas on hospitality were warring with some other thoughts the reverse of civil.

'Perhaps you are not alone,' I said, 'and your companions may be white, and do not hold to red men's ways of always bidding a friend welcome to share the food, and fire, and shelter of his teepee.'

I had touched Nacot on a sore point. The Indians look upon hospitality as a sacred duty; but he was equal to the occasion.

With dignity and composure, he answered, 'It is true that Nacot is not alone. This no the tent of Nacot, else would he bid his friends welcome. Go, white man; you are not wanted.' Such a cool dismissal made me feel very angry and I replied, somewhat hotly, 'Old Rudyard's shak is free to me as well as to any one else, unless Rudyard himself, or his heirs, if he is dead and has any heirs, forbid me.'

Sam, sitting in the buckboard, was near enough to hear our talk, and called out with a laugh, as he played with his revolver, 'Perhaps it is the old man himself who is inside. If so, he would give you and me a welcome, Frank, for he was always friendly with us.'

'Old man no here,' said Nacot.

'Then,' I answered, 'I protest I have as good a right as any other to see the inside of this hut. Nacot, it was Sam and myself who first came here in search of the old man and found the place in such a condition as to suggest that he had met foul play. The whole affair is still a mystery, for old Rudyard has not been found, and until his disappearance is explained, every settler has a right to investigate. Step aside, Nacot; I am going into this shak.'

In I marched without more ado; but there was not much to see, after all. Only the remains of breakfast on a bench, and a man, whom I supposed to be an Indian, sitting in the corner with his whole person covered by a large red blanket.

He did not move or look round when I went in; so unlike the way an Indian bids you welcome. So, after a look round, I stepped out and got into the buckboard again.

'Who is the gentleman in possession?' Sam asked as we drove away.

'A surly brute, whether red, white, or mixed,' I said; 'he kept his blanket over his face, and never moved.'

'Not red, then, Frank?' answered Sam.

'Brown, any way,' was my reply; for I had noticed the colour of the hands which held the blanket so close.

'These two are here for no good,' was Sam's next remark.

(Continued at page 114.)



STREATLEY-ON-THAMES.

THE Thames, the most important river of Great Britain, rises on the slope of the Cotswold Hills, and flows south-east across the southern portion of the country till it reaches Gravesend, a few miles below which it expands into a wide estuary, and enters the North Sea.

The scenery of the river, especially in its upper parts, where there are numerous islands, is rich and beautiful. On each side there are many small country towns, with level breadths of pasture

between, diversified with hedge timber, and now and then the tower of a village church, all of these having a charm of their own, especially in summer-time, due in some measure to the vivid colour of the grass and foliage, and to the careful cultivation of the fields, each field being as trim and well kept as a garden. One of those small country towns or villages we see represented here, the village of Streatley, a pretty but old-fashioned-looking place. The Thames here is



Victoria Cross Heroes: Quartermaster Richard.

spanned by a long wooden bridge, which has at either end the villages of Streatley and Goring.

Streatley Down, on the right hand bank of the river, is a rather bold and commanding height; its slopes, fringed with woods and dotted with juniper, are a noble feature in the landscape. It is also covered with a wealth of wild flowers.

The Thames is the best-loved of English rivers for those who boat for pleasure. It was once upon a time famous for its salmon, as it still is for other anglers' fish—such as roach, perch, and dace. Below London, eels and flounders are still found, while the delicate little white-bait is almost peculiar to the lower Thames.

K.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.



IT was whilst in command of the *Weser*, a British warship cruising in the sea of Azov at the time of the Crimean War, that Captain John Edmund Commerell, as fine a seaman as ever walked a deck, saw his chance of inflicting a serious blow on his country's foes. A long, narrow tongue of land lies to the west of the Sea of Azov, and is known by the name of Arabat, the Straits of Genitchi being to the north of the isthmus. Between the Crimean coast and the west side of Arabat is an inlet called Sivash; and on the Crimean side of this inlet, the Russians had collected and stored, for war purposes, an immense quantity of forage—something like four hundred tons, it is said. In order to cripple the enemy, Captain (or, to give him his exact title at the time, Commander) Commerell determined to make an attempt to set fire to the stores.

My readers will soon see for themselves what a desperate enterprise this was likely to prove. Selecting only two companions, Quartermaster William Richard, R.N., the subject of the present notice, and Able-seaman George Milestone, to share the dangerous task, he set off from the ship one dark night in a very small boat. Reaching the shore, they hauled the boat over the narrow tongue of land, and launched her again on the Sivash; then, in dead silence, they paddled over to the Crimean shore. They hauled their boat up, and then started on their dangerous journey. The forage stores were situated some two miles and a half inland, and in order to reach them the three plucky sailors had to walk through two rivers, the Kara-su and the Salghir. They were up to their necks in the stream, and one false step in the rapid current would almost certainly have proved fatal; they were encumbered also by having to carry and to keep dry the combustibles they had brought with them, and also their weapons. Shivering and dripping with water, they emerged safely from this danger, and resumed their silent tramp towards the enemy.

Just by where the forage was stored stood a guard-house, and a short way from this was an encampment of Cossacks. The last part of the journey had to be accomplished by creeping almost on hands and knees. At length they managed to reach the magazine, where they quickly prepared their combustibles, and succeeded, within a very short time, in firing the storehouse in several places at once. Up blazed the store, and in an extraordinarily short space of time the guard turned out, and, assisted by the light spread around by the flames, quickly espied the English seamen. Away they sped across the land, and through the two rivers again, towards the spot at which they had left their boat. Volley after volley was fired at them by the Russians, until it seemed to rain rifle-bullets. At one time, it seemed certain that the three daring adven-

turers must be captured, and here it was that Milestone had a slight accident, and Richard won his Victoria Cross. Exhausted by his tremendous exertions in the flight, Milestone fell in some swampy ground; the Russian soldiers were almost up to him when the gallant Quartermaster dragged his comrade up on to his feet again, and partly carrying, partly hauling him along, the three managed to tumble into their boat and shove off just in the nick of time. As day broke they pulled alongside their ship again in safety, having completely outwitted the enemy and accomplished the purpose for which they had started overnight.

FOX RUSSELL.

SPRING.

SEE, see, how the ice is all melting away;
The rivers have burst from their chain!
The woods and the hedges with verdure look gay,
And daisies enamel the plain.

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms are white;
The voice of the woodlark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

Young lambs sport and frisk on the side of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from her sleep;
The turtle-dove opens her soft-cooing bill,
And snowdrops and primroses peep.

All nature looks active, delightful, and gay;
The creatures begin their employ;
Ah! let me not be less hard-working than they—
An idle, an indolent boy.

Now, while in the spring of my vigour and bloom,
In the paths of fair leaning I'll run;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

Thus, if to my lessons with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain,
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
It will cheer the dark season of pain.

GREED OF GOLD.

IN the village of Largo, Scotland, there lived, many years ago, a wretched old man—a miser and a cripple—one who suffered much both in mind and in body. In mind, because he was always tortured by the fear that some thief might break into his cottage and rob him of his precious gold; tortured in body, too, by the agonising pain of gout from which he had long suffered. In addition to these troubles, this unhappy man suffered also from the loneliness of a friendless old age.

And yet Stephen Lomax need not have been so lonely as he was; there were many kindly persons in Largo, both men and women, who would willingly

have cheered him up a bit, but the poor old man gave them no encouragement to do so. He always suspected the motive of any one who even crossed his threshold with a civil inquiry as to his health. 'They are hankering after my gold,' he would say to himself. 'I must keep my door and window well fastened every night.'

Now this man, Stephen Lomax, had still another source of trouble to annoy him, and this was the continual terror in which he lived of the arrival of one visitor, his graceless nephew. A young man whom he had brought up, and to whom he had been kind in many ways—the only kindness he had ever shown to any one—and a kindness which had certainly not been rewarded, for this nephew had turned out a thorough scamp, had robbed the old man of as much money as he could lay his hands on, after which he had disappeared from the neighbourhood for many years. Still—he might yet be alive, in which case he was almost sure to turn up again to be a plague and a curse to every one belonging to him.

For years and years this cheerless life had been lived by this poor miser, till at length the dreaded visit from the nephew really took place. The young man, who seemed to be well-to-do, at least judging by his dress and demeanour, began to talk in a conciliatory tone, inquiring about his uncle's health, and making various suggestions as to his comfort; but Stephen Lomax was not to be imposed on by anything of this kind. He answered him dryly, asked him where he was living, and what he intended to do in order to secure a maintenance for himself? Then the young man, being compelled to give an answer of some kind, suggested that he might live with his uncle and look after him in his old age.

'Not if I know it!' answered Stephen, with a decision and energy scarcely to be expected from an invalid such as he was. 'Not if I know it! and nephew, let me say at once, that I wash my hands of you entirely! Not a penny of mine will ever go to you; you have robbed me already, and would rob me again if you had the chance, but you won't cheat me twice, be you sure of that!'

These unpleasant words, of course, stirred up the naturally irritable temper of the younger man. He swore at his uncle, called him a mean, churlish old fellow, who ought to have died long ago, and continued this style of talk till Stephen Lomax, in a fury, lifted up his crutch, with which he struck the younger man a severe blow over the head, which felled him to the ground.

Alarmed at what he had done, Stephen hobbled to the door and called in a neighbour, who in his turn called in the police. But the blow had been a severe one, and had fallen on the temple with such force that the unfortunate youth never recovered consciousness, but died the following day.

When the case went up for trial before a jury, the verdict given was justifiable homicide, as it was believed that the young man had attacked his uncle, and that he had struck him in self-defence. But though no punishment followed this terrible deed, a feeling of utter misery reigned in the old man's heart. He was not altogether bad, and the thought that he had murdered his own nephew could not be banished

from his mind, and he began to hate the money-bags which had been the cause of all this anguish. Before his death, which took place not many months after this, he made a will, in which he left all his money to charitable institutions in his native place.

Thus died this poor old man, a victim to the intense love of money, which, when it takes possession of the human heart, causes more sorrow and more suffering than almost any other human weakness which could be named. M.

ALBINO MONKEYS.

MOST persons have now and then seen an Albino, that is, a man or woman, boy or girl, with an utterly colourless face, silvery white hair, and eyes that seem so weak that they can scarcely endure the light of day. We may perhaps have been told that such persons are a distinct race, and that they suffer from weakness of body and mind. This, however, has been proved to be quite a mistake.

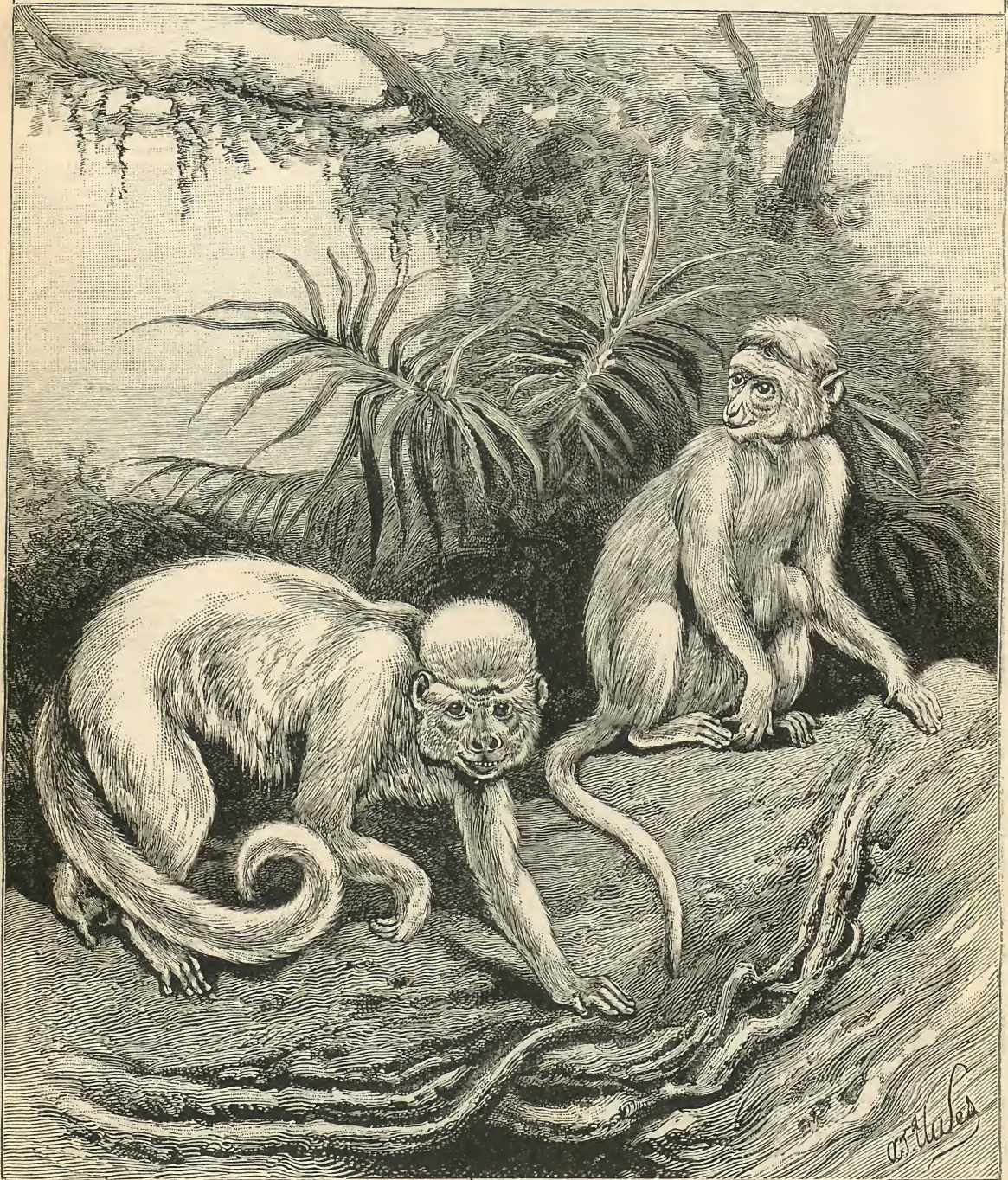
The peculiar appearance of an Albino arises from the absence of colouring matter in the skin, this colouring matter being usually secreted in the deepest layer of the cuticle, and also in the absence of the dark pigment of the eye, so that the skin has a sickly white appearance, while the iris of the eye appears red.

In an Albino the colouring matter of the hair is also wanting, so that the hair is silvery white. All these peculiar features are, of course, more striking in the darker varieties of the human race, and most of all in the Negro Albinos. A friend of the writer, who had at one time seen a negro girl, an Albino, described the poor creature as having a most repulsive appearance, although she seemed to be quite as intelligent as other girls of her class.

This condition of things is always born with the individual, and occurs not only among human beings, but also in other mammalia, as well as in birds—a perfectly white sparrow made its appearance at one time near Melrose. The bird was as healthy and audacious as other sparrows are, and came to eat whenever crumbs were thrown to it; but the poor thing had a hard time of it, for his acquaintances seemed to think it a duty to peck him a good deal, and as he soon afterwards disappeared, he probably had been so severely mauled as to die of his injuries. A white blackbird has also been sometimes seen, and doubtless many others also have been observed.

Our illustration, which is a most interesting one, shows us two monkeys—one a Capuchin, and the other a Bonnet monkey. The usual colour of those monkeys is a greyish brown, but these two, being Albinos, are quite white. They may be seen at the Zoological Gardens. They appear to be quite healthy, and are as lively as other monkeys, though they have the same weakness of eyes that is observed in human beings. The Capuchin monkey is the one walking on all fours. It is a South American monkey, and is so called from its head being covered with short hairs so disposed as to resemble the cowl of a Capuchin monk. It is very shy, but is easily tamed.

D. B.



Albino Monkeys.



“Now turn out all your pockets, and be smart about it.”

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS.



An Australian Scene.

UST before daybreak, a coach, heavily laden with passengers, which had been travelling through the whole night, might have been seen rolling down the sides of a dry gully, jolting over the loose stones and sending up behind it great columns of sand-coloured dust. The hour was one of the darkest, and nothing could be observed by the passengers, or even the driver, outside the range of his lighted lamps. Down the steep, dried-up water-course they tear along with the reckless speed which has earned Australian stage-coachmen a name all over the world. They are about ten miles from their destination, a little township called Woola-burra; and Bill Woodfall, the driver, is anxious to get on to the hot breakfast which he knows to be awaiting him there.

On they go, past the whitish, grim-looking gum-trees; past great boulders and loose stones, rattling along behind, as a wheel or a horse's hoof disturbs its bed; and soon they have reached the foot of the gully. They cross the bed of the stream, with many a jerk and jolt, as one wheel goes over a bigger stone than usual, or another sinks deep into the soft ground, hurling the passengers against each other time after time. Then they get once again on to the track—a rough-enough one, it is true, but better than the river-bed which they have just crossed—and begin a stiff climb to the top of the next range. The horses strain and haul at their heavy load, kicking the loose stones away from their hind feet, as they clamber to the summit. The day is just breaking, and they are within thirty yards of the top of the range, when the coach stops short, with a violent jerk; a tree has been felled and thrown across the track. In the same moment three or four dark figures loom up against the faint grey sky-line, and a voice rings out sharply and clearly: 'Throw up your hands. You are surrounded and covered! Inside passengers, come out! Outside passengers, keep your hands up, or you will get a half-dozen bullets into you in no time!'

Two men and a woman get out of the coach, with fear on their faces. The outside passengers look ridiculous as they sit stock still, their hands all up raised above their heads.

'How many passengers have you, driver?' asks the same voice again.

'Eight men and a woman,' is the coachman's sullen reply.

'You inside passengers, throw down your revolvers. Now, outsides, you get down, one by one, and do the same. Remember, you are all covered, and if there is any sign of fight given, we shan't wait! You will have your deaths at your own door if you resist!'

One by one the discomfited passengers came down off the roof and did as they were bidden. Then

one of the dark forms stepped from the obscurity in which he had been hidden, and removed the pile of weapons.

'Now turn out all your pockets,' exclaimed the bush-ranger, 'and be smart about it—we can't wait here all day!'

This order was promptly obeyed, though not without many an inward groan. The woman—the young wife of a sheep-farmer at Woola-burra—sighed as she handed over a small silver watch to the leader of the gang. The fellow looked at it for a moment, then he handed it back to her: 'Here, missus, you can keep this; we don't want it, and I dare say you think a lot of it. We shan't collect anything belonging to you.' The man, a great bearded fellow of over six feet high, spoke in rough tones, but there was a sort of uncouth kindness about the voice, nevertheless.

The woman looked hard at him for a moment. Then she whispered under her breath, so that none of the rest should hear: 'Thank you for that, Jack Wilmot.' The man started as if he had been shot at hearing his own name pronounced. 'You see, I knew you, and if it had not been for that kindly act of yours, I should have denounced you to the police at Woola-burra as soon as we got in there; and you would have been in jail in two days' time, charged with robbery under arms, and that's a hanging matter, as you know. But you are safe as far as I'm concerned, now.'

The bush-ranger looked gratefully at her: 'Thank you, missus. We are a bad lot, but p'raps there is no man in the world that is *all* bad.'

After having thoroughly pillaged the passengers, the gang moved swiftly off. The coachman, aided by the men of the party, hauled the tree-trunk out of the track, and the stage resumed its rough journey. On arriving at Woola-burra the police troopers were at once told of the robbery; but the woman, the only one of the party who could have set them on the right track, was staunch to her promise, and Jack Wilmot and his comrades escaped. But only for the time. Less than twelve months afterwards, he and two of his followers were hunted down by the troopers, and shot, after a desperate resistance, amongst the rocky boulders and giant gum-trees, where they had made a last stand.

F. R.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 107.)

CHAPTER XV.—FOREBODINGS OF EVIL.

I WAS inclined to believe with Sam that Nacot and his unknown associate were at the East Bend for no good purpose; but I was loth to admit such a thing, so merely said, 'I do not see what mischief they can be after there.'

'Why,' Sam asked, 'should Nacot do such violence to the ideas of his people as refuse us hospitality? and why should his companion hide his face, unless he feared recognition, or meant to do something

which could be brought home if he could be identified? Nacot has befriended you, and you have stood his friend. Depend upon it, he and his companion are up to mischief.'

In a moment it came into my head that perhaps the man I had seen was Robert Mutt, and I told Sam my thought. He checked the horses in an instant, and exclaimed, 'Yes, no doubt! No Indian or half-breed would have the same urgent reason for concealment. I expect you are right, Frank.'

'And yet,' said I, 'it is difficult for me to imagine Nacot in guilty confederation with an out-and-out scamp of a white.'

'One cannot follow the "workings" of a red man's moral sense,' said Sam. 'Shall we go back and make sure if it really is Mutt?'

We were talking this point over when Brownie arrived, having followed on our trail so far, and then taking a short cut across to meet us. He was grinning with delight and some suppressed excitement, and as soon as we saw him we felt sure he was a messenger sent to tell us that the lost bronchos had been recovered.

A few questions and answers soon put us in possession of all Brownie had to tell of Cecil's exploit; and very much relieved was I to hear that our valuable animals had been found, and further search was needless.

'I say, Frank,' said Sam, suddenly, 'how would it do for your boy to go on to the hut, and get a look at its mysterious inhabitant? He might come on them unawares, and one glance at the man's face would do. Brownie knew Robert Mutt well enough to recognise him in any disguise he liked to put on.'

'I should be afraid to trust the lad so near such a pair,' I answered. 'They might suspect him of spying, and might do him some harm, you know.'

'Tell me, Boss,' said Brownie, 'do you speak of Nacot and a disguised white man who are at Rudyard's hut?'

I was surprised a bit that he knew about the couple, but he does find out things in curious ways; so I told Brownie of our suspicions, and asked him if he could suggest any way of getting within sight of the man without showing what might prove unwarrantable impudence. I have often found that the Indian instincts enable Brownie to discover 'ways and means' which our less ingenious, but perhaps more straightforward, minds overlook.

He listened with profound interest, and, as soon as I had finished speaking, he said eagerly, 'Ah, yes! Let me go, and I shall surely see that man's uncovered face, Boss.'

'But I am afraid they might hurt you in revenge, if they imagined you had come as a spy. They know you, and will be sure to guess I sent you. I do not feel like letting you run any risk, boy, and yet it is important that we should keep a sharp eye on the movements of Mutt, for—since thinking *he* is the man in Rudyard's hut—I am led to believe he had to do with the old man's disappearance.'

'Of course,' said Brownie, confidently. 'But there is no risk, Boss; I shall not let them see me. I am

an Indian, and I can do as my people do often. Moreover, Nacot will not harm me, nor will he let another harm me. *You* believe in Nacot, Boss, and his people believe in him.'

I then did not think there could be any risk to the boy in what we proposed, so I said, 'All right, Brownie, you have a level head on your shoulders, so I will let you go. Come after us to Rose Plain—I will wait there for you; and if you do not turn up very soon, you will give me the trouble of coming back to look for you.'

He smiled confidently once more, and answered, 'Two hours after you I shall be at Rose Plain.'

He dodged into a thicket close by, and we drove on, reaching Rose Plain without further incident.

We were right-down hungry by the time we got there, and enjoyed the meal which Taffy set before us. After that we rested a bit, and in much less than the stipulated two hours Brownie arrived.

'It is Mutt,' he said, briefly.

Fortune had favoured Brownie, for, as he was creeping through the scrub, he heard the cracking of sticks under the feet of men, and then the voices of Nacot and his companion came to assure him, if he had never seen the man's face, who it was.

Brownie crouched down and kept as quiet as only an Indian on a trail, or a cat at a mouse-hole, can; and very soon the two men passed by, and he saw the supposed half-breed quite plainly. Mutt's accent was peculiar, as well as his tones, and easily recognised. More than that, the boy caught a part of their conversation, and, though it was only one or two disconnected sentences, it seemed of grave importance to us.

'You hate them as much as I do,' he heard Mutt say. Nacot answered quite fiercely, 'Nacot could kill.' Then the other muttered some angry words, which Brownie did not altogether catch; but he did hear Strathearn mentioned; and, what seemed to me the worst of all, he heard the Indian reply, 'Red men have many wrongs to avenge.'

It grieved me pretty much to find I had made a mistake in believing too much in the good points of Nacot, and I was really alarmed regarding the Wilsons.

Men will cherish evil feelings here as they do in the heart of a great city, and our mounted police, clever and strong as they are as a body, are no more able to stamp out crime in prairie settlements than our London constables are able to put a stop to violence in Whitechapel. No doubt in both places the dread of punishment acts as a very strong restraint in most cases; but some men will not be turned from evil by any hand except that of God Himself.

After a consultation with Sam, I decided to go home as quickly as possible to allay mother's anxiety, and to ride over to Strathearn next morning to inform Mr. Wilson of what we had seen and heard.

The day was far spent by that time, and Brownie and I had to ride hard to get home before midnight.

As I was hitching up Belle, and trying to make as little noise as possible, I heard a voice, tremulous and tender, call out of the darkness, 'Is that my



"You hate them as much as I do."

Hermes?' And, on my replying that I was myself, mother came at me somehow, and from somewhere, and clasped me close with an earnest 'My darling!' as if I had returned from a charge with the Light Brigade!

As such expeditions and adventures are part of our daily life, her fears seem almost comical; and yet, after having had nobody to look after me for so many

years, it is very delightful to find the dear mother fussing around me.

I was as tired and sleepy as possible; more so than my expedition ought to have produced. I felt as if my eyes would close before I lay down, and my head was buzzing as if a swarm of bees had got into it.

But, when I went to tumble in beside Cecil, I could

not resist poking him up to tell him how much I thought of his 'cuteness' and good sense.

His blue eyes half opened, and a morsel of a smile curled along his soft lips. He did look such a gentle, girlish creature; and he murmured, 'Bother the bronchos! Oh, it is you, Frank? Well, get to bed and hold your tongue!'

Having so said, the squaw rolled over on the other side, and returned to his well-earned slumbers.

As for me, tired and stupid as I felt, I did not have a peaceful night. I kept waking out of horrid night-mares with a tremendous start and shiver, and at last I got up, being quite unable to lie quiet in bed.

I had intended leaving for Strathearn in the early morning, and had asked Scott to have some breakfast ready by four o'clock; as the atmosphere is so cool at that time, one can get along twice as fast as when the sun is higher. I wished, however, that I did not have a long ride before me that morning, for my head ached badly, and I felt unrefreshed and lazy. However, some good tea put some energy into me again, and when Scott brought Belle round I was ready to mount with a certain amount of alacrity.

Scott regarded me for some minutes in silence, and then he said: 'You are not looking just altogether right this morning. I don't believe in sleeping out on the prairie. What feels wrong with you, Boss?'

'I have a headache,' I answered; 'but this clear, fresh air will put me right very soon;' and I rode away.

Now, I really cannot tell you how far I rode on the way to Strathearn, nor when, or how, I left the trail, and got among the scrub in a remote part of the valley.

I do remember feeling as if snakes were crawling down my back, and my head burning like a chimney on fire. The light was intolerable to my eyes, and I longed for water to quench a consuming thirst which had seized upon me. Perhaps the thought of a cool draught from the river, and the shadow of leafy boughs, possessed my mind to the exclusion of all else, and led me to that part of the valley.

Where I dismounted I cannot tell, and how long I was there is one of the things I shall never know.

But I seemed all of a sudden to wake up, hearing voices not far off; and I was lying under some thick bushes, where I must have crept for relief from the hot light.

Although my mind cleared up slowly, and my thoughts were collected, I did not seem able to move. I lay as one gagged and bound, and heard what was spoken on the Bluff close by, but had no power to make my presence known.

However, as soon as it became clear to me *who* were my neighbours, I had no desire to be discovered by them: so I lay there physically helpless, but with fevered brain quickened by fear to listen and understand.

The talkers were Mutt and Nacot, and the former's scheme of revenge on Mr. Wilson was revealed to me then.

A more horrible scheme was never planned.

(Continued at page 123.)



THE CROCUS.

EVERY one knows the purple Crocus, as it is seen in gardens, but all may not be aware that it grows wild in many parts of England. In the months of April and May, the meadows in the neighbourhood of Nottingham are covered so closely with the spring crocus, that they look at a distance as if they were flooded! The same appearance is repeated, though in a less striking degree, in October, during the blooming of the 'naked flowering crocus,

so called, because the leaves have sprung up and withered in the summer. But though beautiful to look upon, the crocus leaves make the herbage almost useless. The flower of the *Colchicum* (from the bulbs and seeds of which is prepared the well-known gout medicine) differs but little in colour and form from this crocus, though it is of quite a different family. The saffron crocus, which is also purple, was introduced into England in the reign of Edward III., and was extensively grown at Saffron Walden, in Essex. This species may be distinguished from all others by the yellow stigmas which hang out of the flower, instead of being upright. These stigmas, when dried, form the saffron sold in shops; that grown in our temperate climate is considered of a much better quality than the drug which comes from abroad, but, notwithstanding, its cultivation in this country has declined. It was formerly used much in medicine. In Salmon's *Herbal* (A.D. 1710), we find that 'saffron in barley broth' was given for the plague. The yellow crocus was first cultivated in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Gerard praises it as 'a pleasant plant that bringeth forth yellow flowers.' Homer, who wrote nine hundred years before Christ, speaks of the mountains glowing with 'flowery crocuses.'

R. B.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

SIR GIBBIE.*



THE first picture we have of Sir Gibbie is as a small boy of eight, raking about in the gutter, searching for something with a pair of keen, bright blue eyes. He did not appear to be a very clean little boy, and certainly he was very poorly dressed, and his legs and feet were bare. After a long search he found that for which he had been seeking,

and, rubbing it upon his poor, ragged trousers, he carried it with him to a baker's shop. But he did not lift the latch and walk in, for he knew that Mysie, the baker's daughter, to whom his 'find' belonged, would not be home from school for a half-hour or more, so he only raised himself on tiptoe, by the help of the door-handle, and looked through the upper half of the door, which was of glass, into the beautiful shop, with its still more beautiful loaves, scones, rolls, biscuits, and buns. The delicious smell made him hungry, but he had no penny to spend upon any of the dainties within.

Presently Mysie appeared, and the boy, after fumbling in the pockets of his rags, passed her the amethyst drop which she had lost and he had found.

* This is the title of a story told, in a readable book, by George Macdonald. It may be borrowed from any public library.

Without waiting for any reward other than Mysie's thanks, he hurried away.

Gibbie was not an orphan, for his father, George Galbraith, was alive, and sat all day long in a shed in a certain dark court, as hard at work as he could well be, cobbling shoes. Galbraith and his little son slept in a small garret above this shed. Galbraith never knew how he ascended the wooden stairs which led to the small sleeping-room; but Gibbie knew, for, night after night, he made it his work to steer home his poor, weak-minded, drunken father from the public-house, where he had been drinking since sunset. People who watched the two Galbraiths would have seen Gibbie running, now behind, now before, now on this side, now on that, dancing about like a prize-fighter, his little arms up, and his hands well forward, propping his staggering father up with wonderful judgment and skill. The most difficult task was to get the man up the stairs and on to the old four-post bedstead—all that remained of a fine house of furniture which had belonged to Gibbie's grandfather. Once safe upon the bed of oat-chaff—the feathers had long ago been sold—Gibbie in triumph spread over his sleeping father his dead mother's old plaid of Gordon tartan, and then he crept under it himself and nestled close to the unconscious man, the only relative he had. It seemed to Gibbie that he had always taken care of his father, and to be one of the laws of existence that 'fathers got drunk and Gibbies took care of them.'

Sunday was Gibbie's happiest day, for then he had his father all to himself. George Galbraith never set foot outside the door all day. The two had a dinner—the one dinner of the week—supplied by Mistress Croole, the keeper of the tavern where Galbraith spent all his earnings. Every Saturday he paid for that Sunday dinner before he began to drink, and every Sunday Gibbie fetched it home.

Gibbie's great pleasure on Sunday was to watch his father at work upon a tiny last, making a boot for him. He clapped his hands with delight—an old delight renewed every Sunday since he could remember. Very soon now the boots, which had been so long making, would be finished. Gibbie had never had a pair of any sort upon his feet since the woollen ones he wore in his mother's lap. Breathless with eager interest, Gibbie watched his father's hands, and, just as the darkness closed in, the boot was finished. His father rose, and Gibbie, glowing with delight, sprang upon the seat he had left, while his father knelt upon the floor to try the boots on Gibbie's feet. But, alas! alas! the boots had been so long in making that Gibbie's foot had outgrown the measure! It was a sad disappointment for the little fellow, but he bore it like a king. He kept back the sighs and forced back the tears from his moistening eyes.

On Sunday evening Gibbie always went over to tea at Mistress Croole's; his father had arranged it so, for he could not bear to *begin* to drink before the child—he hated to uncork the bottle before him. Not a rich 'tea' by any means; only milk and water, and as much dry bread as he could eat, and a bit of buttered toast from her plate to finish off with; but Gibbie was well contented.

When he returned, it was to find his father sitting on a chest—the only seat in the room—leaning against the bed, drinking his whisky and water, the room feebly lighted by a penny candle burning in a stone bottle. ‘Gibbie,’ he would say, solemnly, ‘never ye drink a drop of whisky;’ and then he would tell him of all the evil the drinking of whisky had wrought in his family.

Once he asked him, ‘Gibbie, do you know what folk will call you when I’m dead?’

Gibbie shook his head.

‘They’ll call you *Sir* Gibbie Galbraith, my man, and it will be no nickname. You are *Sir* Gibbie, and have the honour of the family to hold up.’

It was a dreadful trouble for Gibbie when he woke up one midnight and found his father missing from his side. Feeling about, at length he felt his father’s head. He tried to rouse him, but failed; tried to get him on the bed, but that, too, failed. He next dragged the miserable bolster so as to get it under his father’s head, then he covered him with the plaid, lay down beside him, and slept again till morning. Alas! poor child, he would not have slept had he known that his father was dead and himself a little orphan.

He knew it very soon, and his grief was great.

Gibbie was homeless and friendless; for he could not stay longer in the old place in which his father had lived, nor trespass longer upon Mistress Croole.

In the course of his wanderings he came to a humble dwelling, built of turf, upon a foundation of stones, and roofed with turf and straw. One stormy night, being very much in need of food and shelter, Gibbie knocked at the door, and a voice from within bade him ‘come in.’ An old, pleasant-faced, motherly woman rose as he entered, and after a few kindly words of welcome placed before the little outcast a platter of oat-cakes and a wooden bowl of milk.

Never a word spoke Gibbie, but he smiled his thanks. No one had ever heard Gibbie speak, for the little baronet was dumb! The kind cottager’s name was Janet, and the story tells of long after days that Gibbie spent beneath her hospitable roof. His meal finished, he walked quietly away, his heart brimming over with gratitude.

Gibbie was no idler. He was ever on the look-out to help people, whether they were in the open fields or within cottage doors. He noticed a boy herding cattle, and trying, at the same time, to read his book. Amongst the cattle was one tiresome black creature, Hornie by name, on account of the freedom with which she used her horns. Now, as soon as ever the herd-boy—Donal Grant—got pretty deep in his book, Hornie would seize the chance to jump the dyke and plunge into a field of corn near by.

Gibbie noticed this, and saw, too, that Donal was not aware of it. Quick as thought he was after the trespasser, and he drove her back into the lawful meadow. From that time forward it was Gibbie’s work to herd the cattle for the studious Donal, who enjoyed many an hour’s reading through Gibbie’s kind offices.

As one good turn deserves another, Donal shared his dinner with his helper, and so poor hungry little Gibbie had food. Searching about to find some sort

of a shelter to sleep in, he discovered an old barn, used as a stable, and above it a loft, where were hay and straw in abundance.

By mounting a ladder, and looking down through a crack in the flooring, Gibbie could watch the farmer’s sister, Jean Mavor, at work. Jean was Donal’s mistress; Janet, who had given him the oat-cakes and milk, was his mother.

Always on the look-out, as we have said, to do a good turn wherever he could, voiceless Gibbie entered the kitchen very softly, and quite early in the morning, before folk were about, he did all that he had seen Jean do. He swept the floor, and dusted the seats, the window-sill, the table, with an apron he found left on a chair; then he arranged everything tidily, roused the fire, and was about to fill the great pot with water, when he heard footsteps, and hurried away.

Jean Mavor for a long time thought that her herd-boy, Donal Grant, had done it all to help her, and so she doubled his lunch allowance, which made it all the better for Gibbie, with whom he shared it. But, after a time, discovering her mistake, she became very puzzled, and the more especially as the stable-man and farm labourers also found portions of their work done for them, by some invisible agent.

At length a cry arose of ‘It’s the brownie’ (a spirit in old times supposed to haunt old houses).

By order of the laird, a man whose determination it was to crush out all superstition on his lands, an ambush was made to trap the alleged ‘brownie,’ with the result that the hard-working and harmless Gibbie was taken red-handed in the task of tidying up Jean Mavor’s kitchen.

The small culprit was carried before the laird, who, not aware of his dumbness, persisted in questioning him. Annoyed at what he believed to be the boy’s obstinacy, he sent for Angus, his head gamekeeper, and bade him ‘take Gibbie into the coach-house and teach him a little behaviour. A touch or two of the whip will find his tongue for him.’

As the whip descended upon the bare body of the poor little child, he shivered all over, and his face turned white, and without uttering even a moan, he doubled up and dropped senseless.

A swollen band, like a red snake, had risen all round his waist, and from one spot in it the blood was oozing. It looked as if the lash had cut him in two. The second blow—for the cruel scourger did not stay his hand—marked Gibbie from his neck downwards. Angus had raised his hand for the third blow, when it was arrested by a piercing shriek, and at the same moment in darted Ginevia, the laird’s tender-hearted and motherless little daughter.

Had it not been for her timely interference, it is difficult to tell what might have happened.

Gibbie escaped farther blows from Angus, although to do so he fled without his clothes, which the gamekeeper had roughly torn from him.

How he found shelter and motherly kindness in Janet’s cottage, with herself and her husband, good old Robert, is told in the after part of the book.

Angus lived to repent his cruelty, and Ginevia to be thankful that she had interfered on behalf of poor dumb Gibbie.

JAMES CASSIDY.



"Gibbie, never ye drink a drap of whisky."



“What on the earth brings you here at this time of night?”

HOW TIM DRUMGHOUL SAVED FARMER RYAN'S STACKYARD.



FARMER RYAN was not a favourite in the country about Coolerry, and it was for that reason that little Tim Drumghoul pricked up his ears as, from his corner in the disused pig-stye, he heard the farmer's name on the lips of one or two men who had met in Mickey Halfpenny's tumble-down shanty, which stood by the side of one of the cross-roads through the big bog.

The farmer was not a Ribbon-man, and that was a mighty offence in these parts; and then he had lived most of his life in England, and had come back to Ireland enjoying a government pension; and besides that he had brought new-fangled ideas about farming back with him, and a Scotch wife; and it would be difficult to say which of these his doings was most offensive in the eyes of his countrymen, who disliked foreigners and new notions and government money. And so it fell out that the farmer was much disliked. But, fortunately, amongst the general ill-will, he had made one friend—and that friend's name was Tim Drumghoul—and it had happened in this wise.

As the farmer was strolling up the road one evening in the summer of the last year, he had heard angry voices coming from the direction of Peggy McGarry's cottage, and on drawing near he had found the old lady shaking young Tim violently by the scruff of the neck and calling him a 'thief' and a 'young varmint,' and threatening him with the police. Master Tim, it seemed, had been after the wren's nest in the thick ivy which covered the wall of the park, for Peggy was a sort of lodge-keeper; but Peggy's pet hen had made herself a nest on the top of the wall, too, and Peggy could not but think that Tim had been after her eggs. So she had pulled him down by the leg from amongst the ivy, and was now thirsting for revenge. But there was truth in the boy's blue eyes as he said that he was innocent; and Farmer Ryan believed him, and made Peggy let go her hold of his neck.

'I am sure the lad is honest, Peggy,' he said.

'Honest, sir!' scoffed she in reply; 'one of thim bog-cutters honest! He would steal the cross off a donkey, sir, afore your eyes, and ye would niver see him do it.'

But she let him go, nevertheless, on the promise of a gift of potatoes, and from that day the farmer had a firm friend in little Tim.

It was for both these reasons, then—because he liked him, and because he knew the others hated him—that Tim, as I have said, pricked up his ears when he heard Farmer Ryan's name mentioned through the holes in the dry wall which separated Mickey Halfpenny's shanty from the pig-stye. Tim had been belated on his way home to his own cabin, which lay a good bit farther into the bog, and so,

being tired, he had slipped into the empty stye, meaning to sleep there for the night, and to be off early in the morning. He had not lain long, however, when he heard first two men together and then a third alone join Mickey, and begin to talk in smothered, low tones.

'He has been a marked man this while, and his time has come now,' he heard one of the men say.

'It's to-night has been made for the job, thin,' said another; 'there's not a strake of moonlight and the wind's howling; we will do for him as easily as if he were a rat in its hole, and none be the wiser who has been there.'

'I'm moithered if it isn't a pity for the grain and straw,' put in a third. 'There's not a fuller stackyard than Farmer Ryan's in all the country, and it to blaze away to nothing!'

'Faith! it's more than his straw we will put an end to to-night,' said Mickey, who seemed then to go to the door and look out; and then he went on, 'Boys, we will need to start in a couple of hours or so. Is everything ready?'

And it was here that Master Tim sat bolt upright on his unsavoury couch, and stared before him in horror at the pig-stye door. What he had heard almost made his shock of brown hair stand on end on his little round head. He knew enough of what was going on in these times to understand that he had happened upon a party of Ribbon-men hatching their plans, and that to these cruel counsels his friend, Farmer Ryan, was likely to fall a victim before the night was over if he, Tim Drumghoul, did not step in and interfere.

For Tim had not been born a bold-spirited little Irish fellow for nothing, and no sooner did he perceive that his friend was threatened with danger, than he began to cast about in his young brain for some means to prevent it, if possible. The sooner the farmer was warned about what was coming, at all events, the better, he thought. So gently stealing out from his hiding-place, he made off with rapid footsteps towards the farmer's lonely dwelling.

It was, as number two of the Ribbon-men had said, a night just made for an ill job. The wind was soughing and howling along the ground, and the late August moon was obscured by heavy rain-clouds. But the road was straight, and Tim knew it well, and after half-an-hour's hard run he arrived, all shaking and breathless, at Farmer Ryan's door, and gave a rousing rap with the knocker.

It was already ten o'clock, and the household a-bed; so when the farmer obeyed Tim's summons he was night-capped and a little bewildered.

'Why, Tim,' said he, on seeing who it was, 'what on the earth brings you here at this time of night?'

'Oh, Masther Ryan,' cried Tim, between his gasps for breath, 'it's you and the mistress will be dead men before the morning, if ye don't look out!'

At this prophecy the farmer laughed aloud. But as Tim looked disturbed and terrified, and repeated his forecast with still greater anxiety, the farmer at length drew the lad into the parlour, where Mrs. Ryan had now appeared, and heard the whole story from him. When he had done so, he saw that it was no laughing matter, and poor Mrs. Ryan was nearly beside herself with fright.

'Squaking,' said the farmer, with well-meant roughness, for he meant thereby to bring his wife to her senses, 'squaking will do no good;' and, thus rebuked, Mrs. Ryan dried her eyes and restrained her groans, and the three then held a council of war over the dying embers of the kitchen fire.

By hook or by crook, it was decided, help must be got from the police barracks, which lay a good hour's walk distant from the farm. But how was word of their need to be got thither? The only man on the place was a new-comer, and strange to the country, and so useless for such a service; nor could the farmer himself go, as he could not leave his wife, and he would be needed in the meantime to look after the guns, and to defend the doors and windows. At length, Tim himself proposed to go, and Farmer Ryan was fain to accept his offer. The boy was as little likely as any one to come to harm, and he could be trusted, and he protested also that he knew a short cut to the barracks, by which he might arrive there soon enough to give warning, and, perhaps, to prevent the attack taking place at all. It was now half-past ten o'clock, and time pressed; in another hour and three-quarters the Moonlighters would in all likelihood be at the door. So, fortified with some hot coffee and a hunk of bread and bacon, which Mrs. Ryan speedily put before him, and which he with equal dispatch caused to disappear, the plucky little fellow set off once more into the darkness of the night.

The road betwixt Laurel Farm and the barracks skirted another large tract of bog-land, and was anything but a direct route; and Tim, who had the bog, so to speak, at his finger-ends, had determined to leave the road and make his way across country, like a true Irishman.

It was a risky run, and dangerous to life and limb. The bog was full of deep holes, out of which the turf had been cut, and pools of water, and little little heaps of drying peats, which the cutters had been 'footing,' and it was a difficult matter to steer clear of all these obstacles. Besides, there were marshy spots, in which a grown man might have sunk up to his neck, or even over his head, and which would have swallowed up tiny Tim without giving a second thought to the matter. But, then, Tim knew the place well, as I have said, and was a born bog-trotter into the bargain; and as good luck would have it, the wind had now risen, and was driving the dark clouds rapidly across the sky, so that every now and again the moon shone out, casting a fitful light over his path. Still, it was hard work, and many a time the lad's heart failed him. Once, indeed, after sinking up to his knees in slime, and thinking for a moment that, for sure, his last hour had come, he sat down on a clump of heather and made up his mind that he must give it up; but the thought of his good friend in danger—of the bloodthirsty Ribbon-men, even now on the way to their dark work—spurred him on again, and, putting on a final spurt, and leaping nimbly from heather tuft to heather tuft, as though he were made of springs, he at length reached the road on the farther side of the bog, about a hundred yards from the clump of trees under whose shelter the barracks stood. A sharp trot soon brought him to the door, against which, by way of a knock, he let

his body fall, being too much exhausted for any further exertion.

One of the men speedily opened the door with a 'What do ye want, ye spalpeen?' and seizing Tim by the collar, dragged him into the glare of the barrack-room, where the sergeant sat with his feet on the fender, lazily smoking, and two other policemen beside him, cleaning guns.

'Why,' said the first-mentioned of these, taking the pipe out of his mouth, 'it's little Tim Drumghoul, from over the Ardhu bog. Whativer brings ye here, Tim, me boy?'

As soon as Tim had recovered so as to speak, he burst out with his story, which, when he had heard, the sergeant cried 'Blazes!' and knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

'And how did ye git here so soon, Tim?' he asked.

'Over the bog,' replied Tim.

'Over the bog!' exclaimed the sergeant; 'well, ye are a smart one, and faith! we can't do better than go the way ye came. D'ye hear that, my lads?' he went on to the men. 'Quick march is the tune ye had better be whistling now.'

And the good sergeant, after one big yawn, set the example, and prepared to head the rescue party.

And then ensued a scene of great bustle. Bayonets were fixed on to guns, short swords fixed into belts, ammunition dealt out, and lanterns lighted, and a quarter of an hour after Tim had entered the barrack-room, the sergeant and his four men left it, armed to 'the teeth,' and ready for anything, and started at a good swinging trot over the dark tract of bog-land, just half an hour before the time when the Ribbon-men were expected to reach unlucky Farmer Ryan's door.

(Concluded at page 130.)

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 117.)

CHAPTER XVI.—A HELPLESS WITNESS.



MUTT was too much a coward, like all bad men, to attack the farmer openly, and he did not dare show himself in the neighbourhood of Strathearn, lest the dastardly deed which he was plotting should be brought home to him.

So he had insinuated himself into the good graces of a few discontented Indians, who had assisted him to keep in concealment, and he had selected from them wandering Nacot as the most reserved and the most resentful of all; therefore the one most likely to act as Mutt's tool.

The rascal evidently believed that his disguise was complete, and that no one of the settlers had recognised him. I gathered that from the talk of the two



"Do not come down, but wait there till I see what is wrong."

as they stood on the Bluff, so near where I lay that I could almost have touched them.

Having lived a short time on Mr. Wilson's farm, assisting at a busy season, Mutt knew the habits of the family—so, probably, did Nacot. They were well aware that Nora and her brothers rambled about the country-side quite unprotected, for no one apprehends danger in our territories nowadays—I mean

the dangers associated with the unsettled life of a new country.

The bears have hid themselves in the recesses of the Rocky Mountains; the larger wolves are now but few, and never show themselves except in a time of very severe snow; while the coyote and the lynx fly from human beings as timidly as the badger and the gopher.

The Indians are too cowed, or too wise, to venture on any outrage. But we know—as I have said—that there are evil-doers in the heart of a civilised nation, who are not deterred from wickedness by fear of punishment; and, in the same way, there are savages (of all colours) in Canada north-west, whose badness will sometimes overcome even fear of the mounted police.

That is saying a good deal; for the force, by prompt and vigorous action, has been chiefly instrumental in establishing order here.

The old method by which Britain coerced the native Indians in Canada has long since been abandoned; might is no longer right, and justice is dealt out impartially to red men and white; so that now we have only the same sort of savage that you have at home. Robert Mutt was a savage of that sort, and Nacot was another, I thought; but with a difference. The white man was a coward, and the red man was a brave. Not understanding the character of his would-be tool, Mutt brought the Indian to the neighbourhood of Strathearn—to the Bluff beside which I lay—to unfold more plainly to him the scheme of revenge, and to be on the look-out (close by) for a chance of carrying it out. They had, no doubt, come to the Bluff by devious and snake-like methods, for I heard Mutt say, with oaths, 'We should have been here yesterday if those young fellows had not been about, thrashing the ravines. I shall pay them out also one of these days.'

'They are Nacot's friends,' said the Indian firmly.

'Oh, well,' retorted Mutt, 'I have no personal quarrel with Leyton and Verny, only I do not want them coming poking around too closely, for they both know me well enough and might see through my paint.'

Nacot did not answer, and then I felt sure he had not told his companion that he *had* been recognised.

After a brief pause Mutt resumed: 'The June berries are at their best now, and this here scrub is the favourite berry-camp of the young Wil-ons.'

He paused, and the Indian said calmly, 'Nacot's ears are open; he will listen.'

Mutt was a born orator. He launched into a tirade after the flowery style which the Indians approve, and with subtle ingenuity he stirred up all the racial hatred of the red man—all he had suffered at the hands of his conquerors, how humbled he was, how impotent, how oppressed—he who had been master of the land from sea to sea before the pale-faces came. Now his prairies were stolen, his game destroyed; nothing was left but revenge, and no method of revenge but through secret and cunning devices, since discovery meant death.

Then the ruffian spoke of the girl who was the chief joy of the farmer's home, and reminded Nacot of the childless tents of his people.

I could see the Indian's dark eyes flash with a fire that had slumbered long, and he said briefly, 'Girl no come to berry camp alone. Boy with her. What will be done with them when captives?'

Mutt's speech had excited himself as well as Nacot, and, flourishing his long hunting knife, he answered, 'This for the boy. The red man's tent across the border for the girl. Do you see, Nacot?'

There was a long pause, and then the Indian spoke in a slow, steady tone: 'Nacot no steal, no kill *children*. Nacot hate, but Nacot fight with *men*.'

There was absolute contempt in his air as he spoke the few cool words—a contempt for the wretch who could war with helpless children. Moreover, there was that in his manner which Mutt must have known, as I surely did, meant that Nacot would not move from what he said. He was not going to be the tool of an assassin, and his companion's wrath broke out fiercely. But all his angry threats met nothing but steadfast refusal on the Indian's part to take one step to such a deed.

I dare say, if he had been told to risk detection and punishment by creeping into Mr. Wilson's barn, and firing the corn there—if he had been desired to face death by riding to Strathearn and shooting men in open day—he would not have hesitated. He thought, I am sure, that it was for some such service that he had been brought near Strathearn; and he said, 'Tell Nacot fight, or die, as his people have done, with enemy's life in his hand, face to face. Nacot have the heart of a brave, and Nacot will not war as the snake and the wolf do. They creep on the antelope, and the little singing-bird by its nest; these cannot defend themselves. The foes of Nacot must be such as carry the lightning gun and the flying arrow, they must be men with strong hands.'

To steal one child and kill another, in revenge for what men had done! All that is best in a red man met the worst that is in a white man, and Nacot stood firm in spite of threats and curses, which he answered with cutting sarcasm and taunts that finally drove Robert Mutt wild with fury.

Then, in a moment, the unarmed Indian was 'knifed' and throttled by the brawny villain whose grip was death. Oh, how I desired to help poor Nacot, but I lay in a motionless trance, looking on at the frightful struggle, and could not utter a sound, or move a finger.

The struggle was a brief one. Mutt hurled the Indian from the Bluff, and then made off, believing, of course, that the senseless, mangled body below had no life left in it.

And I lay there, as helpless as the Indian. But soon my mind began to cloud over again. I lost all control of my thoughts, and I was once more unconscious of all around me.

I never could have believed that a time would come when I should thank my little broncho, Belle, for deserting me. But so it was. As I said, I have not an idea when I got off her back, or where we parted company. I do not think she would have left me if, in fevered delirium, I had not crawled among the thick prickly scrub in search of relief from the glaring light. Belle could not crawl; and so, I suppose, finding I had forsaken her, she thought the best thing she could do was to return home.

She must have taken her time about it at first, and then, startled by something, raced home; for in the afternoon she galloped to my door in a state of great excitement.

Belle raised alarm at Daisy Dell, you may be sure. They told me afterwards that Scott was as bad as mother, for he remembered how ill I looked before starting, and he declared I must have got sunstroke

or malarial fever—two common illnesses here. Cecil was the cool one of the household, and he comforted mother until Brownie came back from Rose Plain, where he had been sent with Sam's horse, left at my place the day we started after the bronchos. I had told Scott that I should reach Rose Plain in the afternoon after seeing Mr. Wilson, and Cecil expected that Brownie would bring back news of me.

But when the lad came back he said I had not been to Rose Plain, and that Sam and one of his men had left there in the morning for some distant 'slews,' where they meant to camp for a fortnight, haying.

Then the whole family set out in different directions to look for me.

Mother and Cecil drove towards Strathearn; Scott took the trail to the town; and Brownie made for the East Bend, and not far from the ravine he found me wandering about with both hands to my head, and groaning in a terrible way. Somehow the faithful lad got me to mount his horse, and, supporting me as best he could, he led me home.

All the neighbours from six miles round were at Daisy Dell when I was brought in, for mother, and Cecil, and Scott had spread an alarm; and the fellows, with every girl who could ride, turned out to look for me.

I am not going to enlarge upon the fever from which I suffered for weeks. But while I lay tossing in pain and delirium, things happened which never would have happened if I had had my senses for one half-hour, or Sam had come in from his haying and interviewed Mr. Wilson. By the time I came to myself, the mischief was done. And now I will tell the tale as it was told to me by those who knew best.

Two days after I took ill, Mrs. Wilson asked Nora and Dave to bring her in a quantity of berries for her jam-making. This was one of Nora's favourite occupations, and she was delighted when her mother stowed the tin pails on a small buckboard, to which an Indian pony was attached. The couple were to stay as long as they pleased, if only they brought plenty of 'June berries' back with them.

Nora and Dave proposed going to their favourite spot by the Bluffs, which was five miles from Strathearn. So their mother put plenty of food in the pails, which they were to bring back full of fruit.

Away Shag trotted with them, till they reached a green flat surrounded by laden bushes. Here they resolved to camp, and Dave unhitched and picketed Shag, while Nora put their lunch under the seat of the conveyance. Then, with empty pitchers in their hands, the children gaily betook themselves to the scrub, and were soon busy relieving the bushes of their abundant harvest.

They had been so occupied for an hour, and had been to the buckboard more than once to empty their pails into the large basket lined with cabbage leaves, which Mrs. Wilson had provided for the fruit, when Nora, stopping short and lifting her hand to arrest Dave's attention, exclaimed, 'What strange noise is that?'

They were so familiar with all the sights and sounds of prairie life, that anything unusual was sure to attract their notice; but, though they listened heedfully, nothing was heard but the shrill cry of

bull-frogs, the whirr of grasshoppers, and the tap-tap of a woodpecker.

Yet Nora was certain that she had heard a novel sound, and presently it was repeated in the distinct hearing of both. It was a faint moan of distress, and the moment Dave heard it he dropped his tin of berries and began to shove through the bushes in the direction of the voice, saying, as he did so, 'It is some animal in pain, Nora.'

The girl followed him, but said timorously, 'Suppose it is a coyote?'

'He is in a bad case any way,' answered her brother; and just then the moan was repeated, which settled to his mind the species of the sufferer.

'It is a man,' he declared decisively. 'I cannot wait to help you through the scrub, Nora; but you can come after me as fast as you can by an easier way.'

He plunged into a thicket, tore his way through it, and almost tumbled headlong over a bluff into the river.

Nora followed more circumspectly through a narrow path which wild creatures had made for themselves between the bushes; but when she reached the Bluff, Dave was halfway down it, swinging himself from tree to tree like a monkey.

As Nora was pushing through in her brother's wake she caught sight of something glittering among the grass, and, stooping, picked up my field-glass, which she recognised. It was lying on the spot where I had lain, a helpless witness to the scene between Mutt and the Indian. No doubt, the glass had dropped out of my pocket on that occasion, and it was an ugly witness against me for many a day, though Nora, thinking no ill, was pleased that she could restore to me what I valued so much.

The girl leaned over the Bluff and peered down. At the foot of the steep, on broken earth and stones close to the water's edge, lay a man huddled together in a spasm of agony, now and again uttering slight moans.

The red blanket rudely fashioned into a dress, the dark skin, and long black hair showed him to be an Indian, and Nora's pity was keenly stirred.

She wished that she could follow her brother, but she was stopped from trying to do so by Dave shouting, 'Do not come down, but wait there till I see what is wrong and can tell you what to do.'

So Nora sat on the edge of the Bluff and watched Dave reach level ground and the Indian.

The poor man had turned his head towards them on hearing voices, and was glaring in angry terror when the boy came near; but when Dave asked in kind and cheery tones what was the matter, and if he could be of any use, a softer look came into the savage face.

(Continued at page 134.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

19.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A VERY large river in South America; it rises in the Andes in Peru, and after pursuing a course of more than four thousand miles, and receiving more than three hundred tributaries, several of which are larger than the largest rivers in Europe, flows into the Atlantic Ocean.



The Arrival of the Rescue Party.

HOW TIM DRUMGHOUL SAVED FARMER RYAN'S STACKYARD.

(Concluded from page 123.)



TIM was left behind to spend the night at the barracks. Meanwhile, preparations were being made at Laurel Farm. It was not until after Tim had set out for the barracks that the farmer fully felt how great was the danger which threatened him and his wife. When he did so, he saw that it was grave indeed. There could be no doubt, from what Tim had repeated of the Ribbonmen's talk, that an attempt was about to be made on their lives, as well as their property, and Farmer Ryan was loth to part with either. Indeed, the thought of his barn and stack-yard, still well filled with last year's produce, blazing away for the merriment of these desperate fellows, was almost more than he could bear. But he was not a man to sit down quietly and await his doom. He determined, at least, to sell his life dearly, and to make any one who laid a finger on his belongings smart for his impudence.

So Dan, the farm servant, was summoned from his couch in the hay-loft, and Biddy from her garret, and Carlo and Dash brought in from their kennels in the yard, and, a garrison being thus formed, a plan of fortifications was then begun. The farmhouse was only a small, one-storied cottage, with a couple of attics. The windows and doors were locked, barred, and bolted, and all the heavy articles of furniture were piled up against them; only the two tiny attic windows, the one commanding the front garden and the other the back yard, were left open. The guns and pistols, of which, in these troublesome times, two always lay loaded in the farmer's bedroom, were then fetched out and looked to, and ammunition was made ready.

All that lay in their power having thus been done to make a defence possible, the four defenders went upstairs to the attics, and stationed themselves, in the dark, two at each window, to watch for the approach of the assailants.

It was wearing on for twelve o'clock now, and they might come at any moment, and Farmer Ryan dared not hope that Tim's relief party would arrive in time to prevent the attack. So the minutes dragged on in trembling suspense.

At last, almost on the stroke of mid-night, a wary 'Hist!' came from Dan, who was at the back window with Biddy. The farmer and his wife crossed over through the door which connected the two rooms, and which was now open. As they approached the window they could hear the sound of stealthy footsteps, and of voices talking in lowered tones from behind the hedge which separated the yard from the oat-field. Presently there was a slight rustling of leaves, and then four figures were dimly seen creeping towards the house. Now was the time to act.

'What do you want here, you scoundrels?' cried the farmer, in a stern voice, and flashing his bull's-eye on the group of astonished Moonlighters. The men retreated, evidently taken aback by this reception. They had not expected preparation on the part of their proposed victims. They whispered together for a few moments, and then, taking heart of grace, one of them, whom in spite of his blackened face, Farmer Ryan could have sworn was Michael Halfpenny, stepped forward and said boldly, 'It's yerself we have business with, farmer. Sure the best ye can do is to open the door and see what it is.'

'Faith, I have little need to ask that,' replied the farmer, 'and never a bolt will I draw at your bidding, Mickey Halfpenny.'

At this answer on the part of the besieged, Michael, who probably thought that the farmer abstained from the use of fire-arms because he had none at hand, advanced toward the house and exclaimed, 'Bedad, if ye won't come out, I'm not too proud to fetch ye,' dealt a crushing blow at the door with a crowbar which he carried, and succeeded in smashing the other portion into shivers.

As a reply, the farmer discharged his pistol, hitting Mickey in the hand. With a howl of pain and rage the latter fell back, and a perfect volley of shots from the yard peppered up against the wall of the cottage. Fortunately, the moment he had fired the farmer had turned off the lantern, and retreated from the window, so that no harm was done; and as dead silence followed the last effort of the assailants, he almost hoped that his promptness had repulsed the attack in the meantime, and that help would arrive before any great misfortune could take place.

But the suspense in the dark was dreadful, for he dared not turn on the lantern again, lest the Ribbonmen, who were only waiting for that to direct their aim, should fire again. Dan, who was a faithful fellow, and whose hot Irish blood was now at boiling-point, itched to get at them, and proposed a sally; but Mrs. Ryan and Biddy would not hear of it. Nor would the farmer himself have consented to it, feeling that discretion was the better part of valour here.

But the uncertainty did not last long. In a few minutes the talking began again, and to the horror of those in the attic, they distinctly caught the words, full of horrible meaning, 'We will smoke him out like a rat in its hole,' and at the same moment the four men seemed to go back over the hedge, as if to make some preparations there beyond the reach of Farmer Ryan's pistols.

Who can picture the agony of fear which now seized the farmer and his three companions? What was the loss of barn and stack-yard, what even the dread of being shot, to the horror of the thought of slowly expiring amongst the flames of one's own burning dwelling?

What could have happened to Tim and the rescue party, for they should have been here long since? It seemed there was no good trusting to them, and after a rapid consultation with the others, the farmer concluded that the only plan to follow was, as soon as the men set fire to the house, and were

busy watching the success of their efforts, for Dan to try to escape with Mrs. Ryan and Biddy by the front door, while he himself covered their retreat with his pistols. If they escaped, he must trust to luck for his own safety.

Ten weary minutes now dragged past, and at the end of that time a glow of light was seen from the end of the barn. The Ribbon-men, who were protected from gun-shots by the wall of the building, and whose movements could only be guessed from the shadows cast by the torches they had lighted, intended to let the farmer enjoy the sight of his barn blazing before they began to smoke him out. They had crept round the stone wall of the building, and were even now stooping to force the tarred torches under the door, when something made them start and then pause.

What was that sound which reached their ears from the head of the oat-field? Could it be the wind playing amongst the distant trees, or shaking the feathery heads of the dry sheaves? Scarcely—for the wind which had helped Tim on his run across the big bog had since fallen, and left the night as still as death. What, then, could it be? The four men looked at each other silently, two of them still holding the torches. Louder and louder grew the rustling sound, and nearer and nearer it came, and suddenly, in a passing gleam of moonlight, both besiegers and besieged could see the glittering of five sharp bayonets, and in a moment more Sergeant Donnelly and his four followers burst into view, the former shouting, as he caught sight of the group beside the barn, 'Ye rascals! ye are at it, are ye?'

As the rescue party came rushing down the field it was the turn of the four bold Ribbon-men to be afraid. They paused not to utter a sound, or to carry out their scheme for the firing of the barn; but flinging down their torches on to the ground, and casting one scared look behind them at the advancing enemy, they leaped the hedge, rushed down the lane, and, crossing the road, made wildly for the depths of the great wood which faced the farm. And Farmer Ryan and his belongings were saved, for that time at least.

The pursuit of the miscreants was long and fruitless. To the great vexation of the good sergeant, not one of the scoundrels was caught: but the farmer and his wife did not care much about that. So great was their joy and gratitude for their timely deliverance that they could have embraced all the five burly barrack's-men, when those, about day-break, returned from their search and sat down in the farm kitchen for some refreshment.

Of course there were inquiries, and tedious proceedings on the part of the magistrates; but from that day to this nothing came of them. From that day to this, certainly, Michael Halfpenny and the other three worthies from the bog have never been seen in these parts, and so more than suspicion seems to point to them; but where they are, or how they escaped, is more than I can tell.

Of course, also, in these inquiries little Tim Drummough came much to the front, and was made the hero of the hour, and even yet his bravery in crossing the bog at dead of night, and of risking the vengeance of the Ribbon-men, to serve his friends,

are spoken of round many a fire in the huts belonging to the turf-cutters on the big Ardhu Bog. But it was thought wise for him and his father to move to another part of the country, and to that end money was given them; for although Tim was mighty close at the examinations and, like the trusty chap he was, said as little as he could to commit any one, now that the farmer was safe, yet it was scarcely possible that the Ribbon-men's friends would forget how he spoilt their little game on that dark August night.

The farmer said he would never forget it, and that he would keep his eye on Tim from a distance. He said that he would make a man of him some day; but my own opinion is that Tim is made of the sort of stuff which would grow into a man, and one of the right kind, too, without anybody's help but God's and his own.

R. M. M.

AN UNSELFISH SNAIL.

A NATURALIST once tried to keep two snails in a little garden, where there was not much for them to eat. One snail was strong and, for a snail, quite active. This one soon got over the wall into the next garden, where there was plenty of food for him of the sort he liked. The naturalist thought that he had deserted his companion, who was a sickly snail. But no! Next day the snail came back, over the garden-wall, and evidently explained to his friend how much better it was on the other side, for by-and-by both snails started together, and soon both disappeared over the wall.

W. B.

LITTLE STROKES.

A CRIPPLED boy leaned on the churchyard gate,

Admiring the fast-setting sun;
Some children were frolicking under the trees,
Rejoicing their day's work was done;

The bells rang out from the old church tower;
The birds carolled forth their sweet lays;
The incense of blossom hung thick in the air,
All nature delighted in praise;

And the boy cried aloud: 'The children can play,
The flowers brightly bloom o'er the sod,
The bells and the birds all unite in His praise—
But what can I do for my God?'

He sighed as he thought what a poor useless life
His weakness compelled him to spend;
He never could hope to be first in the strife,
So longed for his sufferings to end.

When, raising his eyes to the forest, he saw
The axe being laid to the oak;
Blow fell upon blow from the woodman's strong
hand,
Yet only a small splinter broke.

Then a gleam of comfort awoke in his breast—
Or was it his angel that spoke,
Whispering so gently, 'Take courage, faint heart,
Reflect on the oft-given stroke?'



"A crippled boy leaned on the churchyard gate,
Admiring the fast-setting sun."

So the lad took courage, and learned how to live
An honoured and useful life,
Though he never attained to a hero's deeds,
Nor was first in the battle's strife.

But when years had passed and a worn, weary man,
He was laid in his grave to rest;
In that same quiet ground where, when weary and
sad,
Hope first had illumined his breast;

The sorrowful mourners about his low grave
Spoke much of the good he had done:
Of his simple teaching, his kind, gentle deeds,
The love and esteem he had won.

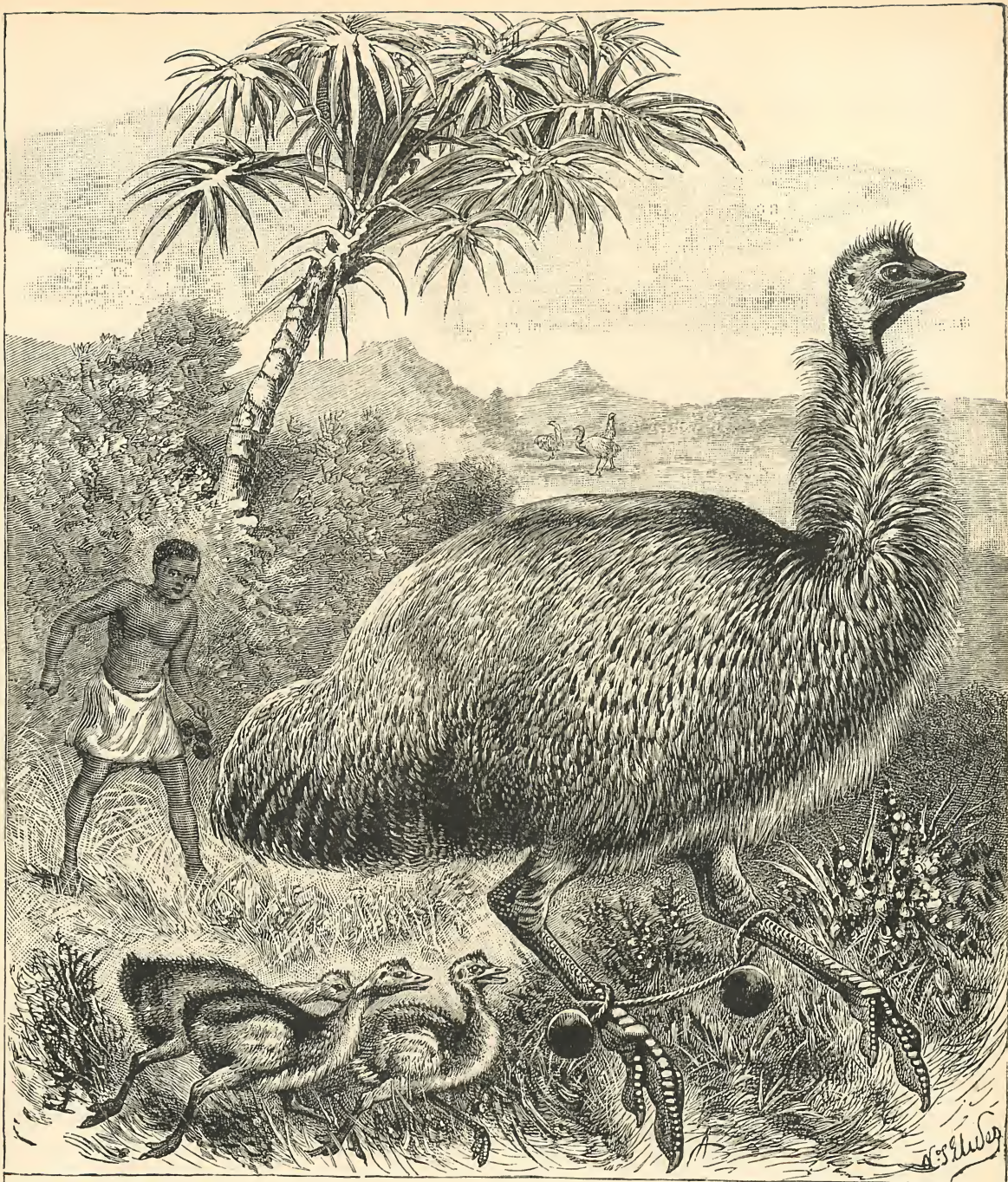
It was but a trifle that gladdened the boy,
The thud of the oft-given stroke;
So little things make up the reckoning of life,
As 'little strokes fell the great oak.'

M. K. W.

HUNTING EMUS WITH THE BOLAS.

THIS interesting illustration exhibits to us one method of catching, not only the swiftly running South American Emu (a species of ostrich), but also many other of the rapidly running game of the country.

These Bolas or Balls are made of a hard close-grained stone, each bola being about four pounds weight. They are perforated, and a narrow thong of raw hide, about five feet long, attaches the one to the other. In practice the thrower holds one ball in his hand, and rapidly swings the other ball, at the full length of the thong, horizontally over his head, until a great momentum is attained. At the right moment he lets go, the bolas fly through the air, and on touching the legs of the quarry they twist round them, and bring the animal to the ground in a helpless but uninjured condition. Great dexterity is, of course, required to use the bolas, which can only be done by men who have been accustomed to the sport from earliest boyhood.



Hunting Emus with the Bolas.

In South America the bolas are in constant use among the gauchos or herdsmen of the Argentine Republic. These men are of mixed Indian and Spanish breed, and are chiefly employed in driving, catching, and slaughtering cattle. They are men of great strength and endurance, expert horsemen, who can use the bolas as well as the lasso with marvel-

lous skill, when they wish to single out and secure one particular animal out of a flying herd of wild horses or cattle.

These gauchos are on horseback when they use this formidable weapon, but, as we see in our illustration, the natives of the country are equally skilful in using the bolas on foot.

D.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 126.)

CHAPTER XVII.

GOOD SAMARITANS.



N reply to Dave Wilson's questions, the wounded Indian mutely pointed to his limbs and uncovered his feet, and Dave saw that one was badly bruised and the other frightfully swollen, as if either broken or dislocated at the ankle.

'Oh, you poor chap!' the boy exclaimed; 'how long have you been lying like this here?'

The man feebly raised two fingers, and, pointing with his other hand to the sun, let it be understood by expressive signs that he had lain there two days.

'Had any food? No, I see you have not. Lucky for you that there was water at this part of the creek! That is an ugly cut on your head. Dear me, what a smash it has been! I never heard of an Indian coming a cropper over a bluff before.'

When Dave's remarks (which he was at great pains to repeat to me in full later) came to an end the man muttered, 'No fall. Red man's foot sure. Wolf-man try kill!'

'Gracious!' exclaimed the boy. 'Did some one try to kill you?'

The Indian mutely uncovered his shoulder, and showed a deep cut over which the blood had fortunately dried enough to prevent more from flowing.

'That was a knife. This is a dreadful job,' said Dave. Then, remembering how long the poor creature had lain there, he exclaimed, 'You must be awfully hungry, eh?'

'Eat or die,' was the answer, given in a feeble tone.

'You shall eat directly,' said Dave. Then, shouting to Nora, he bade her run to the berry-camp for food; which she did at once.

The children here are very observant; they learn early to reflect and act with discretion as well as promptitude. On returning with food, Nora sought a lower path that should bring her nearer the river's bank; and, after much scrambling among bushes and boulders, she reached the spot where the Indian lay.

Nora and Dave looked on in wonder as he devoured their lunch. Their own need of a meal was forgotten in surprise and pity as they watched Nacot eat and drink. But soon the necessity for bringing help caused the boy to say, 'One of us will have to make tracks for home as fast as can be. Will you go with Shag, Nora, or will you stay with the Indian while I go?' 'Stay here without you, Dave? Oh, how could I?'

Nora was not afraid of wandering in the bush, or straying by the loneliest parts of the river alone; but to remain by herself in those wilds with a possibly dying red man! That was a different story.

Dave knew it was scarcely to be expected of her. At the same time he was well aware that Nora was not very familiar with the landmarks of the way home; and, though she might drive safely and straight enough, the buckboard must go by a circuitous route at best. Precious time would be lost; whereas himself, mounted on bare-backed Shag, could take a direct road to the farm, and succour would thus reach the wounded man much sooner.

But, even above such a reason as that, he counted the risk to Nora, flustered and hurried, of taking a wrong turn and losing herself.

'Are you sure of the way home?' he asked; 'it will take an awful time to get there with the rig; and it feels bad to leave the poor Nichie alone in such a plight; but I suppose I must.'

'I will stay, Dave,' said Nora. 'I will try not to—to mind. It will be best for you to go on Shag, and it would not be right to leave the poor Indian alone.'

Neither of the children knew Nacot personally. If they had, the girl might not have been so much afraid. But, though he was a stranger, Dave was sure it was best for all parties that one (and that one Nora) should remain; so he answered:

'Brave lass! But really you need not be frightened. Of course there is not anything could harm you. Still, girls are timid. I will take you with me, if you feel you really are too frightened, Nora.'

'You could go in half the time without me. So I will stay here, Dave. God will be near to keep me from being afraid.'

'That is right, little one,' said the boy. Then he kissed her, nodded to the Indian, and bounded away, calling, as he went, 'Keep up your hearts. I will not be long. I shall go like a bird.'

Nora Wilson was not so afraid of an Indian as many of our British girls would be. Still, she had heard enough of the red men's ruthless and subtle savagery to feel far from at ease in the company of even a wounded, helpless one; but, as she sat on a fallen tree, a little way from the man, and watched his feeble efforts to screen his face from the fierce light, and his wounds from the intolerable plague of black flies and mosquitoes, her little heart was moved with the deepest compassion.

Kneeling down, she prayed to God to remove all her fears and teach her to succour her miserable companion; and, as she prayed, scarcely conscious in her earnestness of the Indian's presence, she remembered the story of the good Samaritan.

'This is the "neighbour" Jesus meant,' thought Nora (as she told me very artlessly), and with that thought fled every tremor or fear.

Rising from her knees, she broke off a bough covered with cool broad leaves; and, going near the Indian, waved her ready-made fan over him in a way which soon dispersed the insect pest. She then made a screen for his head by drawing some branches together and spreading over them the large holland apron which her mother had pinned across her frock to save it from the fruit.

Next she filled her milk-can with water, and, dipping her handkerchief in it, softly bathed the hot and aching head, well pleased to see the Indian smile and look relieved.

'I wonder,' thought Nora, 'if he knows about God, and if he could be comforted by a prayer.'

And, as if in answer to the question she was too timid to ask, Nacot muttered, 'Good Spirit tell wolf-man kill. Good Spirit tell white child be kind. It is dark.'

Nora knew enough of what the Indian race had suffered at the hands of wicked men to understand a little of what was perplexing his mind, and to answer his words with that wisdom which so often comes from children.

'Some white men,' she said, 'are very cruel and bad, and some are very good. But God, the Great Spirit, is always good, and He is grieved when any white men oppress you. God loves an Indian just as much as He loves a white man, and He tells us to be kind to you just the same as to ourselves. It was God who made us hear you moaning, and it is God who will save you yet.'

In her loving, girlish way she prattled on, and her listener understood and appreciated the spirit of her words and actions. The language of the lips is often but a small part of what one can do to impart comfort, and no one of Nora's kind tones or friendly services failed to reach the Indian's heart—as we all knew and keenly felt eventually.

So much did Nora become interested in the duties she had assumed that she forgot to long for her brother's return; and it was only when she heard his cheery voice, directing others to the spot, that the girl became aware of her own tiredness and hunger, and the length of time she had been there. Mr. Wilson, with two of his men, and Dave were soon gathered around the Indian.

'Why, it is wandering Nacot,' said Jock; and then Nora was still more glad that she had befriended one whose character she believed had been misjudged.

They lifted him very carefully to the waggon which they had brought as near the place as possible. Mr. Wilson did what the ready skill of a prairie settler can for the cuts and bruises, and then he conveyed Nacot to his farm.

The Indian had never lain in such a snug place as he did when laid on a bed of fragrant hay with cool sheets about him, and in an airy room formed from a corner of the big barn for the use of such stray visitors as himself. He was too weak, or too sullen, or part of both, to appreciate fully the comfort and care surrounding him. He lay there for a week, nursed most kindly; and, while Nacot was recovering, I was raving with fever, knowing nothing—worse luck!—of all that had taken place. Oh, the pity of it! The farm men would shake their heads when they saw Mrs. Wilson carrying some dainty to the sick man, and they would remark, 'That is kindness thrown away. As soon as Nacot can limp again, he will help himself to Mrs. Wilson's chickens without troubling her to turn them into broth.'

When any one said that sort of thing in Mr. Wilson's hearing, he just laughed and declared that his duty was plain. 'One cannot,' he affirmed, 'measure one's charity by the character of the recipient of it. My "neighbour" and my "brother" are all the members of God's great family, no matter what their race, or creed, or conduct.'

Of course, Nora and Dave were extremely interested in their invalid. The boy took his turn at nursing Nacot with a patient alacrity which no one would have expected from such a restless sprite. Nora was always glad to carry a cooling drink to the barn-room, or stand beside her mother when she was speaking to the invalid. Often Nora said soft, cheering words to Nacot, who seldom replied with more than a grunt; but his wild dark eyes would lose their fire when they fell on Nora, and the quiet endurance, which gave an expression of unbending rigidity to his features, would soften when she came near.

When he began to mend steadily, and his pain was over, Nora was allowed to remain a little while each day with Nacot. Her loving heart was full of a desire to teach the Indian to know God, and no better time could be than the hours of convalescence, when the subduing and purifying influences of suffering leave the mind ready to receive good impressions. Wandering Nacot was not unwilling to be so taught for a few days; but one evening he overheard men in the barn conversing about Mr. Wilson in a way that led the quick-witted Indian to guess that his benefactor was the man Mutt meant to injure.

Next time Dave visited him Nacot asked his name, and the name of the farm, and learned without doubt who had befriended him.

When Nora saw him after that, he was restless and unwilling to listen to her gentle teaching, and from that time till he was able to walk he seemed possessed by a spirit of uneasy impatience very different from his usual manner.

'I cannot think what has come to Nacot,' Nora remarked sorrowfully on returning to the house after a vain endeavour to fix the Indian's attention.'

'He is nearly well, and he wants to be off, I guess,' said Dave; 'you bet a Niehie will not stay in peace and clean an hour longer than he can help. That is what is the matter!'

But Jock, one of the farm hands, declared there must be something in the Indian's mind to which no one had the clue. 'Every time I am near him he asks me questions about you all—such odd questions! So unlike a Niehie that! And once he asked if Robert Mutt had been about. That was odd. I told him that rascal knew better than to show face within twenty miles of Strathearn, and that hanging would improve him—nothing else. Depend upon it, Nacot knows a heap about Mutt.'

Mr. Wilson heard all that was said, and he also took note of Nacot's changed manner, and thought that the time had come to have a talk with the Indian about his 'accident,' which was believed to be no accident at all.

In the kindest manner the farmer tried to get an account of what had happened from him, but Nacot would not tell. Only he said, 'Time Nacot go.'

'I am afraid he has got the idea that we want to be quit of him,' said Mr. Wilson, after that unsuccessful attempt to win Nacot's confidence.

'I wish he were further away, sir,' said Jock. 'There is a screw loose somewhere. It is not so much that Nacot wants to go as that he is afraid to stay. Why should he not tell how he came to be



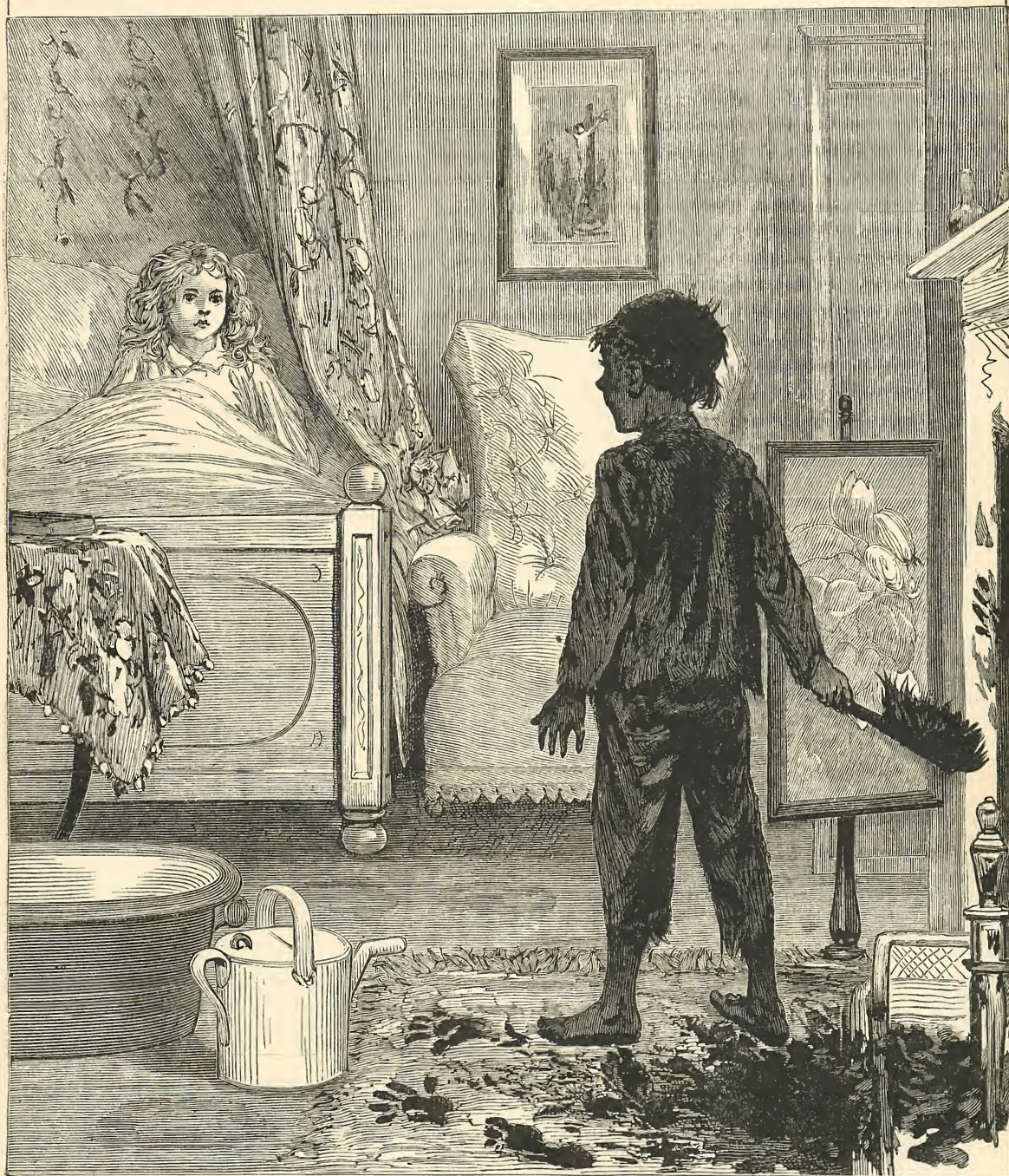
Nora Wilson tends the Wounded Indian.

knifed if he was not after mischief himself? And, sir, don't forget that Miss Nora picked up young Leyton's glass just above where the Nichie was lying. It looks bad. The poor chap has not had his senses since he was found in that neighbourhood. Looks as if Frank Leyton had had a fight for his life with Nacot, and maybe gave him a taste of his own knife, and was sorry for it afterwards! I would

force the truth out of the Nichie, sir. You ought to get at the truth.'

Mr. Wilson agreed in part, and meant to cross-question Nacot more closely next day; but suspicion was partially confirmed, and questioning was not possible in the morning, for Jock came from the barn with the news that Nacot had vanished.

(Continued at page 140.)



"It was the descent down the wrong chimney which began Tom's troubles."

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

'TOM:' CHIMNEY-SWEEP AND WATER-BABY.*

TOM—he seems to have known no other name—was a small sweeper of big chimneys, and he served a hard master by the name of Grimes. Down the black cheeks of sooty Tom there rolled great tears as he was forced to climb the dark flues, which climbing rubbed his poor knees and elbows raw. He cried too with hunger when day after day he could not get enough to eat. But Tom was not always in tears. His young face, soot and all, was often smiling and full of fun; but then he was tossing halfpennies with other boys, or playing leap-frog over posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by. Tom had grand ideas of becoming a man! To his queer little mind a master-sweep stood for manhood. He longed for the days to come when he should sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velveteens and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, 'Just like a man.' He was pleased with the idea that he might have apprentices—one, two, three! How fine it would be to bully them and knock them about, just as his master did to him. But then 'Tom' was only a poor ignorant fellow, and did not know better at that time. He had a great deal to learn, and what he passed through before he learnt it is duly set forth in the beautiful story.

One day Tom's master was directed by a groom to go up next morning and sweep Sir John Harthover's chimneys. Now, Harthover Place was a grand place, it was the property of a rich man. There were game preserves, a salmon-river, and a splendid house. The master of this mansion was a magistrate. Mr. Grimes knew that, and Tom knew it, for Sir John had sent them both to prison when they had been brought before him charged with deeds that were no credit to either of them. Sir John was really a cheery, sensible squire, who did what he thought right by his neighbours, and what he thought right for himself. He was a fine-built man, and could have thrashed Grimes if he could have persuaded himself that it would have been right to do so.

It was three o'clock on a summer morning when Tom and his master set out for Harthover Place. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and his brushes walked behind. Elm-trees and cows were fast asleep; so were the few clouds which had lain down on the earth. Tom listened to the skylark up in the sky, and he looked at the buttercups and the birds' nests, and at a poor Irishwoman trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a grey shawl over her head and a crimson petticoat. She wore neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore.

She walked along by the side of Tom and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and if he ever prayed, and she told him about the rolling, roaring sea

and the great rocks. They came to a limestone spring, which bubbled and gurgled quite musically. Grimes washed his dirty head and face in it, and when Tom said, 'Why, master, you never did that before!' he replied, 'It wasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I would be ashamed to need washing every week or so, like any smutty collier lad.' Tom washed too, and this made Grimes angry—so angry that he knocked Tom about, which caused the Irish-woman to interfere. Grimes seemed afraid of her, for she knew so much about him, and she threatened to use that knowledge if he did not give over. In parting from them she told them that she should meet them again at some future time, and gave them, for a farewell word of advice, this sentence: 'Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember.'

After travelling three miles, they reached Sir John's lodge gates, and a keeper led them up a grand avenue of lime-trees a mile long, and Tom heard the buzzing of the bees, and asked the keeper what the murmuring could be. The man, whom he addressed as 'sir,' informed him, and Tom said, 'I wish I were a keeper, to live in such a beautiful place, and wear green velveteens, and have a dog whistle at my button, like you.'

At last Tom's time came to sweep the chimneys, and he swept so many that he got quite tired, and puzzled too, for they were not like the town flues, but large and crooked as in old country houses. So Tom fairly lost his way in them; not that he cared much for that, though he was in pitchy darkness, for he was as much at home in a chimney as a mole is underground; but at last, coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself standing on the hearthrug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

It was this descent down the wrong chimney which began Tom's troubles. The room was lovely. It had white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and horses and dogs. But two pictures took his fancy most; one was that of a man in long garments with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hands upon the children's heads. The other was that of a man nailed to a cross, which surprised Tom very much. 'Poor man!' thought Tom, 'and he looks so kind and quiet. But why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room?'

Another of the things in the room which surprised Tom nearly as much was a washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes and towels, and a large bath full of clean water.

'She must be a very dirty lady,' thought Tom, 'by my master's rule, to need as much scrubbing as all that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels.'

And then looking towards the bed he saw that

* This beautiful story is to be found in a wonderful book written by Charles Kingsley, who wrote a great many other books which have pleased and helped thousands of men and women, and boys and girls.

dirty lady, and held his breath with wonder. Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. The little sweep wondered whether all people were like that when they were washed, and then he thought, 'Should I come white like that? I should certainly look much better.'

Looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth.

He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold it was himself reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before. Tom burst into tears of shame and anger; and he turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide. The noise he made in trying to escape woke the little lady, who uttered a scream of terror which brought in the nurse. The stout old woman grabbed at Tom, but he doubled under the good lady's arm, and across the room and out of the window in a moment. Down a large magnolia-tree and across the garden-lawn sped Tom; over the railings and up the park, and through the wood, leaving the old nurse screaming. The hue and cry soon began. Poor little Tom went through woods and climbed rocks and mountains till he had put a good ten miles between himself and Harthover Place. A mile off and a thousand feet down, Tom saw a cottage nestling snugly in a valley. Down, down, down, went Tom, the brave little chimney-sweep, until he stumbled, faint and exhausted, at the cottage door. Now within that pretty cottage there sat by the open fireplace, which was filled with a pot of sweet herbs, an old woman in a red petticoat, and short dimity bed-gown, and clean white cap, with a silk handkerchief over it, tied under her chin. There were a number of children sitting on benches, repeating their lessons. They all fled when they saw Tom's dirty, black face; some of the girls cried, and the boys pointed rudely at him, and the old dame asked sharply, 'What art thou, and what does thou want?'

'Water,' said poor little Tom, quite faint.

The old dame understood it all then, as she looked at him through her spectacles. Then she said: 'He is sick; and a bairn is a bairn, sweep or none.' And she brought a cup of milk and a piece of bread. When he had drunk the milk she questioned him, and finding what a long way he had come, she put him in an outhouse on soft, sweet hay. There he tossed about for a time and at last he fell into a troubled sleep, and in his sleep he got up and walked out on to the bank of a brook near by, and lay down on the grass. Then he rose and pulled off his rags and plunged into the water, and there the strangest things befell him.

He met again the Irishwoman, and he fell in with thousands of water babies. The sternest of all the people he met down in the world of water was Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid. This great lady knew everything about the little sweep, all his bad tricks and cruel ways—for Tom was, at that time, fond of teasing dumb animals.

How and where Tom met Grimes again and the pretty little white lady, and what sort of boy he was when he came to dry land, I should like you to read for yourselves in that wonderful book, *The Water Babies*.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

20.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

- A. THINK of a word which rhymes with *till*.
1. B. Is it to deprive of life?
A. No, it is not to —
2. B. Is it a man's name?
A. No, it is not —
3. B. Is it sometimes sent by your doctor?
A. No, it is not a —
4. B. Is it a small liquid measure?
A. No, it is not a —
5. B. Is it a soldier's exercise?
A. No, it is not a —
6. B. Is it very quiet?
A. No, it is not —
7. B. Is it a kind of weaving?
A. No, it is not a —
8. B. Does it express a person's last wishes?
A. No, it is not a —
9. B. Does it reduce to very small particles?
A. No, it is not a —
10. B. Does it supply abundantly?
A. No, it is not to —
11. B. Is it part of a feather?
A. No, it is not a —
12. B. Is it to plait?
A. No, it is not to —
13. B. Is it a small stream of water?
A. No, it is not a —
14. B. Is it to cook?
A. No, it is not to —
15. B. Is it to sing like a bird?
A. No, it is not to —
16. B. Is it sometimes difficult to mount?
A. No, it is not a —
17. B. Is it a fish?
A. No, it is not a —
18. B. Is it nothing?
A. Yes, it is —

[Answers at page 158.]

ANSWER.

19.—Amazon.

- | | | |
|---------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. Alabaster. | 3. Azores. | 5. Orleans. |
| 2. Magellan. | 4. Zug. | 6. Norfolk. |

GENIUS OR LABOUR?

OF what use is all your studying and your books?' said a farmer to an artist; 'they don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plough in one month than you can do with your books and papers in a whole year.'

'What plough does your son use?' said the artist, quietly.

'Why, he uses Blank's plough, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plough we save half the labour, and raise three



Spring-time in the Copse.

times as much as we could with the old wooden concein.

The artist quietly turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer a drawing of the famous plough, saying, 'I am the inventor of your favourite plough, and my name is Blank.'

The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farmhouse and make it his home as long as he remained in the neighbourhood.

SPRING-TIME IN THE COPSE.

BEAUTIFUL season, youth of the year!
Time when the little birds carol and sing;
Time when the buds and the blossoms appear,
Clothing the greensward—bright, beautiful Spring!

The song-thrush, whose nest in the coppice lies low,
Sings sweetly at eve, from the top of some tree,
To gladden his loved little partner below
With bird-music—surely none sweeter can be!

While Bunny peeps cautiously forth from his lair,
His eyes brightly glancing on everything round,
Watching intently less foes should be there,
Then off with a rush to his gambolling ground!

Oh, beautiful season of Love, Hope, and Joy,
When cold dreary Winter has vanished away;
When bright little maiden, and loud-laughing boy,
And all youthful creatures are mirthful and gay!
B. M.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 136.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE TRAIL.



A COT had lain down the previous evening, as usual, but he was gone next day without sign or sound. The first step taken was to ascertain if any pony was missing, or any other thing; but, though the 'hands' loudly affirmed that wan-

dering Nacot would not have departed empty-handed, it could not be discovered that he had stolen anything.

Then Jock proposed that they should hunt him out, and force him to speak the mischief that he or others was brewing. Such mischief usually takes the form of setting the prairie on fire, stealing, or laming stock, and petty thefts. But Mr. Wilson was sure that it would be useless to search for Nacot then. He could hide so as to defy discovery; also, Mr. Wilson did not believe Nacot would do harm to those who had treated him so kindly.

'What about Mr. Leyton's field-glass, sir?' asked Jock.

'I expect it fell out of Frank's pocket when he was ill. He seems to have had sunstroke.'

'It fell on the very day Nacot fell, any way, sir?' But Mr. Wilson turned away, unwilling to speak more



"Oh, I know you. Do not hurt me, please."

on the subject; for he and his family were greatly disappointed to find Nacot ungrateful, or seemingly so. Only Nora had any excuse to offer for him. Her many 'talks' to the Indian, and his evident pleasure in her ministrations, had impressed the girl with a strong belief in his honesty of heart, as well as in his acceptance of some of her holy teaching.

So the little girl tried to plead for wandering Nacot. Her father willingly accepted all she said on his behalf, and indeed I could have done so too, for often a child's instinct is more correct than the judgment of men, blinded as we too often are by what mother calls 'the veiling mists of a selfish world.'

Bill and Ed Wilson were camping out on the prairie, as so many of us do in the haying season, at the time of Nacot's disappearance. The lads had gone to cut and cure grass, which grows more fine and abundant in the slews than anywhere else.

Perhaps you need to be told that 'slews' are depressions in the prairie where water collects. They are ponds in spring and rich meadows in summer.

Nora rode out once a week with a fresh supply of bread and milk for her brothers. The campaigners had by them such other supplies as their fowling-pieces could not provide. The lads enjoyed such expeditions, and Nora dearly loved to be the messenger between their camp and home. I told you of my visit to Tom Vancroft, camping out in like fashion, and of Katie riding out to see to his comfort. So I need not describe any further how Nora chanced to be setting out for the North Slews two days after Nacot had made his disappearance.

She was not in her usual good spirits, however, her mother remembered afterwards; and she rode very soberly along the valley, wishing that she knew the meaning of Nacot's seeming ingratitude. She had taken a more pleasant, though a longer, route than across the level prairie; but she was not hurried for time, and she knew the landmarks very well.

Also Dave was in the valley, assisting a man to bring in some young cattle, and he had promised to meet Nora at a certain spot, from whence they were to go on to the North Slews together.

Nora meant to follow the river course for a mile or two, then strike up to the ravine, where Dave would meet her. From thence a good track had been made to the open prairie. To reach this place she had to cross the creek at a spot where the banks were steep but the water shallow at that season. She was well accustomed to a scrambling ride on some trusty Shag, and she scarcely required the pony to slacken speed as he began the descent; but, when he reached the water, she let him stop to drink and cool his fetlocks in the mud, while she unbuttoned her gloves and lifted her hat to let the breeze play with her goldielocks.

At that moment there came out of the bushes close by a man dressed like an Indian, brown as an Indian, and so cleverly disguised that even a child nurtured in the North-west could not recognise him as a white.

Before Nora could catch up the reins, or do more than gaze with surprise and with some fear, on one who came in such a stealthy way, the man's hand was on Shag's head, and he was saying, in a voice she knew, 'If you make the smallest noise, I will kill you at once.'

The girl, though terrified, recognised the wicked eyes and voice of Robert Mutt, and she exclaimed, without thinking, 'Oh, I know you. Do not hurt me, please.'

Poor child! her recognition of him made him determine to kill her, and he said, as he gagged and bound her, 'Your knowing of me will not do you much good, or me harm, when you find yourself at the bottom of the East Bend pool.'

Almost senseless with terror, Nora found herself lifted from the saddle and carried into the most dense part of the scrub; whilst Shag, thinking, no doubt,

that this must be a berry expedition, and he was expected to brouse near the spot, quietly crossed the creek and began to nibble grass.

Now, you know, I have got the whole particulars of this terrible affair in detached bits from various individuals, but I prefer to give it to you in complete sequence, like a story, and I will tell you at the end how everything came to be known.

Shortly after Mutt and his poor little captive disappeared in the thicket, the bushes near Shag were cautiously stirred and opened by a pair of brown hands, and a brown head followed the hands, and wandering Nacot limped into view. He stood and surveyed the pony, and in a moment guessed the truth, then glanced quickly around for any signs to tell of a deed of violence. When he had stolen away from Strathearn, and was cautiously making his way by hidden paths through the valley to the East Bend, where he expected to find Robert Mutt, he came upon the trail of that gentleman.

How did he know it was Mutt? you ask, and what does a trail mean in this sense?

Plain and short, this is it. Nacot found a pipe, which he knew to be Mutt's, lying on the track, and the tobacco ashes in it were still hot. He crept among the scrub, sure that his enemy would soon discover his loss, and return to look for the pipe. And things happened as Nacot thought. Robert Mutt returned to pick up his pipe, swearing at it for burning its way through his pocket.

The Indian took good care to keep himself out of sight, for, weak and unarmed, he was no match for the ruffian, who would probably make sure the second time.

But Nacot was out to learn what Mutt meant by still dodging about the valley; the Indian suspected, of course, that, finding he could not persuade a red-skin to carry out his revenge, Mutt meant to do it himself. So Nacot resolved to follow Mutt for further enlightenment before acting on his suspicions and imperfect knowledge. With utmost caution he followed on the trail, which led to the hut of old Rudyard.

I am not going to tell you just here what happened next in wandering Nacot's experience. He remained near the hut for some hours, and when Robert Mutt came out and once more set off towards the more frequented part of the valley by hidden scrub-tracks, Nacot again followed him.

But Nacot was weak and halting on his injured leg. He had no weapon; he would be as good as dead if Mutt saw him. He had difficulty in keeping near yet unobserved, and after thirty-six hours of such scouting he was obliged to lie down and rest. It was while he so rested that Nora fell into the enemy's clutches, and when Nacot arrived at the Crossing she had been borne some way from it.

The Indian forgot his pain, hunger, and fatigue in an eager search for evidence of a deed of violence, and his relief was great on not finding such. He murmured: 'Good Spirit care for white girl.'

Then he began to consider how best to serve Nora. The most effectual way of rescuing her would have been to go to Strathearn and tell all he knew of Mutt, but that would take time; and

before any one could be on the villain's track (or should he suspect he was followed) he might slay the poor child.

Indeed, it was probable that his reason for delaying the murder was that he might carry her to some more lonely spot than the thicket near the Crossing, so that her body might not be found till her murderer was beyond reach of recognition or capture.

Nacot, when thinking intently, had a way of thinking aloud, and, as he turned these points over in his mind, he, from time to time, helped out his ideas by a few muttered words, which enabled one lying in ambush to follow his line of reasoning, and exonerate the Indian from complicity in the crime of Mutt.

When Nacot had 'considered' every detail, he determined to lose not another moment in following Mutt; but while he had been thinking he had secured Shag, and helped himself to some of the food carried in Nora's saddle-bag. To his joy he found some tinned meat, and a knife for opening the tin. It was the knife more than the meat he wanted, for, you know, Nacot was quite unarmed, and he had a vivid recollection of Robert Mutt's hunting-knife. He put the knife in his belt, mounted Shag, and plunged into the thicket, not afraid to follow the trail more openly than when on foot and with no weapon.

It was a pity—a sore pity—that Nacot had not known that, as he had followed Mutt, so had another followed him; but he was unconscious of the fact. He went on for an hour, and then his keen eyes detected a very thin bit of smoke curling up from a thicket not far ahead, which indicated that Mutt was taking a smoke by the way.

This set Nacot's mind at rest in part, and he dismounted, picketted Shag in the glade, where Dave had promised to meet Nora, and began to crawl to a mound, which partially overlooked the thicket from whence the smoke had risen.

From that vantage-ground he could see Mutt puffing at his pipe furiously, sending out volumes of smoke, as if that were helping him to 'get up steam' for some atrocious action. He had bound Nora to a fallen tree, against which she lay very quiet and brave, for the child was praying. Her eyes, lifted to Heaven, told Mutt as plainly as any words how she was employed, and he did not dare to kill her.

The knife at his belt, the revolver in his breast, the dark, deep pool close by, were useless against the holy light of those pleading eyes—eyes pleading not with him, but with God. He rose and strolled away to brace up his mind for his cruel deed, and no sooner did he disappear than Nacot stole close to Nora, and said softly: 'Good Spirit sent Nacot. Nacot could give life for life. Little white girl no fear Nacot.'

With the tin-opener he quickly unbound her, and by impressive gestures he showed that she must be silent and cautious. Then he took Nora's hand, and led her to the glade where Shag was picketted.

As ill luck would have it, the pony, as soon as he saw his little mistress, gave a neigh of pleasure, and this Mutt in the thicket heard. In a few minutes

he was near enough to see Shag, and also to see Nacot and Nora running across an open space on the other side of the glade.

But the Indian was not less quick of vision, and he had detected their enemy's position before he knew what they were about.

'Run quicker! Ride home fast,' Nacot said, letting go Nora's hand, and pointing to the pony. She understood at once what she must do. She hurried to her Shag, while Nacot limped to intercept Mutt as he rushed forward with a furious oath.

As the girl jumped into her saddle, and shook the reins to bid Shag go, a bullet whistled over her head, but she did not look back, and only heard Nacot call to her: 'Go fast, little white girl. The good Spirit goes with you.'

'Go, Shag, go! Home! home!' she screamed; and Shag sped away with her as a second bullet came singing after them.

The third shot was not so ineffectual!

(Continued at page 146.)

BATTLE WITH AN ALBATROSS.



THE Albatross is a web-footed bird, nearly allied to gulls and petrels. It is a very large creature, with a rather long beak, hooked at the point, and of a delicate pink colour inclining to yellow. It is the largest of web-footed birds, measuring at least four feet in length, and from ten to sixteen feet in spread of

wings. The wings, however, are very narrow in proportion to their length.

The plumage is soft and abundant, mostly white, but with black feathers sprinkled here and there upon the wings and back. This bird is often seen at a great distance from land, abounding in southern seas, chiefly near the Cape of Good Hope. It often approaches quite close to passing ships; being, of course, an object of interest to passengers as well as crew, when it is seen sweeping the surface of the ocean in pursuit of flying fish, which form its favourite food.

Its mode of progressing is very beautiful, as it seems rather to float in the air than to fly like other birds, for except when it is rising from the water, the motion of its long wings can scarcely be noticed. Indeed, nothing can be more beautiful than the ease and grace with which this bird sweeps past a ship, often within a few yards of it, every part of its body perfectly motionless except the head and eyes, which turn slowly from side to side, appearing to take notice of everything.

On one occasion, a young sailor had a curious adventure with an albatross. It happened thus: An older seaman, while attending to some boat-gear on the deck of his ship, fell over the side into a small boat below, and was attacked by an albatross, which had been hovering about the ship for several days,



An Encounter with an Albatross.

and keeping a good look-out for food. The bird began a savage onslaught upon the man, who, being severely injured by his fall, was quite unable to help himself. A young sailor, however, who had witnessed this, without delay bounded overboard, scrambled into the small boat, seized upon an oar, and with this weapon he forced the albatross to leave its prey.

The oar was broken in the fight, but the young man had, with its help, so seriously damaged one wing of the bird that he was able to force it into the water, where, quite unable to fly, it slowly drifted away to its death, while the brave young seaman, with the help of his comrades above, lifted the injured man back into the ship.

K.



Nacot saves Nora at the cost of his own life.

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Continued from page 143.)

CHAPTER XIX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.



BAFFLED revenge and unbridled passion had made Robert Mutt quite reckless of all consequences by that time. When he saw that Nora must escape if he did not shoot, he stopped running, and took aim, missed, ran again, stopped, and fired once more; and then Nacot was within a few yards of him.

With one bound the Indian sprang into the line of fire, and received in his breast the third bullet intended for Nora. In spite of the deadly wound he flew upon the assassin, and locked his long, sinewy arms around Mutt, who had, not till that moment, known that Nacot was alive; for he cried out, 'You! was my knife not enough?'

They grappled together for a few breathless moments, and they did not hear a boy's shrill cry, and an old man's quavering 'Stop, stop that, ye fools!'

The murderous knife of Mutt was once more thrust into the Indian's flesh, and Nacot's hold relaxed; but as he dropped heavily to the ground, dragging the other with him, the revolver which Mutt had thrust in his shirt struck against Nacot, and lodged a bullet in the brain of its owner, who fell dead at once beside the red man, who had given his life for little Nora.

All this had, of course, happened in a few seconds, much too quickly for any one to interfere; but, as the two fell, Dave Wilson came to the spot from one side of the glade, and old Rudyard from the other.

'It is Robert Mutt! it is Nacot! why, and it is old Rudyard!' Dave gasped out, too much astonished to do more than stare and stammer.

But Rudyard stooped over the man to see what had happened. 'Dead as a door nail!' he exclaimed, 'and a good riddance of bad rubbish, which you were, Robert Mutt.' Then, turning to the Indian, he said, 'Something worth saving here, anyhow.'

But Nacot looked up, smiled faintly, and murmured, 'Good Spirit call Nacot. Nacot go gladly, since good little white girl saved.'

'What does he mean?' Dave exclaimed.

'He just means that he took a bullet meant for your sister, lad,' said old Rudyard. Then, seeing Dave grow pale, he added, 'Do not fear, the girl is safe on the back of her Shag, and is on the road to Strathearn now. Come, let us see what we can do for this poor red-skin.'

Alas! Nacot was beyond human help, and that they soon discovered. All they could do was to lay him in as comfortable a position as possible, and try to stop the flow of blood from his wounds; and when that was done Rudyard whispered aside, 'Lad, your legs are more supple than mine, you must use them now to good purpose.'

'I have my horse here,' said Dave. 'I came to meet Nora. I cannot understand how all this—'

Rudyard stopped him with an expressive gesture, and said, 'Nora is not here; did you not see her ride off?'

'No; I just came near the glade as three shots were fired, and I saw no one but these two,' indicating the prostrate forms at his feet.

'I am glad you have a nag handy,' said the old man. 'Now, you ride off as fast as you can after your sister, and bring something to carry this poor Nichie to your house. Go fast, lad, for he is going fast. I will explain later.'

Dave did not wait for more, but ran to his horse, which was hitched to a tree not far off, and, mounting, he rode away as quickly as possible.

But, though he went fast, Nora had gone faster. Terror-stricken, and almost falling from her panting Shag, the girl reached Strathearn, and told her story in broken sentences, which it took some time to make clear.

At first all were sure that wandering Nacot was at the bottom of the mischief, but when at last she was collected enough to explain that Robert Mutt, in disguise, had captured her, and that he was sure to hurt Nacot for helping her, light came to Mr. Wilson.

Then her urgent beseeching that father should go and help 'dear, good Nacot' met hearty response.

In the safe shelter of her father's arms, himself mounted on a fleet broncho, and accompanied by Jock in a buckboard, Nora set out to direct the party to the scene of her terrible adventure.

Poor child! She had been so bewildered she had not noticed that the glade from which she fled was that part of the ravine where she had agreed to meet Dave; and it was only when they met her brother on the trail, riding (as he told me) 'like mad,' that the precise locality was known.

Meanwhile old Rudyard sat by Nacot, trying to comfort him as best he could, but there was not much he could say, after all, until the Indian, tossing his head uneasily, muttered: 'White man think Nacot very bad. Nacot run away, hide, no say thanks; but Nacot love little white girl, Nacot die for her.'

'They shall not misjudge you in the smallest respect,' said Rudyard. 'I have been on your trail as well as on that of Mutt, and I know what you have felt and done. I wish I had not been a suspicious old crank, and I would have seen at the very first that you were no real pal to that skunk,' pointing his toe in contempt at the body of Mutt. 'But you see, Nacot, I had seen you some time since very often with him, and I had my own reasons for wanting to find out what you and he were up to, and to prove my case before I showed myself. It was a pity, a mortal big pity, I did not crawl out of the cave at the crossing and join you. Together we might have made a better job with Mutt than this.'

'Good Spirit bade it be so,' said Nacot, simply.

'Well, now,' said Rudyard, 'I ask you, were you with Mutt last winter at my old hut, or was it some other red-skin who helped him to rob me?'

'Nacot rob no man. Nacot not there,' was the quiet reply.

To which Rudyard answered, in much vexation : 'There now, I have blundered there. I made sure it was you, and I wanted to catch the couple of you.'

'White man deal hard with Nacot.'

'I am sorry as can be ; forgive me if you can.'

'Good Spirit taken all anger out of Nacot's heart, he can forgive all—all.'

Then, as if the state he was in had broken down all the natural reserve of his character, he talked frankly of what had happened ; all his thoughts, and desires, and gratitude, since the time Nora and Dave had found him lying by the river in sore extremity. What Nacot did *not* enlarge upon was his own heroic action, but that Rudyard had witnessed.

'If I had only dreamed the brute would shoot !' the old man exclaimed. 'But I never expected that, I just thought he meant to frighten the child, and when I saw her get on the pony I was sure it was all right with her, and that you and I had got a case clear as sunshine against Mutt, and could settle with him, for I too was armed.'

Time was passing, and Nacot was growing more faint. Rudyard got impatient, and said, 'The lad rides slow surely ; and yet, the girl should not lag to bring help to you.'

'Seems long,' said Nacot in a whisper and with a faint smile, 'seems long, and Nacot go quick.'

'Cheer up, man, you are not beyond help even yet. They will nurse you at Strathearn as they have done before,' said the old man, but feeling—as he told me afterwards—that he had a big bone in his throat.

Hours had passed, of course, and, when Mr. Wilson and the others reached the little glade, the sun was setting, and all the greenery was bathed in his glory.

Robert Mutt lay where he had fallen dead with his face to the earth ; beside him wandering Nacot was stretched with dark eyes turned to the sky, and dying lips, softly praying in the words which he had often heard on Nora's lips, 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'

Rudyard, overcome by emotion, was leaning against a tree, his face averted, but tears falling in heavy drops and his chest heaving with grief.

Nora forgot all her fears, and the men every suspicion ; father and daughter knelt beside poor wandering Nacot, and the girl's soft white hands stroked the grave brown face, while Mr. Wilson prayed aloud for the soul that was flowing out with the generous life blood so ruthlessly shed.

Nacot was satisfied. He smiled at Nora, and whispered : 'Good Spirit give life for bad man. Nacot give life for good white child. White man brother to red man. Good Spirit love all.' And these were the last words of the noble, misjudged Indian.

Nora was so heart-broken over his death, and her nerves had been so shaken by what she had come through, that Mr. Wilson became quite alarmed about her. Such a scene was not for her ; therefore he carried her away as soon as they saw that Nacot was dead, leaving the others to convey the bodies to Strathearn.

Before he rode away, however, Mr. Wilson said to old Rudyard, 'Be sure you come along too. Dave will lend you his nag. We shall require to hear all you have to tell us about this sad business, and your own disappearance and return.'

'I will come ! Do not fear, Boss,' replied he ; 'I have no reason to hide now, and I have changed my mind about heaps of things. I do not feel as I used to do one bit. That unfortunate Nichie has softened me, somehow. Oh, yes, I will be at Strathearn with the rest of this crowd, and maybe I can surprise you with what I have to tell.'

Old Rudyard kept his word, and reached the farm along with Dave and Jock, who brought the buckboard and its melancholy freight. The bodies were reverently laid in an out-house till orders should come for their burial from the officials to whom Mr. Wilson sent a report of the whole tragedy.

But into these details I need not enter. What you want to hear now is old Rudyard's story, which he gave quite readily. He said that one day he was out looking to his snares, I think it must have been about the time of the 'surprise parties.' He found more game than usual, and was kept busy till pretty late. As he was returning he heard his dog howl in a very strange manner. Now, this dog was a very faithful friend of his, but a surly brute to every other person. Without express leave from his master, Grim would permit no one to approach the hut, and as he was a powerful hound few people cared to dispute his claim to bar the way to Rudyard's fireside.

As he made such a capital watch-dog, Rudyard was in the habit of shutting him into the house when he had occasion to go any distance, being well aware that Grim would permit no one to enter.

It struck Rudyard as very strange that Grim should howl like that, and he wondered what could be the meaning of it. While he paused to listen, he fancied he heard footsteps trampling near his hut, and, as it was dusk by that time, it seemed curious that the dog did not bark as usual, but continued to howl in a pitiful way. Then it occurred to the old man that the intruder must be some uncommon wild animal, possibly a bear ; and that he would require to be cautious and prepared. He had unfortunately no gun with him, but he got out his knife, and, crouching down, crept a little nearer. Presently he could hear voices whispering not far off, and, creeping a little nearer, he saw an Indian and a half-breed (as he supposed), standing at his door debating together. Both were dressed in Indian fashion, and one of them spoke in the Indian way, but the other conversed in correct English, and Rudyard heard him say : 'I did not count upon the dog. He will have roused the old man with his confounded row. Does Rudyard keep a loaded gun about ?'

'I have heard so,' said the other.

'Perhaps he is not in the house, and left the dog on guard.'

'I think so.'

'Then we can go and make short work of the cur, and be ready for the old miser when he returns home.'

'Yes, that will do.'

Of course, the listener knew then that these men were there to rob and murder him, and he was doubly careful to keep himself concealed.

'Oh,' he thought, 'if only I had now in my hands the good rifle that hangs loaded on the wall of my cabin.'

(Concluded at page 154.)



"The distant sea with its unheard beat,
The town with its unheard strife ;

They are like to that dream, that sad sweet dream,
The Past of an old man's life !"

AN OLD MAN'S LESSON.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

COME hither, my friend, come hither awhile,
And sit you down by me,
And look you down on the world below,
And tell me what you see.'

'I see the many roofs of a town,
Where men toil hard for gain ;
And I see the sea where the swift ships pass—
Pass out to the mighty main.

'Oh, I am old, and my sight grows dim—
It was keen in a bygone day ;
I am old, and sounds fall dull on my ear,
So what do you hear, I pray ?'

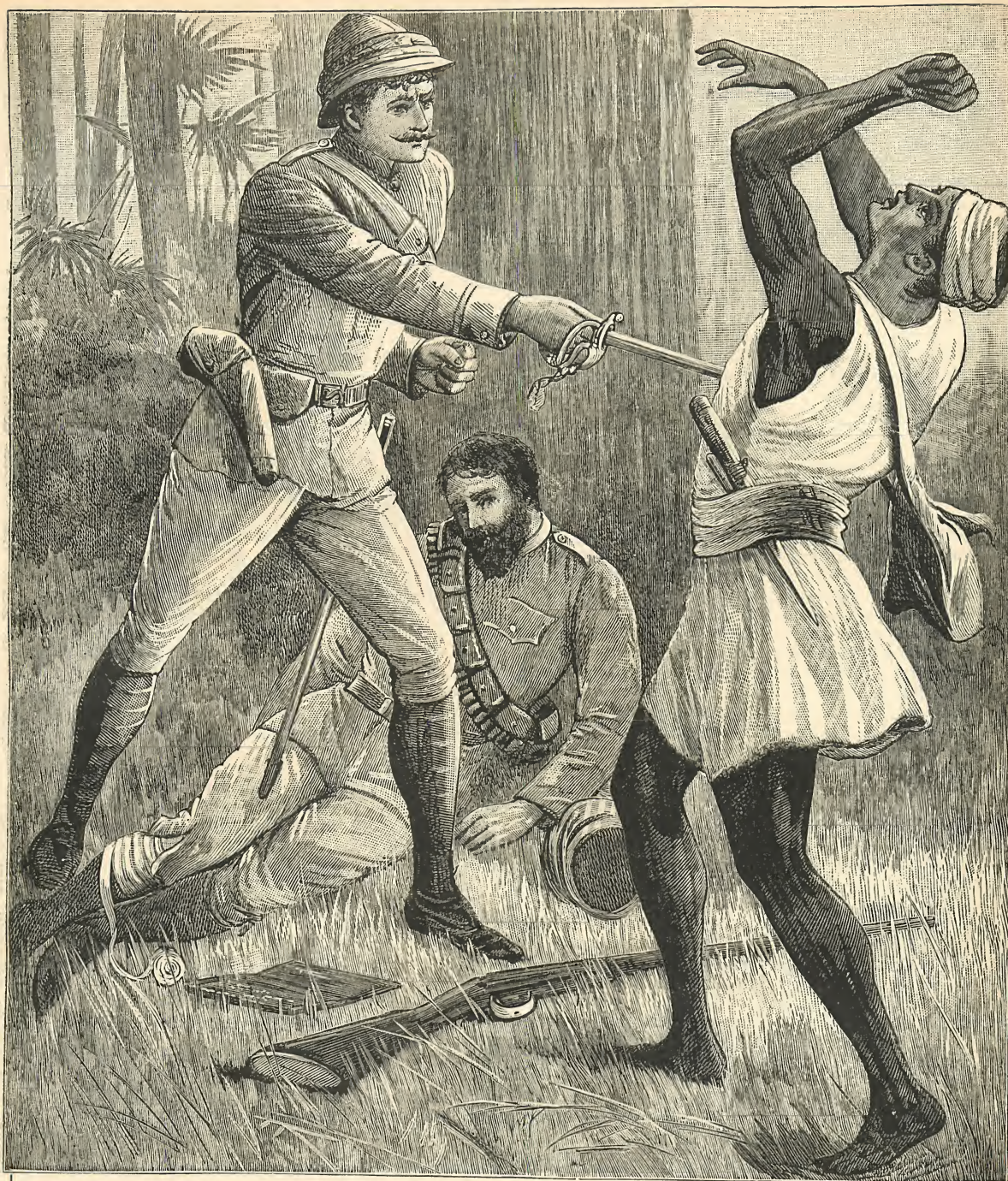
'I hear but the cry of the shrill sea-gull ;
I hear not the ocean beat,
I hear no sound of the busy town,
It lies too low at our feet.'

'Now listen again to me, my friend,
Now listen heedfully ;
It is half a lesson for you, I ween,
And half a lesson for me.

'The distant sea with its unheard beat,
The town with its unheard strife ;
They are like to that dream, that sad sweet dream,
The Past of an old man's life !'

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

PERHAPS an even higher degree of courage is required during an action from many of the non-combatant contingent than from those fighting in the excitement of battle, and such deeds of unselfish heroism as that which won Surgeon-Major Crimmin his Victoria Cross deserve to be placed on record side by side with the most dashing exploit ever achieved. On the 1st of January, 1889, in the action near Lucknow, Lieutenant Tighe, 27th Bombay Infantry, at the head of only four of his men, charged into the midst of a large body of the enemy.



Victoria Cross Heroes : Surgeon-Major Crimmin.

Two of his men fell, wounded, whereupon Surgeon Crimmin immediately attended to one of them, in spite of being fired at by several of the enemy. Crimmin joined the fighting line as soon as they came up, and with them he helped to drive the enemy out of several clumps of small trees, where they were trying to make a stand. The gallant surgeon then turned his attention to dressing the wounds

of another injured soldier, and whilst doing so several of the Karens rushed upon him. Crimmin sprang to his feet and passed his sword through the foremost, immediately after which he attacked the second man. An opportune shot from one of the Sepoys dropped another of the surgeon's assailants, upon which the remainder of them turned tail and fled.

F. R.

AMONGST THE BLACKBIRDS.



—o—
F we go about the villages in some parts of England, it is likely we shall see here and there, at a cottage door, just above the lintel, a blackbird mounted up in the old-style wicker-cage, who looks down when anybody enters the house, or even passes near. Probably we may hear his mellow and clear notes, if the day is fine, reminding us of Tennyson's poem on the blackbird, beginning:—

'O blackbird! sing me something well;
 While all the neighbours shut thee round,
 I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,
 Where thou may'st warble, eat, and dwell.'

It is hard upon a blackbird to keep him imprisoned in a cage; more unkind still to shoot him: yet the gardener feels annoyed at the mischief these birds do to fruit in the autumn season. But then the blackbird, or ouzel—for that is its old name—is a diligent destroyer of many grubs and caterpillars while the family in the nest is being brought up.

Miss Ormerod, a close observer of birds, has much to say for the blackbird, because he is her special favourite. If what she says is true, this bird is one that the more we know him the more we shall love him—and, indeed, his partner, too. The male blackbird has black plumage, though specimens are sometimes found which are mottled, or even almost white. His companion is of a brownish-black hue. Both sexes seem to be fond of passing their time as much as they can near the dwellings of man. The nest of a blackbird is often found quite close to a house, but the songster is rather shy, and, if he can, he hides in a bush when he is giving his splendid song, which, Miss Ormerod remarks, is almost beautiful enough to make a passing angel stop and listen! It is true, there are also 'domestic quarrels, so fierce and loud that we are sometimes obliged to go and restore order, and our peace of mind is disturbed by wild sounds of alarm which tell of the dreaded approach of sparrow-hawk, jackdaw, or cat.' So writes Miss Ormerod, living then in a land of blackbirds.

You might ask, 'Why should a blackbird fear a jackdaw?' The latter is not a bird of prey, certainly, but it can be both thievish and spiteful, for a naturalist tells us that he has seen one in the act of dragging young blackbirds from their nest, and many other birds are suspicious of the jackdaw.

The blackbirds were so tamed by kindness that they came round Miss Ormerod's house for food, especially in winter, and the family got to know several of them well, and gave them names. One had the long name of 'The Energetic Father of a Family,' because he was so busy in feeding his young ones, and, as soon as they could hop after him, he brought them to the house, so that they might have some soft crumbs by way of change from insects and small worms. Very knowing the juvenile blackbirds were, and when a cheeky sparrow hopped near to try and

take their food, they stood their ground, while the person who was feeding them sent the intruder off. Another blackbird, older in years, who had become a favourite because, when one of the family was ill, he had perched close by, and warbled notes that sounded like 'You'll soon be well again,' came forward one December morning in a sad plight, having lost one claw, and ever after was lame. He was called 'The Invalid,' and received special favours, for which he gave thanks by his tameness, and by a song still full and joyous.

J. R. S. C.

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

I.—A CLEVER CAPTURE.

(Founded on Fact.)



HAT'S my testimonial, sir, said the ex-sergeant, as he held out the precious document for my inspection.

It was thirty-nine years ago that I joined the Surrey Constabulary as a third-class constable, and it is nigh upon two years since I left the force.

Dear! I loved the life, sir, and I would never have retired if I had only had myself to consider in the matter. It had always been my wish to enter the service, ever since I was a child. And I wanted to die in harness, sir—I wanted to be buried in my dear old uniform (with a break in his voice).

You are quite right, sir, as that paper certifies, there was not a black spot on my character during those thirty-seven years. It need only have been thirty-five, so far as the pension was concerned. And now, since the new Act has been passed, a man may retire after twenty-five years of service, if he so pleases.

But it was a sad day for me, sir, when I had to give up my duties.

'Do stay, Bailey,' said the chief constable. 'Wait a year or two longer, until we can go out in company.'

Then we looked one another in the eyes. I felt very queer indeed, and my throat was that choked, I could hardly speak.

'I have given my word to my family,' I said with a gasp, 'and I must keep it.'

Of course, there's a certain risk about the life, sir, and that is just what acts like a charm, and what drew me and my mates together—so that I hated to say good-bye. There were fewer men in those days, too, and we had more to do. My beat used to last from 8 p.m. until 4 a.m. It is true, I get my regular sleep now, but, all the same, I often feel as if I ought to be out and about. For, oh, sir! my heart is sometimes sore with longing just to have the old times back again once more.

Yes, I do dream about the adventures I have had, over and over again. And many a time, in the day as well, when I am tired of gardening, I sit down here in my little summer-house, and then,

while I smoke my pipe, everything comes back to me with wonderful clearness. Often I think, it will comfort me on my death-bed, sir, to remember I have done my best for the public—and I humbly hope that a merciful God will remember it too.

Oh, aye, it is about those horse-stealers you wanted to hear.

Well, sir, as I left off telling you, that horse was gone, and was heard of no more. But I just pulled myself together, so to speak, and I made up my mind that such a thing shouldn't be allowed to happen again in these parts.

For five days and nights, me and four constables kept on the watch. Bless you, I know every bend and every dip of those Surrey hills. There are wild and lonely spots enough among the heather.

Not much in the line of highwaymen, nowadays, but rumours of a ghost now and again, so that the women-folk won't pass that way. Why, the hoot of a barn-owl, or the bare sight of the trees rising up black against the sky, will give a woman the jumps, if she be out at night-time, in a scared state of mind. And often, sir, I have hardly met a man either, on my rounds.

Well, it happened on the sixth day that we heard the horse-stealers were likely to turn up again in our neighbourhood.

As it was only a report, however, the first thing I did was to walk up to the railway-station and make inquiries. There I found that three strange men had actually arrived that very afternoon. Yes, they had come from London—Waterloo Station, for it was on their tickets.

One of them, it seemed, was dressed like a gentleman, in a tweed suit, with drab gaiters and a stiff wide-awake. He also sported a watch and wore rings—massive gold rings—on his fingers.

Having learnt this much, I went on to the village, and looked in at 'The Rising Sun.' Oh, yes, the strangers had been there for their meal, and it wasn't very long since they had left. One of them had eaten in a separate room—he gave himself great airs, did Gentleman George!—and the other two in the tap-room.

No doubt, they had laid their plans carefully beforehand, and were only waiting for the night, to put them into execution. At least, such was my conclusion, when I found that they had made themselves scarce, and that nobody knew what had become of them. But what more likely, I thought, than that having got what they wanted, the early dawn would see them on the high road to London.

However, that very afternoon, I had an order from my chief to arrest the three men at once, if possible, for a former theft; after which, knowing myself to be on the right track, I felt a deal easier in my mind.

So in the evening, I took one of the constables with me, and we set off for a little inn that stands about four and a half miles from the village, on the London road.

You may perhaps remember it, sir—a poor, tumbledown sort of place, but well enough in its way, called 'The Traveller's Rest.' The landlord was an honest, respectable old chap, however, and he had promised to help me, as far as lay in his power.

Well, I hadn't much to go upon, whatsoever, but somehow my instinct told me that, before very long, they would come along that way. I have generally found, through all my experiences, that instinct is a pretty sure guide to go by. Folk do declare that a woman's instinct is a more certain thing than a man's, and in most cases—why, I am not for saying they are wrong.

Anyhow, we stationed ourselves at that particular point, where the three roads meet, and there we hung out for maybe four hours, or more.

There was half a moon at the time, I remember. I have always nursed a sort of kindly feeling for the moon. But somehow, she had a cold, unfriendly look about her that night, as if she took no manner of interest in our doings. My wife says I am a bit fantastical, sir, at times, and that my fancies are of the queerest.

However, just as we were turning testy-like, at about one o'clock in the morning, there comes a rumble of wheels in the distance, and then the sound of a horse's hoofs.

In a jiffy, we had crept behind the hedge, and there we lay hidden, until the conveyance came up with us. A two-wheeled chaise it was, with three men in it, and drawn by a handsome bay.

We followed them along until they reached the inn, where, as I had fully expected, they came to a standstill. The landlord soon bustled out to receive them, for we had already arranged that he should take them in.

It was Gentleman George who spoke up, and said they wanted beds.

'I've only got one, sir,' said old Jeremy Jones, 'but that's a big one, and will hold you all three quite comfortable. And now, gentlemen, what will you take? Is there anything we can do for you?'

Yes, they ordered ham and eggs, to be ready sharp. Meanwhile two of them took their conveyance round to the back, and put up the horse in the stable. We saw them come out, Jack and I, and go round to the house, where everything was in a state of commotion. No wonder the old wife did not care to begin cooking again, at that time of night.

'Do you think we can tackle them, sergeant?' whispered Jack to me, as we popped out from our ambush.

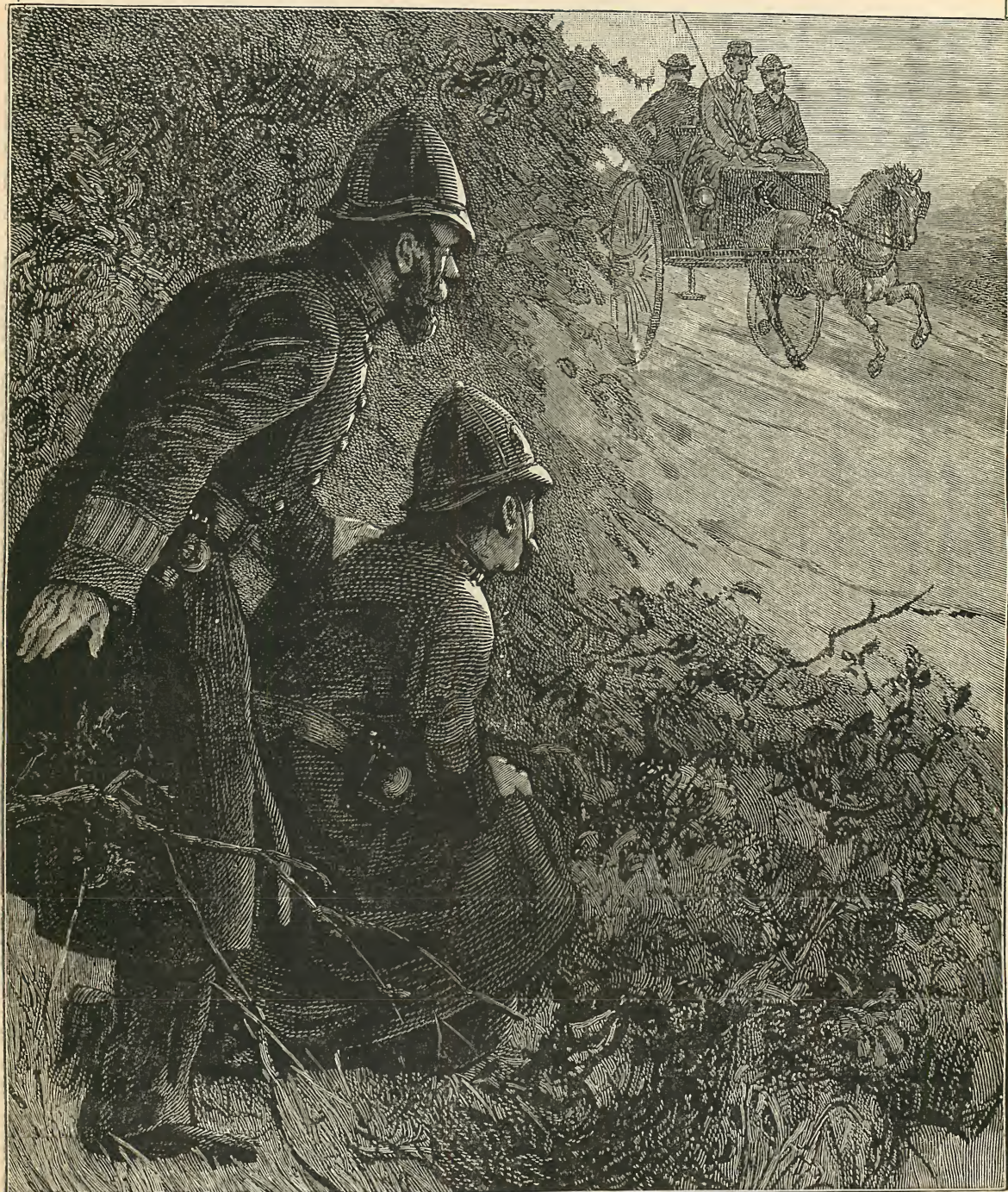
'Tackle them—why, of course we can. Do you doubt it, Jack?'

But here I turned to look at the poor young chap, and lo and behold, if he hadn't gone and worked himself up into a mortal funk. Jack was quite white in the moonlight, and there he stood, wiping his brow, though it was a late autumn night, and the air quite keen.

'It is all in the way of duty, my lad,' I said, as kindly as I could, for he had not been long in the force, and was a fresh hand at this kind of play. 'You know what England expects, Jack—and we will do it. We will never give in, never!'

The three men went up to bed before very long. It was Mrs. Jones who came to the back door, and told me how the land lay. They said they had important business to do next day, and must be called at five.

(Concluded at page 158.)



"We crept behind the hedge, and there we lay hidden until the conveyance came up with us."



"As Grim sprang out, the Indian shot him dead with a revolver."

PRAIRIE LIFE AND ADVENTURE.

(Concluded from page 147.)

CHAPTER XX.—'JUDGMENT IS MINE,' SAITH THE LORD.



THE man, who spoke English with a peculiar accent, then said, 'We shall have to be cautious; the old miser may be lying low, ready to pot us if we come nearer.'

'No,' said the other, 'not there. Dog bark if master within, no howl. Dog know death coming. So howl.'

And with that the Indian stepped up to the door, lifted the latch, and, as Grim sprang out with a fierce cry, shot him dead with a revolver.

'My turn next,' thought old Rudyard, and held his breath, and crouched lower behind the bushes; but the two men were too much interested in what they were about to discover him. They went into the hut and began their search for Rudyard's money, and the thought of his treasure falling into their hands kept him on the spot at all risks. He forgot his own peril, the money was dearer than life, and he thought, 'I will see those men's faces, and hear them speak more, so that I shall have no difficulty in identifying them at the right time.'

He crawled round to the back of the house, and, hiding among a heap of timber piled for firewood, he heard the search go on. The men talked aloud, and seemed no longer to fear his return. They had found his gun in its place, no doubt, and they were armed with revolvers.

He heard the exclamation of delight both gave when at last, after turning everything upside down, they came upon his hoard of money. After that they were more quiet for a little, until he heard the half-breed say, 'Well, here's luck to our trade! Long may it flourish!'

Then there was a laugh, and a clinking of cups; and he knew they had also found his secret bottle of brandy, and were helping themselves to that also. Presently the same speaker said, 'I wonder how long the old man is going to keep us waiting?'

'Have money, what more?' asked the Indian.

'More? why, *this* is not all his hoard. He must have another, and, as we cannot find it, I mean to make him tell us where it is.'

'How?'

'By trapping the old fox in his burrow, catch him as he comes to the door, force him to tell where he has his hoard, and after that any hole will do to put his old carcase in.'

'He may not come.'

'Oh, yes, he will. Rudyard does not pay visits except to his traps and snares. He will come when the daylight is quite gone; he always does. He should be here soon.'

'Let us go see. He wonder dog silent. Door no shut. Light inside.'

'No, he will just think some free-and-easy settlers have effected an entrance and made themselves at home, as is the fashion in this land. But we might take a look.'

They left the hut and stood a little way from the door for a few minutes, and that was old Rudyard's chance.

He meant to make a desperate attempt to get into his shak and secure his gun. So, as the two men strolled a little down the track he crept from among the timber, and was hoping to get round to the door unobserved when a sudden cry caused him to stop short.

Only for a minute though. He heard smothered oaths, fierce breathings, and struggling, and he knew that one of the men must have fallen upon the other, why Rudyard did not pause to ask himself.

Swift as a supple boy he stole into his shak, bolted the door, got down his rifle, and sent a shot flying through the window in the direction of the combatants, who stopped their fight and at once dashed into the scrub.

It is probable that they would soon have attempted (and successfully) to master poor old Rudyard; but no sooner had the report of his rifle lost itself in the silence of night than he heard a voice come ringing up the ravine from the broad trail through the valley, 'Who shoots at this hour? Is help wanted up there.'

'Yes, help! help!' old Rudyard shouted; and very soon the tramp of a horse came nearer, and the voice called again, 'Where are you?'

'Here, friend, come, for God's sake!' the old man cried, and he told me once, when we were talking it all over, that his own cry, 'for God's sake,' smote him with a sharp pain, for it was long years since he had asked anything in that blessed name.

The welcome new-comer was a lad from a distant ranch who knew old Rudyard and his place of abode. You may imagine Barker's surprise and horror at what Rudyard had to tell. He remained all night at the shak, and they kept a sharp look-out for the return of the ruffians, but I suppose they thought flight the safer thing to do, or had quarrelled outright, for no attack was made.

Of course, Barker wished to go and report the affair at once, but old Rudyard did not want that. He argued that it would be difficult for him to identify the rascals, even if they were caught. 'They will lie low while the search goes on. Those Indians look so much alike I should never be able to swear to that one—though I believe it was wandering Nacot—and I think the man with him was a white, dressed and painted. If that is so, he can wash himself and put on decent clothes, and defy me to bring this night's job home to him. Now, if I keep quiet and out of the way, he will think I have got a thorough scare, and may not be so careful to hide himself.'

So Rudyard persuaded Nat Barker to agree to his plan, and take him to the neighbourhood of his ranch and keep him hid until such time as the old man might think right.

They agreed to leave the shak in its topsy-turvy condition, so that any settlers who came that way

might believe that old Rudyard had been robbed and murdered. Such a belief would help his plan, he thought, and it did. When all was agreed upon, Rudyard took up his bag of money. 'You see this,' he said; 'I have led a selfish, solitary life for this; but, from to-day, I shall put money to a better use.'

He took that bag away with him, but he left his larger hoard where it had long lain, and where Cecil and Brownie found it. I suppose the old man never imagined any one would 'strike' that bag of money, but you know my squaw did with the assistance of his retriever and Brownie. Rudyard could give no reason for leaving poor Grim unburied in the shak, and I suppose in his haste and flurry he forgot. He meant to return in a few weeks, but, when Nat Barker got him to Cargill, he took ill, and lay there with rheumatic fever for some weeks. Only Nat saw the old man, and he did not mention his name to anybody but the chum who shared his ranch—people only heard that a stranger was ill at Barker's place.

When the spring was well advanced, Rudyard got quietly away to the Rockies, and remained there trapping, and 'lending a hand' when wanted. Of course, no one with whom he came in contact dreamed that 'Badger John,' as they called him, was 'old Rudyard' from the East Bend, who had been advertised for in the papers.

He said later that he scarcely knew himself, for something in his heart, that had been like a lump of ice, was thawing and warming. 'I guess,' he told me, 'the winter was by, and seed time was in my soul—felt like it; and mayhap, though late, there will be a harvest too.'

It was not wonderful, then, if people failed to recognise in the kindly old trapper the recluse who had earned no good name for himself in our district; and so Rudyard went on doing his best to 'redeem the time,' and to wait his chance of identifying the rascals who had so nearly made repentance impossible for him.

One day he was lounging by a creek fishing, and some men came past, laughing together. The voice of one of them struck on the old man's ear like a trump of doom, for it was the voice of the man who had planned to rob and kill him. He was *sure* now that the man was no half-breed or Indian. He was white, and clothed in ordinary dress.

Rudyard's belief that this *was* the man was confirmed by one of the party saying, 'Yes, boys, I tell you he makes up splendid; does the half-breed to the life.'

Then the man himself said, 'You will not know me when I get on my war paint.'

That was quite enough for Rudyard. He kept his own face well out of sight, but from that day he never lost the trail of Robert Mutt, determined to make absolutely sure of his identity and then have him secured.

'There are more folk than knaves like him who can make up,' Rudyard told me; 'and I tried my hand at a little disfigurement too. I *was* changed inwardly, and a bit of a shave and the like made me as different from what I had been as possible, so, though Mutt was near me more than once, he did

not know me. Still I did not give him much chance, I was so keen to bring him to punishment. But the Judge of all the earth had a different way of deciding what should happen.'

While the old man was 'shadowing' Mutt, he took up his abode in a cave in the gully, and there our sharp-eyed young scientist, looking for specimens and lost bronchos, found him. But Rudyard took Cecil into his confidence, and there and then they made an agreement by which Brownie was to act as telegraph, and convey any news he might glean of Mutt or Nacot to the amateur detective, who had made up his mind to hunt them down.

A hint from Rudyard, that tobacco and tea would be as welcome as news, had (as I told you) resulted in the emptying of my tobacco-jar and tea-caddy.

But the scheme was an excellent one, for Cecil sent word to Rudyard of Nacot's accident and illness at Strathearn, and all the other circumstances which I have told you, which went to prove the wickedness of Robert Mutt. Thus Rudyard was never very far from the ruffian, and, if he had not made up his mind, like others, that poor wandering Nacot was Mutt's confederate, he might have saved the Indian. Confirmation of his statements came from Sam, Cecil, and Brownie. Of course, the tragedy and all its details made a great noise, and the whole country-side was talking of nothing else for weeks, while I was lying so desperately ill.

But one day I woke up to see mother sitting by me, looking a little white and anxious, though tears of gladness were in her eyes, and I said, 'What is the matter? and what has come to my hands?' I could scarcely lift them, and they were all skin and bone.

She bent over me and kissed me, and her tears fell on my face as she said, 'Darling, you have been very ill, but the worst is over, thank God! and you will soon get well, now you have turned the corner.'

It was not a bad old time I had getting well; and how they all petted me, to be sure. Mother was never far from my bed, coaxing me to eat some tasty dish, or reading and singing to me.

And Cecil would shake up the pillows, and lift me over as deftly as if he were a trained nurse.

For a few days I lay in a sort of pleasant dream, too lazy, or too weak, to ask questions, or even think. But presently I began to recall bit by bit that horrible scene by the river, and then I asked if Nacot had been found, and I heard the whole sad story of his death. How sorry I felt for the poor Indian, and yet I was glad when mother said, 'In the giving of his life Nacot proved himself all that you, Frank, believed him to be; and I say, with dear little Nora, "it is sometimes better to die than to live." In his death the Indian was as noble as any Christian white man could be in his life.'

When I was stronger, Nora came to see me, and in her gentle way gave me most of the touching details of Nacot's last hours. Then old Rudyard came and added his vivid descriptions of what had occurred. And so did others, until I had heard it all, and had added my own narrative, which filled in the gap in the pathetic story.



"All at once the linnet sweetly
Warbles out its summer song."

I am almost well now, but they will not let me get about to do any work yet; so I have employed myself in telling you all this. I am afraid my record of our adventures has changed the day-to-day reports into something in the form of a story, but that is because of my illness, you see; and I dare say it reads as well in one way as the other.

THE LINNET'S PETITION.

By CLARIBEL.

ON a thorn a linnet perches;
Underneath, a schoolboy rough
For a stone intently searches,—
'I shall hit him, sure enough!'

Arm upraised to aim discreetly,
'I shall bring him down ere long!'
All at once the linnet sweetly
Warbles out its summer song.

Thrilling, trilling, all unheeding,
Working all the while a spell;
For its life the linnet pleading,
Warbles tenderly and well.

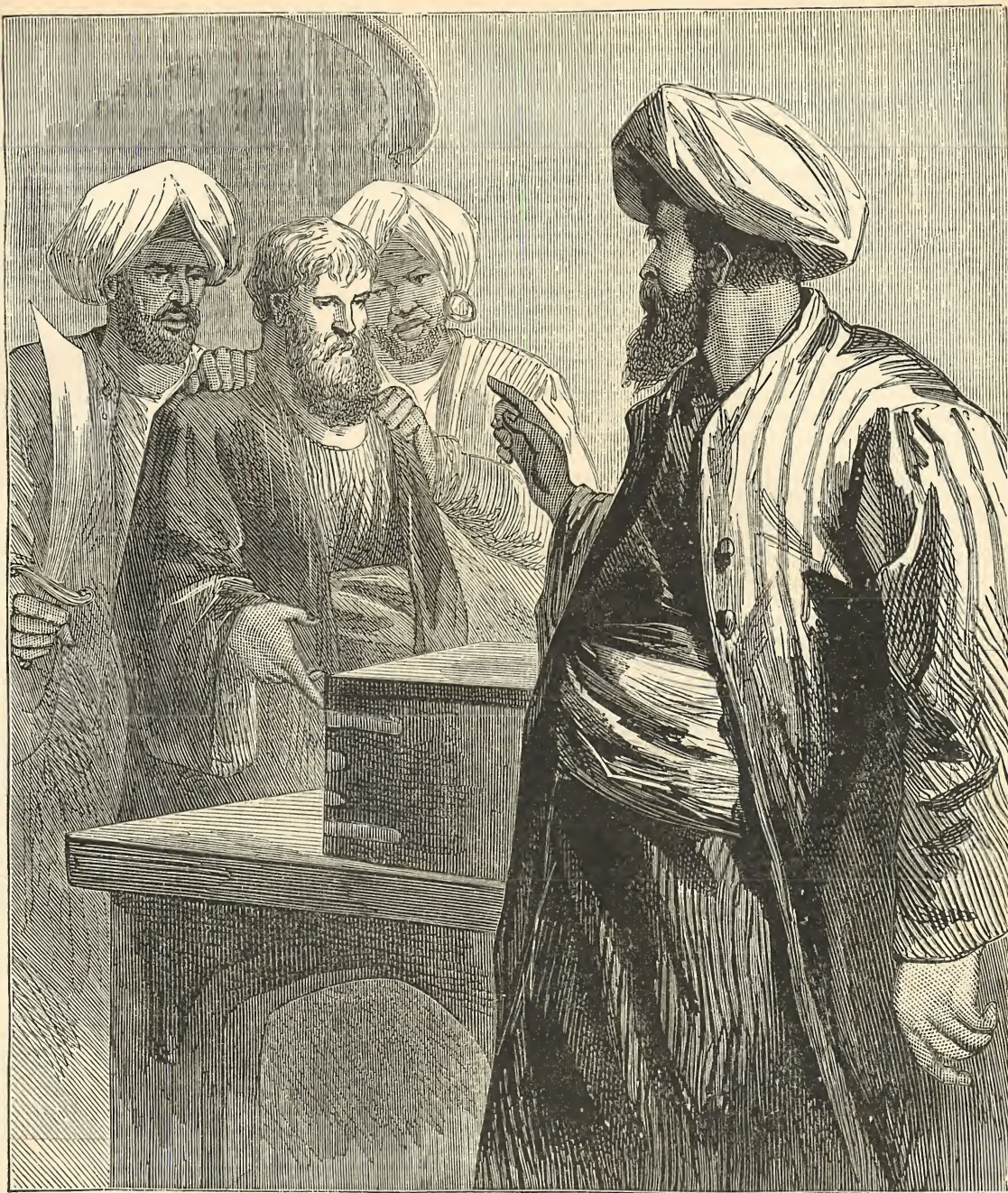
Such a gust of joyous singing
Falls upon the truant's ear,
Through the woods its echo ringing
Makes the music doubly clear.

Dropped the lifted hand in wonder,
Harmlessly the pebble fell:
'Child, what made you spare the linnet?'
'Oh, because he sung so well!'

THE REAL CULPRIT.

HASSAN was the treasurer of the Grand Vizier, and to his care were assigned his master's valuables—chains and rings and seals, jewelled weapons, costly embroideries, and treasures of all kinds. Hassan, though an honest man, had enemies, who, being envious of him, determined to ruin him if they could get a chance. One day Hassan had been looking over the treasures, as he did from time to time, to see that all was safe, with no companion with him but a pet monkey—a mischievous little beast.

On the table at his side was a chest, the lid of which was open. This chest he meant to fill with



"Let the chest be at once opened to convict the prisoner of his crime."

presents for his married daughter, whose name and address in Morocco—the place where her husband lived—were inscribed on the box. Presently Hassan sat down to rest, and, being tired, he dropped asleep for about a quarter of an hour. When he awoke he did not notice that the monkey had disappeared, that the lid of the chest was shut down, and that an end of crimson ribbon was hanging out of one corner of the chest—the lid having shut down upon it. Neither did he notice—being still rather sleepy—

that, when he afterwards put away his master's treasures, two or three things were missing. When he had finished, his servant knocked at the door, and, upon Hassan unlocking it, he was informed that one of the ministers, named Ibrahim, wished to speak with him.

Now Ibrahim was really Hassan's worst enemy, though he had always assumed a friendly air which had deceived the treasurer. No sooner did the visitor enter the room than he espied the chest and

the direction on it—the crimson ribbon which he had seen attached to the Vizier's jewelled girdle hanging outside it.

'Now is the time to accuse and ruin him,' thought Ibrahim. 'Clearly he has stolen his master's treasures, and is sending them out of the country to his daughter.'

However, he said nothing at the time to show his suspicions.

That very evening two armed men appeared at Hassan's house, saying that they were to arrest him and bring him into the presence of the Vizier. Two other officers also arrived to convey the chest into the minister's presence.

'Let the chest be at once opened to convict the prisoner of his crime,' cried the Vizier. 'If, as there is no doubt, he is guilty, instant execution shall be his fate!'

The lid of the chest—the lock of which was made so as to fasten when the box was shut—was at once forced open. Imagine the surprise of all beholders when on opening it a little dead monkey, dressed up in the jewelled girdle and gold chain of the Vizier, was found lying on the embroidered dress which was destined for Hassan's daughter.

'The dead monkey speaks for himself,' cried the Vizier. 'He is the thief, he has expiated his crime by death. He is the best witness for his master, but the worst for himself. What man would send a dead monkey to his daughter?'

Great was Hassan's relief and joy, though he lamented his lost pet. As soon as he was released he gave orders that the monkey should be stuffed and placed in the room where the treasures were kept, as a memorial that he had saved his master's life by his silent testimony. E. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

21.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHICH is the queen of the roses?
2. If your mother had a child who was neither your sister nor your brother, what relation was it to you?
3. What question can only be answered by saying Yes?
4. If I buy four cakes for a penny, and give away one of them, why am I like a telescope?
5. Why does a duck waddle across the road?
6. Which is best—five pounds in gold, or a five-pound note?
7. Is there any difference between fish alive and live fish?
8. What is that word of three syllables to which if you add two you will make it one syllable?
9. What is a salmon on a gravel path like?
10. What animal has four legs when it is alive and only two when it is dead?
11. Which is the hardest key to turn?
12. If I shoot at three birds and miss one, how many will remain?
13. What is the difference between a school-master and an engine-driver?
14. Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace?
15. Show that doctors frequent bad company.
16. Why are poultry the most profitable creatures on a farm?

22.—WORD PUZZLES.

1. CURTAIL an act, and you will see a river.
2. Curtail a metal, and you will see a meadow.
3. Behead a great motive power, and you will see one of less power.
4. Behead the seat of thought, and take your umbrella.
5. Behead a plant, and find a garden-tool.

C. C.

[Answers at page 174.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|------------|------------|
| 20.—1. Kill. | 6. Still. | 11. Quill. | 15. Trill. |
| 2. Bill. | 7. Twill. | 12. Quill. | 16. Hill. |
| 3. Pill. | 8. Will. | 13. Rill. | 17. Brill. |
| 4. Gill. | 9. Mill. | 14. Grill. | 18. Nil. |
| 5. Drill. | 10. Fill. | | |

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

A CLEVER CAPTURE.

(Concluded from page 151.)



ELL, when the lights were all put out in the house, Jack and I found our way round to the front.

As for myself, sir, I believe I may safely say, that I always keep pretty cool and collected. Nor have I ever known, when a thing had got to be done, what it was to feel afraid. And as

for self-control—well, it's a certain fact, that if a policeman loses his temper, that means he loses his power at once.

'Now, my lad,' I said, briskly, 'let us go and take a look at the horse.'

The stable door was without a lock, so we walked in, just as if the place belonged to us.

There she stood, the sweetest creature imaginable. A beautiful bay mare, with sleek, glossy skin, and soft, bright eyes—gentle as a child, yet full of spirit and high breeding. Gentleman George, I guess, was no bad judge of horse-flesh. When we came away, I slipped a cuff on the hasp, and made the door secure.

But what dummies those men were, to be sure! In the trap in the yard, lying quite openly, they had left three life-preservers, a jemmy, and a collar that was made to let out, so as to fit any horse. No doubt they had been off guard, and badly in want of their sleep. All the better for us, as I observed to Jack, and cheered him up a bit.

At the front door, of course, old Jeremy was waiting, and let us in at once. But it seemed he had something on his mind, and, now or never, he meant to have his say.

'Now, Sergeant Bailey,' he began, and for all his determined voice, I could see he was trembling like an ague, 'just you be persuaded by me, and let this

business go by. You have got no chance, not a bit of it. Your young man there is not properly fledged by the look of him. And remember, it is two to three—one of those three being a horse-dealer, of real desperate character. You had better throw it up, sergeant. Think of your wife! Think of your poor little children, Bailey!’

‘That is just what I’m not going to do,’ said I. ‘And I will never give up my duty, Mr. Jones—not while I have a drop of blood left in my body.’

This silenced old Jeremy. Then I got him to help us to clear away the fender and fire-irons. Everything that could be used in self-defence, we put out of the bar. Lastly, we hasted the windows.

‘Now, Mr. Jones,’ I said, ‘what you have got to do is to tramp about down here, and make as much noise as half-a-dozen men put together. Let them think we have more constables within call, and they will soon cave in, no fear.’

The landlord still looked a bit cut up, but promised to do his level best.

‘Now, Jack,’ says I, ‘to work we go. Keep cool and collected, that is the ticket. Don’t, on any account, use your truncheon till you see me use mine. Don’t use it, my lad, unless you are in danger of your life.’

The old sergeant’s blood got up as he told the story. His hazel eyes gleamed steadily into mine, keen and deep-set under their bushy, projecting brows. There was about him an air of dogged steadfastness. He looked more like a mastiff than ever—ready to spring, and not likely to let go his grip in a hurry.

Well, sir, we put out the lights, and made for the door. Then the very first thing my young policeman does, is to trip up the landlord and to throw him down on his face. Being still rather flurried, he had mistaken him for one of the thieves. However, he humbly asked pardon, and plucked up his courage, poor chap.

So upstairs we went, and stole quietly into the room. There lay the men, all in a row, and as fast asleep as you could wish, in the big four-poster.

I flashed my bull’s-eye on them, and then before you could say ‘Jack Robinson,’ I had thrown myself right across the three of them.

They woke up pretty quickly after that, I can tell you, tired and sleepy as they were.

‘Now then, my man,’ I said, to the one on the outside, ‘get out and dress. Don’t make a fuss—you’re quite done for. I say, Jack, just step to the stairs and tell those constables not to kick up such a row. I will call out when I want them.’

The first man crept out, shaking all over, and began to dress himself. He seemed perfectly dazed with the surprise, and spoke never a word.

The second likewise offered no resistance, and began to put on his clothes, quite quiet-like.

But it wasn’t so easy to deal with Gentleman George, who swore and blustered, while he kicked out.

‘You have trapped me at last,’ cried my gentleman, ‘but I shan’t be taken alive. Make your mind easy, man—I am determined about that.’

‘It is no good resisting,’ I said quite coolly, though it took all my strength to hold him down, ‘for I am just as determined to take you alive.’

Accordingly, we had a sharp tussle together, and he managed to give me a black eye.

‘Are you Sergeant Bailey?’ he blurted out on a sudden.

‘That is my name,’ says I.

‘Then the game is up,’ says he, with a groan. And after that, I had no more trouble with him.

We slipped a cuff on to each man in turn, with Gentleman George, fastened on each wrist, in the middle.

But you may picture their rage and confusion when we got them downstairs, and the only person they could catch sight of on the premises was poor old Jeremy Jones. They swore that if they had only guessed my tactics, they would never have given in.

Well, well! a horse and trap were soon harnessed, and we made the three men sit on the back seat, while the constable drove. As for me, I walked behind, watching the prisoners, with my bull’s-eye in one hand, ready to flash on them at any moment, and with the other leading the stolen mare.

Sir, that was about the slowest procession that I have ever taken part in. Two and a half miles an hour, at walking pace. It was like a dead march, I can assure you, sir, that tramp to Guildford.

However, once there, we got them off our hands, and a good job too.

‘Now, sergeant,’ said the chief constable, ‘you will have some tea, and then you must lie down awhile. Remember, to-day is Bench day, and you will have to give evidence. Dead beat, I’m sure you must be, after a week of it.’

‘Thank you, kindly,’ says I, ‘but no rest for me until I find the owner of that mare.’

Well, he was very pressing, was the chief, and the offer sounded a tempting one to a man fairly played out as I was. But all the same, I turned away from the office, and walked up the street.

It was still early, and not many folk were astir. But away in the distance a conveyance hove in view, and came rattling over the stones at a tidy pace.

‘Is there anything the matter, sir?’ I shouted, when the driver was within hail.

‘Yes,’ said the gentleman, pulling up short; ‘my bay mare was stolen last night.’

‘Then I’ve got her for you, sir,’ says I, saluting him in proper form.

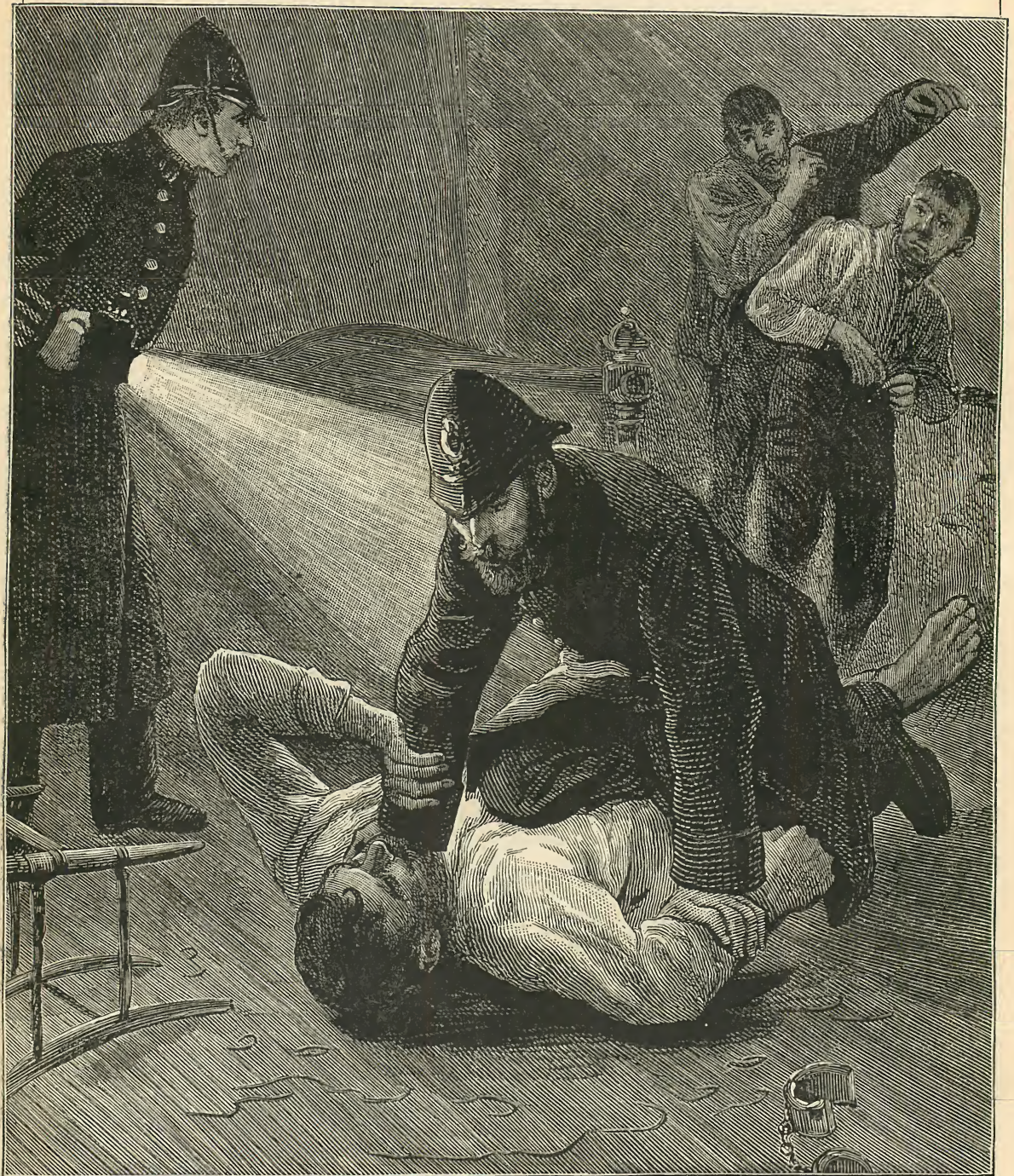
Well, nothing would serve him but I must get up into the trap, and go back with him to the office. Of course, I had to tell him all about it, and you bet, sir, if he didn’t squeeze my hand. It seemed the mare was a tremendous favourite with his wife, and they had not been long married.

The mare’s name was a good-fitting one, for they called her Beauty. And I rode her home myself, with a well-contented sort of feeling, as I am not going to deny.

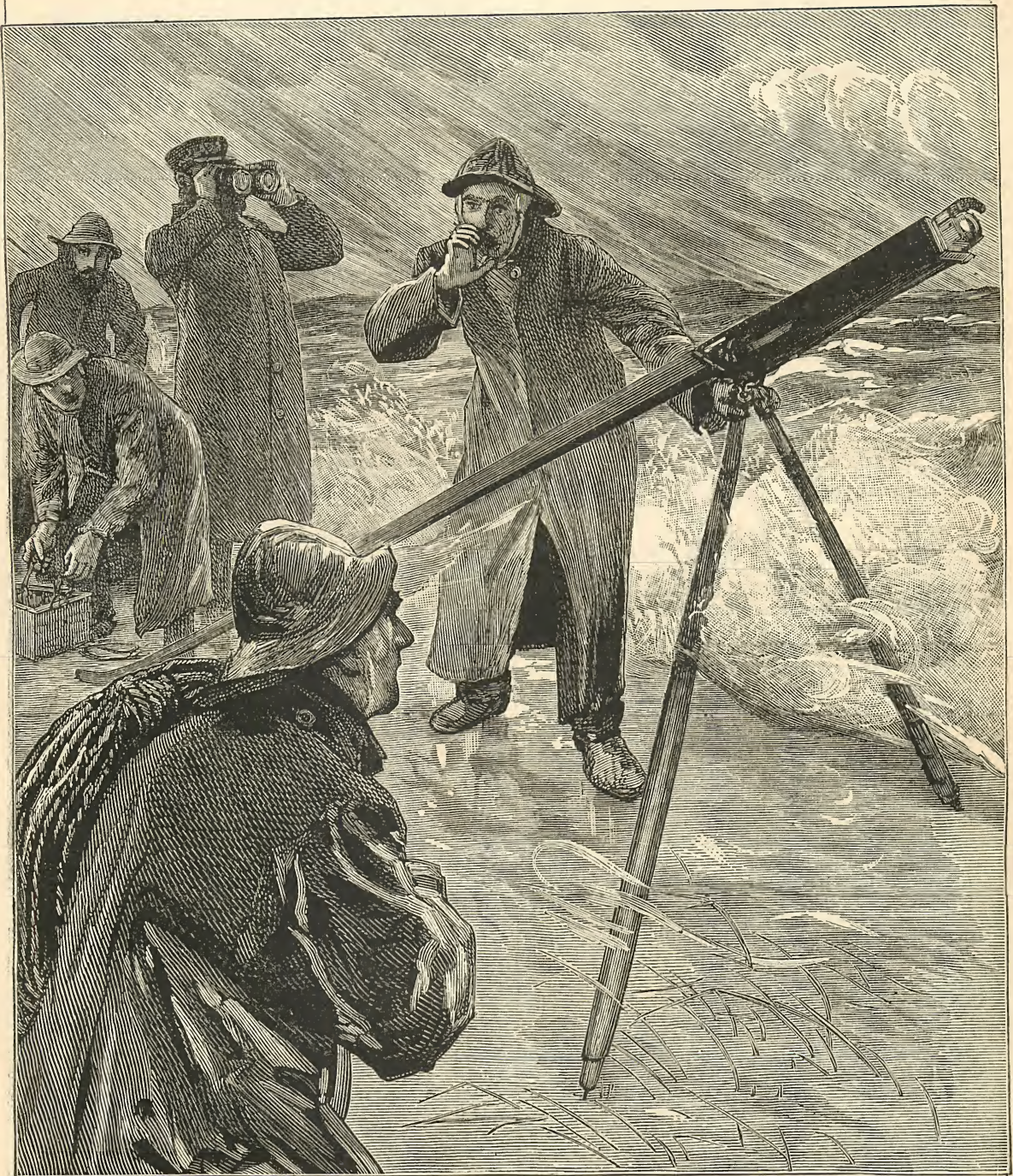
It was a fine red-brick mansion, not more than five miles away, and I had a right royal breakfast when I got there. They were a handsome, generous couple, those two, and come of good old English families on either side.

Oh, yes, sir, I had my reward, sure enough, and a pretty solid one it was, too.

That is the end of my yarn for to-day, and I hope it has not wearied you, sir. FLORA SCHMALZ.



"You've trapped me at last, but I sha'n't be taken alive."



"The Coastguardsmen hastily made their preparations."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

By FOX RUSSELL.



IN a beautiful and well-cultivated part of Dorsetshire, and within about two miles of the sea, stood a long rambling manor house. Its gardens, leading one out of the other, were bordered by huge elm-trees and venerable oaks, standing in park-like meadows; these spread themselves out on one side to the woods which partially bounded the domain. A home-farm and a range of old-fashioned stables, coach-houses, and out-buildings, adjoined the house.

In and about the whole place were to be seen domestics, both male and female, who had grown grey in the service of the estate and of the Brampton family: a family whose name was honoured throughout the country, and with reason, for successive generations of the Bramptons had sent forth brave sailors, gallant soldiers, grave and pious bishops and judges, to serve the State and do their country honour.

At the time our story opens, the old manor house was in possession of a high-spirited boy, Bernard, Lord Brampton, the last of his race. Both father and mother had died whilst he was still in infancy, and the boy had been brought up in charge of the old housekeeper, a sweet-natured, simple old soul, who had been in the service of the family since her girlhood, and of his tutor, a distant cousin, who had retired from the active duties of the Church after serving some years as curate of an East-end parish. Gentle as a woman, Charles Devenish was entirely unfitted for the harrowing scenes with which his parish duties had brought him in contact, and at thirty-five, when he retired from them to undertake the charge of his cousin's education, his hair was already streaked with grey, and his shoulders bent and stooping as in a premature old age. A distinguished scholar, he also had that somewhat rare gift, the knack of imparting his knowledge easily and pleasantly to others, which made him an ideal teacher of the young. In his cousin, Lord Brampton, he found a naturally clever mind, coupled with a restless energy of body. Blessed with that greatest of gifts, health and strength, the young lord developed as great a taste for improving his mind, as he did for training his muscles; *mens sana in corpore sano*—a sound mind in a sound body—was a motto put up in big letters in his study, and to that motto he always intended, as far as in him lay, to act up.

Of hunting and shooting, he was just beginning to taste the delights in this, his thirteenth year. He had already become a fairly good fisherman, and could generally manage to capture a trout from the stream which ran through the manor grounds. In this he had an apt instructor in Mr. Devenish, whose sole out-door amusement this was, his health being unequal to the strain of any rougher sport. But in the way of hunting, the lad went out alone on a

big, jumping pony, and followed the huntsman: a little too closely, it must be admitted, at times, this being especially the case when Will Frost's horse came down with him jumping a fence one day, and Lord Brampton, being so close behind, could not stop, but fell clean over the prostrate man and horse, fortunately without any injury except a few scratches and a bruise or two, of which no hunting man ever takes any heed.

'Oh, really, my Lord ——' began Will, in tones of remonstrance, when the young lord cut him short by bursting out laughing, and exclaiming, 'I'm awfully sorry, Will. I'll take care to give my leader more room another time. We live and learn, you know. I'll give you a sovereign to pay for that tear in your coat-tail.'

Then Will was constrained to join in the laugh too, and as they got into their respective saddles again and rode on, side by side, in pursuit of the hounds, the huntsman opened out as follows:—'You see, my Lord, it's like this. Riding to hounds is a business, and just the same as any other business, it wants learning. Now, you haven't got any one to teach you, worse luck. Ah! if your poor father had been alive—he was a man to ride. Well, it's no good talking of that now. You have got more pluck than you can do with. What you need is caution, and that will only come with one of two things—age or falls. At the present rate of going on, you will soon qualify in the way of falls, for you get one pretty high every day you comes out hunting.' Which was perfectly true; but our young friend being full of pluck, and as he himself expressed it 'as hard as a brick-bat,' he did not care a straw for them, and went on all the same. Before the close of his first season he had become wiser in his methods, and got fewer tumbles.

With regard to his shooting, he had the advantage of constant teaching by his head gamekeeper, Robins. True, he managed to 'pepper' a ferret on his first day's rabbiting, but luckily the accident did the poor little brute small harm; in fact, old Robins was the principal sufferer by the occurrence, as the pellets had only hit the ferret hard enough to make him very disagreeable, and he vented his ill-temper by nipping the keeper's finger when he picked him up off the ground to see the extent of his injuries. But the boy was an apt scholar, as I have said, and whether the task to which he applied himself was learning to ride over a fence, committing fifty lines of Virgil to memory, or shooting a pheasant in the proper style, he did it with a will and an earnestness which refused to accept defeat. He was good at work, and just as good at play; a better specimen of an English boy it would have been hard to find. Nobody had ever seen him out of temper, and some idea of his personal popularity may be formed from the following scrap of conversation between two old tenants—both pensioned-off servants—on the estate.

'I see our boy'—the young lord was always 'our boy' to them—'I see our boy come home with a fox's brush the other day. My word! but he has got the pluck to ride over the big places, that he has!'

'Pluck? I believe you—but why wouldn't the son of such a father have pluck, indeed? They

used to say that no Dorset farmer ever built a fence which the old lord couldn't get over—with a fall—and he never minded *them*!

'Aye, you're right. Both father and son were made of the stuff that soldiers are built out of. And, with all his boldness, our boy's heart is as tender as a spring chicken.'

It was a dreary, dark, and dismal day. The wind roared across the wild waste of waters, the seas rolled in upon the shore in hills of green. Where they broke, great clouds of foam were blown high up in icy spray. A sky-line of leaden clouds, with here and there an angry half-purple, half-orange coloured lining, added to the weird horror of the raging elements; the very bushes on the shore, sparse and ragged-looking at the best of times, seemed withered by the ceaseless forces of the blast. Two figures, shrouded from head to heels in oilskins, stood upon an eminence a little way inshore of the deserted beach; they were those of the young Lord of Brampton, and of his yacht's skipper, old Ben Collingwood, who had not always been what is known amongst naval men as a 'fair-weather sailor.' In his younger days, Ben had himself been in the Royal Navy, and risen to the rank of quartermaster before leaving the service. Walking out early that dark morning to the shore, he had met his young master, come down to watch the raging elements as they beat, wave after wave, resistlessly upon rock and sand. And now the pair of them were intently watching the struggles of a full-rigged barque as she drove, almost under bare poles, down-channel.

'To my way of thinking, she is coming a lot too close in. With a wind like this, I should want to be clawing off shore a deal farther than that.'

The young lord nodded. Speech in that wild hurricane was no easy matter to those who had not Ben Collingwood's leather lungs.

'What is he trying to do, I wonder?' continued that worthy, as he plied a pair of binoculars ceaselessly in the direction of the fast-driving barque. 'Can't think what his game is, coming in shore as close as this. There's no port and no shelter within ten miles almost.'

'Perhaps he can't help himself,' roared the young lord through his hands formed into a temporary speaking-trumpet.

The old sailor again gazed long and earnestly out to sea. Then he turned to his master and bawled back, 'I begin to believe you are right, my Lord. I don't think the ship's under any control at all.'

'Then, if so—if you are right—what will happen to her?'

Collingwood took off his sou'-wester and gave it a shake, then replacing it on his grizzled, curling locks, he replied, 'If so, nothing in the world can save her. She will drive ashore, and most probably within half a mile, one way or another, of where we are standing now.'

A long pause ensued, during which neither of the two observers spoke or took his eyes off the vessel which they were regarding so intently.

Onwards she came: at one moment rising over a mountain of storm-lashed green sea, at another sink-

ing so low into the hollows of the waves that her hull was completely hidden from those on shore, and only her masts, to which hung ragged ribbons of torn sails, were visible.

'This is horrible!' at length exclaimed the boy. 'Can't we do something, don't you think, Collingwood, to be of some service? Is there a chance of getting a boat out?'

The seaman shook his head. 'What boat would live five minutes in a sea like this?' he said; 'and how could a boat ever be got off the beach, even if it could live? No; if we could get a rocket apparatus here in time, some lives might be saved. But we have no means of calling them. I doubt they've seen this craft, though, from the Coastguard station at East Point. If they have, the apparatus may be here at any moment;' and, even as he spoke, his quick eye caught sight of some unusual movement at the edge of the cliff above where they were standing, and a minute later he saw half-a-dozen oilskin-clad men dragging something along the path bordering the cliff.

'It's them, right enough,' shouted Collingwood. 'In such a place, and with such a sea running as this, the rocket is the only chance: but I'm much afraid she will strike too far out for even that to be used to any purpose.'

A few more minutes passed. The coastguardsmen on the cliff above the little strip of beach hastily made their preparations and got their complicated-looking tackle clear; everything which human foresight and ingenuity could do was done, and now they could only await the dread moment when the ill-fated barque should strike.

(Continued at page 170.)

WHITTINGTON.

BE it fable or truth, about Whittington's youth,
Which the tale of the magical ding-dong
imparts;

Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells

Has a might and a meaning for many sad hearts.

That boy sat him down, and looked back on the town,

Where merchants, and honours, and money were
rife;

With his wallet and stick, little fortuneless Dick

Was desponding, till fairy chimes gave him new
life,

Saying, 'Turn again, Whittington.'

And up rose the boy, with the impulse of joy,

And a vision that saw not the dust at his feet;

And, retracing his road, he was found, with his load,

In the city that gave him its loftiest seat.

Hope, Patience, and Will made him bravely fulfil

What the eloquent tone of the chimes had foretold;

And that echo still came, breathing light on his name,

When by chance his hard fortune seemed rayless
and cold,

Saying, 'Turn again, Whittington.'

Whittington was born at Pauntley, in Gloucestershire, about the year A.D. 1350, and it is said that he left his home at an early age and walked to London.



Whittington at the Top of Highgate Hill.

After many days' walking, and when he reached the top of Highgate Hill and came in sight of London, he sat down tired and sad, and thought of returning home, but the peals of bells that were ringing in the 'big town' made him waver. These sounds, which were wafted on the breeze, seemed to him to say, 'Turn again, Whittington—Turn again, Whittington,' and he took heart and walked on to London, footsore and weary. This may be true or not; it is so long ago, we cannot be sure; but it is quite certain that he became a mercer of great wealth, that he was four times Lord Mayor of London, and that by his large gifts to various charities he did a great deal of good for the poorer folk of the city. He died about A.D. 1423.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

THOSE excellent people who contend that no passions, except those of ferocity, selfishness, and fear, are excited by the terrible scenes of war, are reminded, by reading of many of the Victoria Cross heroes, that some of the highest attributes of Christian charity and unselfish devotion to duty have been called forth whilst men have been engaged in the very thick and forefront of battle. During the cavalry charge at El-Teb in A.D. 1884, the Colonel of the 19th Hussars (Barrow) was severely wounded, and had his horse killed under him. Whilst prostrate on the ground, and entirely helpless, the Arabs surrounded him. His fate seemed sealed, when



Victoria Cross Heroes : Quartermaster-Sergeant William Marshall.

Quartermaster-Sergeant William Marshall rushed to his Colonel's assistance, and the wounded officer having struggled to his feet, Marshall gripped him

by the arm, and succeeded in dragging him back to his own regiment. For this, the gallant soldier was awarded the Cross for valour.

F. R.

KEEPSAKE MILL.

OVER the borders, a sin without pardon,
 Breaking the branches and crawling below;
 Out through the breach in the wall of the garden,
 Down by the banks of the river we go.

Here is the mill with the humming of thunder,
 Here is the weir and the wonder of foam;
 Here is the sluice with the race running under,
 Marvellous places, though handy to home!

Sounds of the village grow stiller and stiller;
 Stiller the notes of the birds on the hill;
 Dusty and dim are the eyes of the miller,
 Deaf are his ears with the moil of the mill.

Years may go by, and the wheel in the river
 Wheels as it wheels for us, children, to-day;
 Wheels and keeps roaring and foaming for ever,
 Long after all of the boys are away.

Home from the Indies and home from the ocean,
 Heroes and soldiers we all shall come home;
 Still we shall find the old mill-wheel in motion,
 Turning and churning that river to foam.

You, with the bean that I gave when we quarrelled;
 I, with your marble of Saturday last;
 Honoured and old and all gaily apparelled,
 Here we shall meet and remember the past.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL BUILDINGS.

THE CENTRAL TELEGRAPH OFFICE.*

MOTHER, how do they send messages by those bits of wires, without tearing them to pieces?' 'They send them in a fluid state, my dear!' was the astonishing answer to the intelligent question.

Who has not heard the story of the simple dame who addressed a *new* pair of boots to her son in the Crimea and hung them on the telegraph wires? The next morning in their place she found an *old* pair, and exclaimed, 'God bless the lad, that is good of him; I never thought he would have sent his old ones back to be repaired!'

An anxious parent, who wished to find her son employment—a light place, because he was delicate—called on a telegraph clerk. The first question she asked was, 'Do you find the telegraph business a great strain upon your system?'

The clerk replied that whenever there was a heavy pressure of work there was certainly a great strain upon the system.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'my son would never be strong enough to pull those wires.'

We do not suppose that any readers of *Chatterbox* think that messages are sent off in a 'fluid' con-

dition, nor yet that the wires convey parcels, nor that the operation of telegraphing is done in the same manner as bell-ringing; but we believe, nevertheless, that a chat about the electric telegraph and its progress may prove interesting to intelligent boys and girls.

The Central Telegraph Buildings constitute a massive block, standing in St. Martin's-le-Grand—a very busy part of the City of London—and are immediately facing the buildings of the General Post Office, about which we shall have something to say further on.

No one man has invented the telegraph, but many eminent men have helped to harness electricity for the conveyance of intelligence. In A.D. 1774, Lesarge established a telegraph at Genoa. It was a clumsy and imperfect contrivance, consisting of twenty-five insulated wires—that word 'insulated' means here, wrapped round and protected from the atmosphere—each wire was in communication with a pith ball. When an electric current was sent over a wire, the pith ball attached to it diverged and so denoted a letter.

The first telegraph in which the galvanic battery was used was Soemmering's, A.D. 1809. It consisted of thirty-five wires. Twenty-five of these denoted the German alphabet, the remainder numerals. It should be known and remembered that what the steam-engine is to the train, the galvanic battery is to the electric telegraph, for as without the engine the train is at a standstill, so without the battery the telegraph cannot be worked.

It was upon July 25th, 1837, that Cooke and Wheatstone, the inventors of a telegraphic instrument, tried their famous experiment of communication by telegraph between Euston Square and Camden Town.

'Never before,' said Wheatstone afterwards when speaking about this experiment, 'did I feel such a tumultuous sensation, as when all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click, and, as I spelled the words, I felt the magnitude of the invention, now proved to be practical beyond all cavil and dispute.' Eight years later this five-needle instrument was worked on wires connecting Slough station with Paddington railway station.

One Wednesday (New-year's Day, A.D. 1845), a woman named Sarah Hart was murdered by a Quaker named Tarvell, in her cottage at Satchill, near Slough. The following telegram was sent for his immediate arrest: 'A murder has just been committed at Satchill, near Slough, and the suspected murderer was seen to take a first-class ticket for London, by the train which left Slough at 7.42 p.m. He is in the garb of a Quaker, with a brown great-coat on, which reaches nearly down to his feet; he is in the last compartment of the second first-class coach.' The alphabet used for this kind of instrument having no Q, the word Quaker was spelt 'Kwaker.' Thanks to the telegram Tarvell was arrested, but not until he had been followed for some time.

One of the most important instruments is the sounder. This is composed of two small coils with an armature attached to them, regulated by a spring. The sounder has this immense advantage over the

* For many of the interesting facts, figures, and anecdotes in this paper we are indebted to Mr. J. Furby, of the Central Telegraph Office, who kindly lent us a copy of his lecture-notes.

needle that it allows the receiver to concentrate his sight upon the form on which he writes the message he is receiving by sounds or clicks, caused by the armature striking the coils; while the needle-clerk has to glance from his needle to his paper, and thus perform two operations to one performed on the sounder. In connexion with this apparatus—for the purpose of sending—is a key: when this key is depressed an electric current passes along the wire, flows through the coils of the sounder at the receiving station and draws the armature down, which causes a slight clicking sound to take place. A short signal is given for a dot and a longer signal for a dash, the alphabet being the same as that on the printer—the Morse.

One of the most fascinating departments is the Press News Room. Here the world's deeds and misdeeds are told upon hundreds of automatic fast-speed machines, almost as soon as they are accomplished, at the rate of from 350 to 500 words a minute. For the greater facility of press-work the various towns are grouped together in sections, as, for instance, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, which take the news for the press at the same time. The longest wire made up for press-work is that to Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Newcastle.

Some idea of the amount of work accomplished in this room may be gained from the fact that 1,050,000 words were telegraphed over the Home Rule Bill of A.D. 1886. If you would the better realise what this number signifies work it out thus: 'If a man counted at the speed of fifty per minute, reckoning eight hours to the day, how long would it take him to count 1,050,000 words?'

The 'Racing' department of the Central Telegraph Buildings is in connexion with all the various grand stands, and the results of any races are signalled immediately they become known. A special bevy of clerks is appointed to this work.

The Continental Cable Room is in direct communication with the Continental cities. Fifty wires, distributed throughout the Continent, provide employment for 214 clerks. The most important of the fifty are those working to the Paris Bourse, Central Paris, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Calais, Boulogne, Rome, Brussels, Hamburg, and Berlin. On an average, 15,000 telegrams are dealt with daily, which are entirely Continental. Referring once more to our system of telegraphy for news purposes, we may say that no country can show so complete a provision as there is in vogue at the Central Telegraph Station. Over a dozen wires are at work day and night—on the Wheatstone fast-speed principle—at an average speed of 300 words per minute, while over thirty newspapers obtain the use of special wires, and the service of clerks from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. There is not a town in the country that produces a daily paper which is not placed in direct communication with London after six in the evening.

It was one of the wonders of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee Day that before she left Buckingham Palace Her Majesty touched a knob which sent her greeting to her subjects the wide world over: 'From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them!'

The electric current passes at the speed of 280,000

miles per second. But this statement means nothing unless you can experiment with these figures and so get to understand them.

We conclude our chat about the Central Telegraph Office with an account of an amusing incident which occurred some time ago at a telegraph station. A lady sent a message to a friend, and had been surprised to see it passed up a shoot which led to the instrument room at the top of the building.

She had waited some short time when the answer came down by the same means, and was handed to her in an envelope, duly fastened. She looked at it in wonder.

'Has this come from London?' she asked.

'Yes, ma'am,' replied the clerk.

She paused, and then, looking steadily at him, said, 'Why, young man, the wafer is wet!'

He explained that for the sake of secrecy all messages were enclosed in envelopes before being sent out for delivery; but even then she doubted him, and as she left the office he heard her say to her companion: 'I am quite sure this is not Louisa's hand-writing!'

JAMES CASSIDY.

RETRIBUTION.



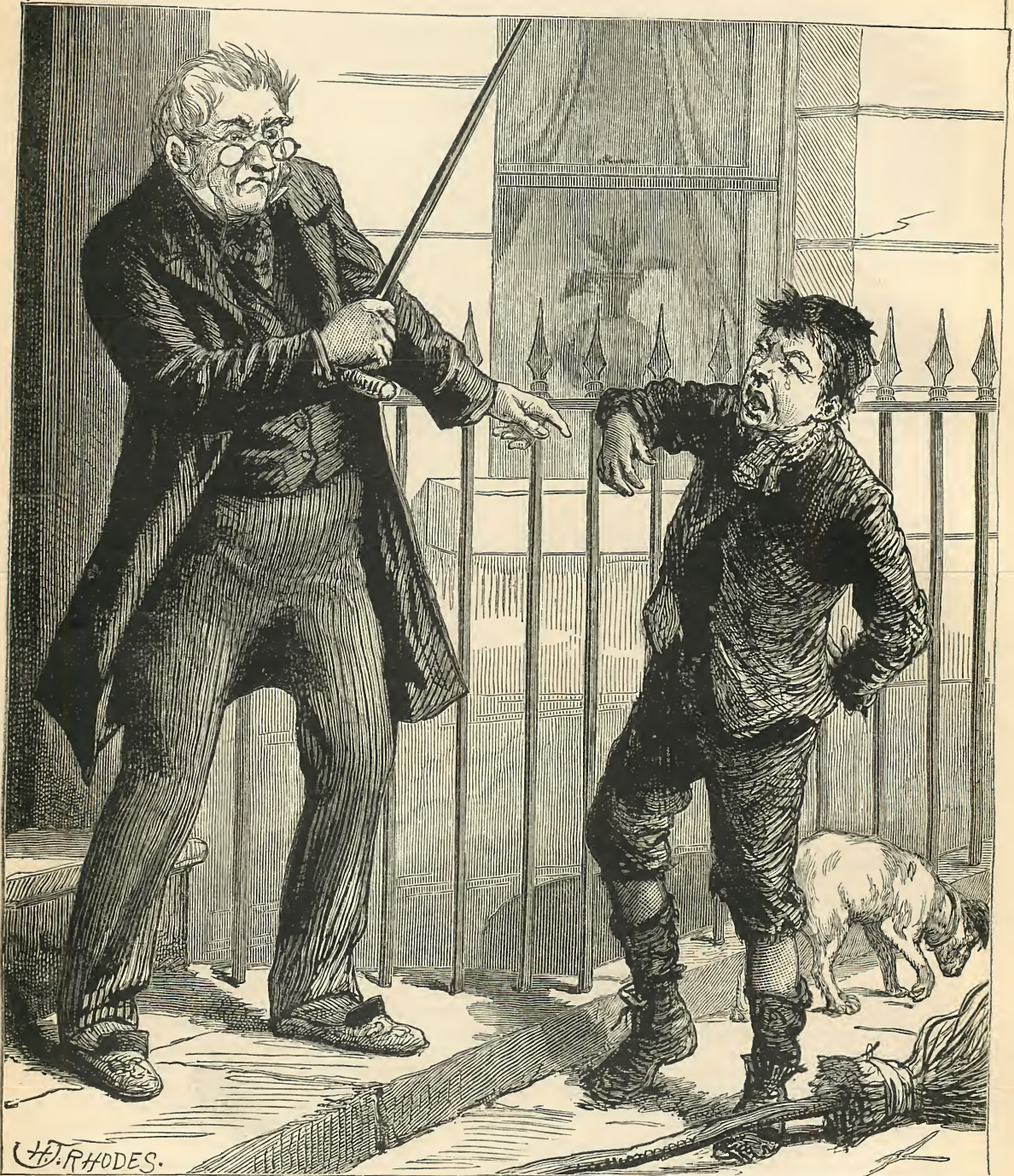
BOY was one day sitting on the steps of a door. He had a broom in one hand, and in the other a large piece of bread and butter, which somebody had given him. While he was eating it, and merrily humming a tune, he saw a little dog quietly sleeping not far from him. He called out to him: 'Come here, poor fellow!'

The dog, hearing himself kindly spoken to, rose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail. Seeing the boy eating, he came near him. The boy held out to him a piece of his bread and butter. As the dog stretched out his head to take it, the boy hastily drew back his hand and hit him a hard rap on the nose. The poor dog ran away, howling dreadfully, while the cruel boy sat laughing at the mischief he had done. A gentleman, who was looking from a window on the other side of the street, saw what the boy had done. Opening the street-door, he called to him to cross over; at the same time holding up a sixpence between his finger and thumb. 'Would you like this?' said the gentleman.

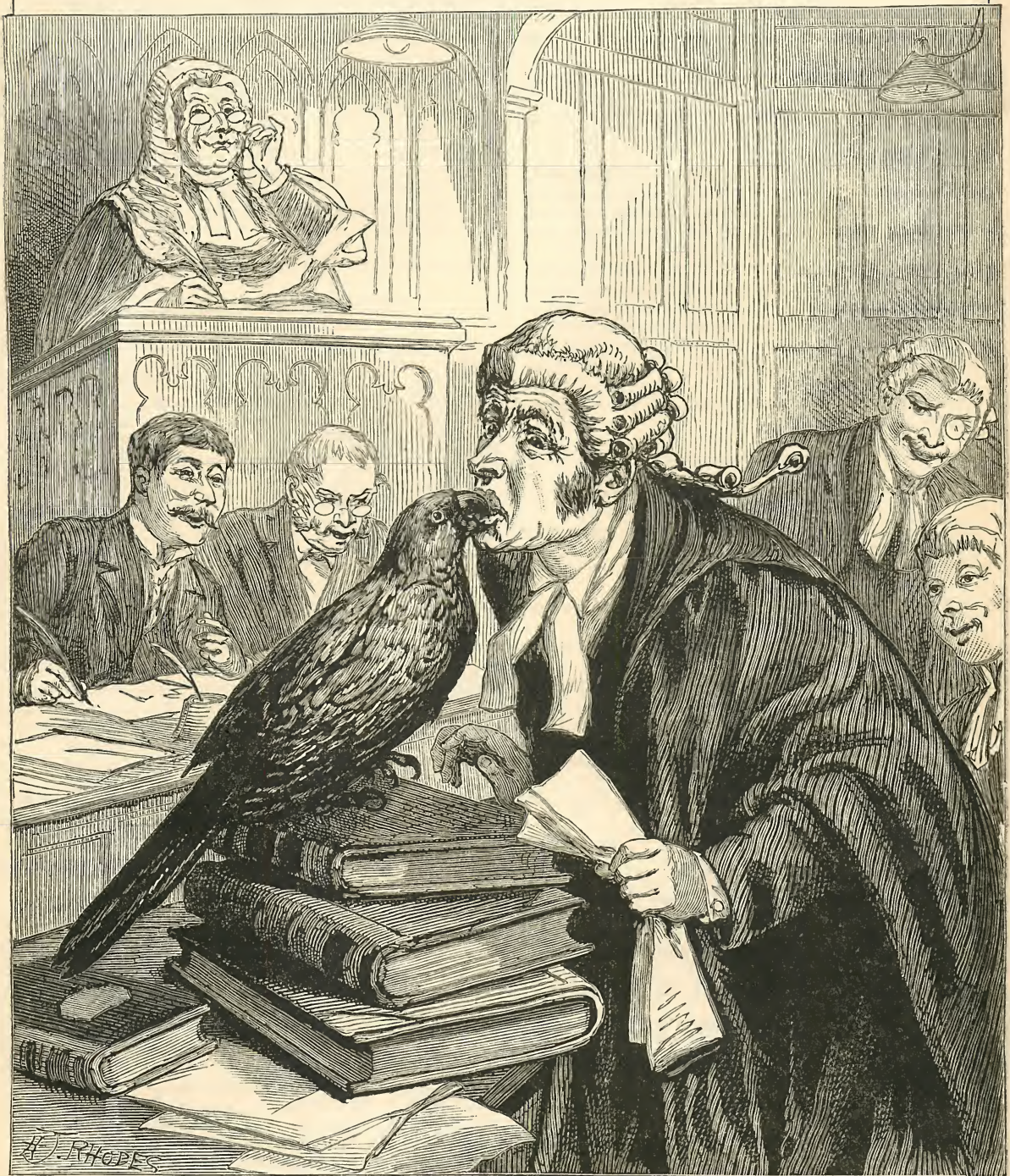
'Yes, if you please, sir,' said the boy, smiling; and he hastily ran over to seize the money. Just at the moment he stretched out his hand, he got so severe a rap on the knuckles from a stick which the gentleman had behind him that he roared out like a bull.

'What did you do that for?' said he, making a very long face and rubbing his hand. 'I didn't hurt you, nor ask you for your sixpence.'

'What did you hurt that poor dog for just now?' said the gentleman. 'He didn't hurt you, nor ask you for your bread and butter. As you served him, I have served you. Now, remember dogs can feel as well as boys, and behave kindly towards dumb animals.'



“Dogs can feel as well as boys : behave kindly towards dumb animals.”



Polly's Kiss.

POLLY'S KISS.

THE affection which almost every domestic animal (even birds) feels for its owner was once the means of deciding a case before a court of justice. It was at an Irish police court, and the object of dispute was a pet parrot which the plaintiff declared had been stolen from him and sold to the defendant.

The plaintiff, taking the bird upon his finger, said, 'Come, old boy, give me a kiss,' which the parrot instantly did. Counsel for the defendant remarked that this proved nothing, as the parrot would kiss anybody.

'You had better not try,' said the plaintiff, rather drily. Nevertheless, the defendant's counsel asked the bird to kiss him. Polly, with a curiously hypocritical expression of face, hopped along the table as though to give the required salute, but seized the man's lip instead, making him roar with pain. Needless to say, the court was convulsed with laughter, while the plaintiff was allowed to carry home his pet bird.

M. K.

A JAPANESE RAT STORY.

TWO little rats a daughter had, whose name was Muramee,

'Tis time,' the father-rat declared, 'that she should wedded be.

'We will look about the universe, and see if we can find

A husband for our darling child according to our mind.'

The mother said: 'Our Muramee let us elect to give Unto the strongest being who in earth or air doth live.

He only worthy is to be our lovely daughter's mate; We will not yield her unto one less mighty or less great.'

'A good idea!' the father said; 'let us seek that strongest one;'

And first of all they interviewed the stately, shining Sun.

But when they named him 'Strongest One,' the fact he did deny;

'The Clouds that intercept my rays are stronger than am I!'

Thus spake the Sun: then to the Clouds the parents took their way.

The Clouds referred them to the Wind, who over *them* holds sway.

But when the Wind was asked if he fair Muramee would wed,

He sighed out, 'No!' as mournfully he shook his burly head.

Said he: 'I'm not the strongest one; behold that Wall below!

I am too weak to knock him down, however hard I blow!

The Wall said: 'I the strongest one? Indeed, you're wrong in that!

The strongest person in the world is—I should say—*a Rat!*

There's one this moment gnawing me; right through me he will go;

Foundations he will undermine, and work my overthrow!'

And so the rats told Muramee that she a rat must wed,

For rats the strongest beings were—so in the world 'twas said.

Fair Muramee was glad at this; a lover-rat had she, But she had feared her parents would not let them married be.

Now were they wedded, and they lived in great felicity.

E. DYKE.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 163.)



LIFTED on the crest of a gigantic breaker, the doomed vessel rushed on to her fate. With a splitting crash of timbers, heard for the moment even above the howling roar of the wind and waves, she struck violently on a ledge of rock. Almost instantly her main-mast snapped off and fell overboard, carrying with it two unfortunate seamen. In that boiling foam, even their despairing cries were hardly heard as, dashed against a great rock, they were soon silenced for ever. Without the loss of an available moment, those in charge of the rocket apparatus fired a line in the direction of the ship; it fell short, and patiently and swiftly the line was hauled in, preparatory to trying again. As Collingwood (who knew that bit of the coast as well as any man living) had predicted, the vessel had struck some distance from the shore, thus decreasing the chances of the rocket apparatus proving effectual for the saving of life. Again did the whizzing shriek of the hempen missile ring above the storm, and again did the men, with sorrowful faces, note that the attempt was a failure.

Meanwhile the great green seas, leaping on and over the stranded ship, were fast breaking it up. No worse position could have been found for wrecking a vessel, none more exposed to the fury of the storm. Whirr! went the mortar again from the cliff, and this time with better success; the line fell across the wreck, just across her stern, and was promptly seized by some of the unhappy crew. Just as they had begun to haul on it, however, to the horror of those on shore, as well as that of the unfortunates now lying at the mercy of the wind and waves, the line snapped! Before another shot could be fired, with a great groaning of timber, the barque began to go to pieces, and lay beating the life out of her on the grinding rocks. To the veriest tyro in matters of the sea, it would have been plain that a few minutes now only remained before the vessel would lose even the shape of what she had been but a short half-hour before.

The final crash came suddenly; she seemed to collapse, to crumble away, as it were, and in an instant the whole of her unhappy crew were immersed in the seething cauldron which surrounded them on every side. One by one the poor fellows perished, either by being dashed against the rocks or by the terrific force of the angry waves themselves. Two bodies were flung upon the beach, but as quickly snatched back again by the succeeding wave, as it came up hungry for its prey; and then a third body, borne on the breaking head of a great green sea, was hurled up on the beach, not twenty yards from where young Lord Brampton and Collingwood stood—it was that of a little lad. With the sudden impulse of a gallant, generous nature, and before the seaman could interfere to prevent him running such a horrible risk, Lord Brampton made a wild dash down the beach, closely followed a retreating wave, until he reached the little, half-frozen body. This he instantly caught up in his arms, turning, as he did so, to see how near the next breaker was to him.

‘Run! oh, my God, run!’ shrieked Collingwood, wringing his hands in agony and starting down the beach himself in his desperation. He saw the great, brown, ragged monster of a wave curling threateningly up, as Lord Brampton, still clinging to his burden, looked over his shoulder and tried to think if he had any chance of escaping its fatal embrace. He ran as he had never run before, but the mass of water seemed terribly near and high overhead when, with deafening roar, it broke. Instantly he was enveloped in salt spray and ice-cold water almost up to his waist. The force was too much for him, struggling, as he was, with such a weight; he felt the fatal suck of the wave; his feet were swiftly giving way under him, when the voice of Collingwood, shouting in his ear, called to him to drop his burden. At the same moment the seaman’s strong arm grasped him desperately, and, after a moment’s uncertainty as to whether man or the elements should prevail, the boy found himself—exhausted, drenched, and terribly cold—safe out of reach of the hungry breakers, his burden still clasped tightly in his arms.

By this time several of the coastguardsmen had got down to the beach, and artificial respiration was quickly resorted to, in the somewhat forlorn hope of bringing back life to the insensible form of the boy whom young Lord Brampton had so gallantly saved. Strange to say, considering what a terrible experience had been his, the lad was not long before he showed very decided signs of reviving animation. A little brandy was forced down his throat, and after a short time he opened his eyes and asked where he was. Upon this, one of the sturdy coastguardsmen offered to carry him on his back to Brampton Manor House, Lord Brampton scouting the idea that he should be taken to one of the cottages in the village.

‘But, my Lord, I don’t know what people will say to your taking up a lad that—well, that may be anything, you know, to your own home. What will Mrs. Game’ (Game was the housekeeper—‘Mrs.’ was merely brevet rank with her, as she was unmarried, and only called herself ‘Mrs.’ because she thought the title inspired more respect in the tradespeople and servants) ‘say, and what will Mr. Devenish say?’

‘Oh, bother!’ exclaimed Lord Brampton. ‘Surely I can do as I like about it! He’s mine, isn’t he? At all events, you said if it hadn’t been for me, he couldn’t have been saved. Well, then, he’s mine!’ he added, laughing, in spite of his chattering teeth and numbed fingers; and so the procession, consisting of his youthful Lordship, the coastguardman carrying the half-drowned boy on his broad shoulders, and Ben Collingwood, set out on the two-mile tramp to Brampton, the wind being, fortunately, at their backs. The rest of the coastguard remained on the spot in the forlorn hope of being able to help any more of the wrecked unfortunates, should they be, perchance, cast up on the shore. By this time it was, of course, out of the question to attempt to do anything more with the rocket apparatus; the boiling sea was a mass of wreckage; but, with the exception of a few bare wooden ribs, nothing remained to show what even the shape of the ill-fated barque had been.

As soon as it was possible, a doctor had been summoned, by mounted messenger, to Brampton, and was quickly in attendance on the half-drowned lad. The good old housekeeper had put him into hot blankets, whilst Mr. Devenish had administered a steaming cup of soup to him, and by the time that Dr. Hardy arrived, the boy was beginning to look as comfortable as was to be reasonably expected after his terrible experiences.

‘This is capital, Mrs. Game,’ exclaimed the medical man; ‘you have taken the work off my hands. Nothing better could have been done for him, and I fear nothing in the way of evil consequences for the boy. To-morrow he will be as well as ever he was in his life. What a good, honest little face it is, is it not? And now, my Lord of Brampton’s broad domain!’ continued the Doctor, laughingly turning to his Lordship, ‘I hear from Collingwood that you have been doing your best to vacate the peerage in favour of the next remote heir, by rushing into the waves to rescue this lad. Why, you are still shivering, my dear boy. Take my advice, and go straight away to a hot bath; that, and a good dinner afterwards, with the memory of a plucky act and a life saved by it, should make pleasant entertainment for the evening. And now I’ll say good-bye, and be getting back home again,’ and the cheery Doctor shook hands and walked briskly away to the old-fashioned gig awaiting him by the hall-door.

Next day, in exact accord with Dr. Hardy’s prediction, the young stranger was completely restored to health and strength again. Whilst breakfasting with his tutor, Lord Brampton heard a knock on the door of the room, and, in answer to his ‘Come in,’ Mrs. Game presented herself.

‘Good morning, Mrs. Game,’ said his Lordship. ‘And how is the little chap?’ The ‘little chap’ was not much younger than the owner of Brampton himself, but the latter felt, in a sort of way, as though he were the protector of the boy he had rescued.

‘He’s doing very nicely; couldn’t be better, indeed,’ replied the old lady, her sympathetic face wrinkling with satisfied smiles. ‘And now what’s to be done with him?’



"The seaman's strong arm grasped him."

This was a poser. Strange to say, neither Mr. Devenish nor the young lord had ever given the matter a thought until now.

The former was the first to speak. 'I suppose he had parents, or at least friends, on board the wrecked vessel?'

'I can't say, sir, I'm sure,' replied the housekeeper;

'but if so, it won't do him any good, for the Captain of the Coastguard called in here late last night to say that not a single soul had been saved. It was a terrible affair.'

'Terrible indeed, Mrs. Game,' replied the clergyman sadly; 'and more than wonderful that this one little lad should have been saved.'



"Oh! please will you buy my violets?"

'Ah! that was our boy's doing, that was,' said the old lady proudly.

'Under Providence,' added Mr. Devenish. 'And indeed, from Collingwood's account of it, it was providential that Bernard did not lose his own life in saving that of the boy. Of course, we must make inquiries as to his friends, and do our best to communicate the fact of his safety to them, but the great point to determine now is as to what is to be done with him for the present.'

'Oh, that's all right. He can stop here,' said Lord Brampton, cracking his second egg, and helping himself to butter.

'H'm—ah—well, you know, Bernard, that might give rise to some after-unpleasantness, I'm afraid,' began his cousin, when the door opened, and the subject of the discussion himself just put his head round it, and said:

'May I come in here?'

Lord Brampton at once jumped off his seat, and ran across the floor to greet him. 'May you come in? I should rather think so, indeed! Well, I am glad to see you looking so jolly this morning,' he said heartily, shaking him by the hand. 'Come along up to the table and have some breakfast.'

(Continued at page 178.)

LILY BELL.

OH! please will you buy my violets?' Poor little Lily! She had wandered for hours through the busy city streets with that plaintive question on her lips. She had looked into all the strange faces that passed her, and had dropped her pretty shy curtsy whenever she found one that she thought looked

kinder than the rest. Her little feet were weary, and her heart was heavy with disappointment at her ill success. She had sold but one of her little bunches, and her trembling fingers closed tightly over the solitary penny. She thought with a swelling heart, not of her own hunger, though she had taken nothing since breakfast, when she saved half of her bread and milk for her little brother Charley. She thought of her poor sick mother, stitching all the bright spring day at those tiresome fine shirts, which always gave her that cruel pain in her side, and for which she got so little money.

It was this that made Lily stop, and look tearfully into the tempting shop-windows. She wondered for the twentieth time if a penny would be enough to buy for her mother any of the nice things she saw there.

Poor Lily! this was her first day's experience. It had taken a great deal of coaxing to get her mother's consent. She was frightened at the thought of her going out alone. But Lily was full of hope and courage in the morning, when she tied her worn straw bonnet under her dimpled chin, and hung her little basket proudly on her arm. Her violets looked so fresh and sweet among their cool green leaves, that she was quite sure somebody would buy them.

Lily was a sweet little maiden, delicate and fair as a water-lily. Her deep blue eyes might have stolen the hue of her violets; and the curls that waved round her shoulders were dark chestnut, with a golden ripple here and there, as if a stray sunbeam had lost itself in their folds. The sweet, shy violets were not more out of place than she was with her tender beauty in the noise and bustle of the crowded streets. It seemed such a pity that she was not away in the country, weaving daisy-chains in some green meadow, and helping the merry little birds to sing, instead of sitting on that cold door-step, wearily leaning her cheek against her little hand.

The step on which Lily rested belonged to a large, handsome house; but it looked gloomy with its heavily curtained windows and half-closed Venetian blinds. As she sat there, Lily wondered if the people in the city were always in such a hurry as they had seemed that day. She was sorry that, out of so many people, there should be so few who loved violets. Then she thought of her disappointment, and tried to keep back her tears, for fear her mother should think she had been crying. She had just made some resolutions that were very brave for a tired little girl, when she was startled to her feet by the sudden opening of the house-door, and the sound of a quick step behind her.

Lily was too frightened to run away. She saw a stern-looking, grey-haired gentleman, with a silver-headed cane and a heavy bunch of gold seals. She always wondered how it was that she so soon overcame her awe of him. She had that day passed many a kinder face than his, with its hard mouth, and its deep seam of wrinkles across the forehead.

'Please, sir, would you buy my violets?'

The last word died on her lips in a trembling quiver, for the gentleman had frowned and turned sharply round.

'Eh, child! what do you think I want with violets? There, go along! don't you see that you are in the way?'

Lily had not a word to say in defence, but her pleading eyes had a language of their own. She was going away, but he spoke again—

'And so you go about selling flowers? Don't you know, child, that it's an idle, vagrant life? Your mother, if you have one, ought to teach you to do something better.'

Lily's eyes filled with tears, and her face flushed at this mention of her mother.

'Mother says my hands are too little, and that I am not strong enough yet to go to work,' replied Lily. 'But I think sometimes that I could do a great deal if I was only sure that I could earn some money for her and brother Charley. We are all hungry sometimes, and mother is so ill that I am afraid she will leave us and go to Heaven to our dear father.'

The rich merchant looked at his watch; he had an important engagement in the City; yet he still lingered to question the child.

'What is your name, little girl?'

'Lily Bell, sir,' she replied.

'Lily—what?' He stooped down, and looked at her with a startled, troubled face.

'Lily Bell,' repeated the child, half frightened at his manner.

'And where do you live?'

She named a street in a poor part of the town, and gave the number of the house; and the merchant wrote it down hastily in his pocket-book.

'Have you any relations?' he asked.

The child hesitated as she replied, 'None that I know of, except my mother and brother Charley, and my rich grandpapa. I don't think I have seen my grandpapa, for he was angry with our poor father, and has never loved us.'

'And of course you don't love him?' said the old gentleman. 'Your mother will have taught you not to do so?'

'No, sir; mother never taught me anything wicked,' replied Lily. 'She says I am to love everybody, and I always say a prayer for grandpapa.'

The old gentleman was struggling with strong emotion. He averted his head without speaking, and with trembling haste pressed some money into her little hand—more than enough to buy out the stock-in-trade of half-a-dozen flower-girls, and a much larger sum than Lily had ever held in her hand before.

'Won't you take the violets, sir?' she asked, half bewildered with joy.

'Not now, little one,' said he; 'you may keep them for me. I will send for them to-morrow.'

The old gentleman forgot his appointment in the City, and stood gazing after the little figure till it was lost in the distance.

(Concluded at page 181.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

23.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A TOWN in Kent on the river Medway, one of the principal stations of the Royal Navy; it has a large dockyard containing all sorts of naval stores, and is considered one of the first arsenals in the world.

1. A suburb of London containing a hospital for invalid soldiers.
2. A southern county of England, once famous for its great woods and forests.
3. A maritime city, the capital of one the central countries of Europe, one of the most commercial cities in the world.
4. An island belonging to Kent, from which it is separated by two branches of the river Stour.
5. A kingdom of Europe consisting of ten provinces; it is famed for its canals.
6. Three rivers in England—one in Leicestershire, one in Gloucestershire, and one in Wiltshire.
7. A county in the west of England, the birthplace of a warlike English king. C. C.

[Answer at page 190.]

ANSWERS.

- 21.—1. The rose of the watering-pot, because she reigns (rains) over all the others.
2. Myself.
3. What does y e s spell?
4. Because I make a far-thing present.
5. To get to the other side.
6. A five-pound note, because I can double it and find it in-c-reases.
7. There is a difference.
8. Syllable—monosyllable.
9. A fish out of water.
10. A sheep—the fore legs are shoulders.
11. A donkey.
12. None—the rest will fly away.
13. One trains minds, the other minds trains.
14. It makes him fast.
15. The worse people are, the oftener they visit them.
16. For every grain they give a peck.
- 22.—1. Deed—Dee. 4. Brain—rain.
2. Lead—lea. 5. Brake—rake.
3. Steam—team.

HEINDRICH STRAUSS.

THOUGH he was only a private soldier in the Austrian army, the memory of Heindrich Strauss is held up as an example of faithful fulfilment of a righteous promise. In one of the battles, a Hungarian captain was mortally wounded by a bayonet-thrust from this Austrian soldier. That generous impulse, which all brave men feel when they meet with another of equal valour, moved Strauss to offer assistance to his fallen foe. The dying Hungarian gazed steadily at him and said: 'You look like an honest fellow, and, if you will, you can do me a great service. Can I trust you?'

The Austrian pledged him his word that he would serve him with his life. With much effort and pain the captain said: 'Open my uniform, and you will find a sealed packet. It contains important papers, without which my wife and family will be reduced to beggary. They live at Prague, in Bohemia; the address is on the outside. Will you deliver it to them?'

'I will,' replied the soldier.

'Swear it!'

'No, I give you the word of a soldier, and of a man who never broke his promise.'

'It is enough. I die in peace. Give my love to my dear wife and little ones, and tell them I died as a soldier. May God bless and reward you.'

In a few moments the brave captain died in the arms of his generous foe. Secretly the packet on his person, the soldier joined his corps. Shortly after, he applied to his captain for leave of absence, but he was refused. He carried his request to his colonel, and met with the same answer. After some delay he obtained a hearing from the general of his division, and again received a refusal. At a favourable moment he left his corps, passed the lines in disguise, and, travelling mostly by night, he reached Prague. He soon found the family, and delivered the parcel into the hands of the bereaved wife.

Despite all their urgent wish that he should remain, and though the lady, who was wealthy, offered him a position in her service, he replied, 'No, madam, not now; I must return. I am not a deserter.'

When he returned to his corps, he was charged with being a deserter, and with holding treasonable communication with the enemy. The court-martial found him guilty, and sentenced him to be shot. When he was led out to be executed, he again told the story of his promise, and declared that he was not a deserter, and that he looked to God to vindicate him. When the muskets were levelled at his breast, he shouted, 'I kept my word; God will justify me.' His voice was drowned by the volley of musketry, and he fell, pierced by many musket-balls.

His fortitude attracted the attention of the general in command, and he caused inquiry to be made. The soldier's noble deed was brought to light, and his name, instead of being disgraced, was honoured, and his memory revered among his people. To-day in his native town, when they teach the children to be true and honourable, they tell of Heindrich Strauss, and how God will justify the faithful.

A COURSING INCIDENT.

COURSING is the hunting of any animal by dogs by sight, not by scent. It generally means the coursing of the hare by greyhounds.

The so-called 'sport' has long been in use. In England the first rules on record were drawn up by the Duke of Norfolk in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In A.D. 1776 a coursing club was founded by Lord Orford at Swaffham, in Norfolk.

Forty years ago the National Coursing Club was formed. It combines all the clubs in Great Britain. In coursing, the hare seems very unequally pitted against two greyhounds, and the 'sport' is a cruel one. The hare would be more quickly killed if it were not that it can double and turn much more cleverly than its long-legged pursuers. This is seen in the picture, where poor puss has been able to turn and avoid a cliff over which one of the greyhounds is falling, and the other looks as if it would have a narrow escape. The object of coursing matches is to test the speed of the dogs, and their skill in checking themselves and turning when the hare doubles.

J. C.

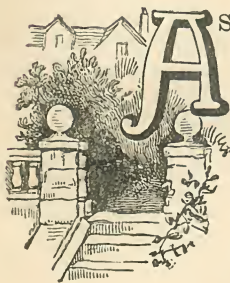


Poor Puss hard pressed.



"When George came on deck, he found the crew hurrying hither and thither."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 173.)

AS they approached the breakfast-table, Mr. Devenish was struck by the good looks of both the boys. Both were well-grown and healthy lads of their age. The newcomer looked round the table when asked what he would have, and asked if there were any 'griddle cakes.'

'Ah, my little friend, I suppose you are from America, eh?' said Mr. Devenish.

'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, between the sips of some hot coffee; 'at least from near there—Canada.'

The next question was a rather hard one for the clergyman to put. It was so likely to bring terrible memories back abruptly. Nevertheless, he felt that it was necessary to ask it, and as well now as later.

'Your parents, my boy, were they —?'

'They're all right, sir. No one I knew was on board the *Eagle*.'

'Were you coming over from Canada alone, then?'

'Yes, sir, quite alone. I was coming over here to go to school.'

'To go to school? Where, my boy?'

'Don't know, sir.'

'Don't know? but how were you to find the place when you landed in England, then?'

'Dad had written down all directions for me—they were in my box.'

'Yes?'

'And the box is at the bottom of the sea, I guess, now.'

'But don't you remember even the address of the school?'

The lad shook his head.

'Didn't you ever read it?'

Again a head-shake.

'Why?'

'Because I can't read.'

Mr. Devenish and Lord Brampton were equally astonished.

'Whereabouts in Canada have you lived?'

'Don't know. Our place was called Pinewood Creek.'

'I'm afraid that tells us nothing, my lad. There are probably some scores of Pinewood Creeks in Canada.'

'I reckon so. I—I could do with another panikin of coffee, if you please, sir.'

Lord Brampton reached over for the coffee-pot, and helped the young Canadian to a second cup.

'Do you know what your father's business is out there?'

'Well, he is boss of a farm—and they have always got a gang up in the woods lumbering—leastways when the lumbering season is on, I mean.'

'What is lumbering?' asked the young lord in surprise.

'Don't you know? Why, I reckoned all lords knew everything!'

The owner of Brampton laughed at this remark, delivered as it was in deepest earnest.

'Well,' resumed the little backwoodsman, 'lumbering means cutting down timber in the forests, hauling it to the river, making big rafts of it—after it is sawn, of course—and then floating it down-stream to where the big ships are. They take the timber to all parts of the world.'

'Oh, I see. Yes, go on, and tell us all about your home.'

'There are lots of cattle and pigs and horses on the farm. And we grow corn—ever eaten corn-pone? Oh, it's fine, I can tell you! Then there is the river running close by our shanty; the shanty is made of wood you know—wood, and mud pasted in between the seams. I guess there are no shanties as big as this one you have got here anywhere around Pinewood Creek, though,' he added, as he gazed up at the ceiling and then at the walls, 'and the river is full of trout and salmon. We get the salmon in nets, you know, mostly, though we had some fellows come along last fall with fishing-poles, and they flogged the water all day long for about a week, and only took one fish. They said it was sport, but I heard dad say he thought it was all foolishness, and that you could get more in a net in one day than the fishing-pole bosses would hive in a year. Then we have got a great dam across the stream, and a little saw-mill where the circular saws go screeching round and round all day, when they are cutting timber. I have heard dad tell that when he first settled at Pinewood, he and four other men built that dam all by themselves. Wasn't that a clever bit of work? You must come out there one day with me, and I'll show you how it's all done. I couldn't understand that old dam at first, not by a long way, but I've got down on the plan now. And I'll show you just where the best of the wild duck always lie, and just where you can get a good shot at the partridges, and just where—well, there, you shall come out with me whenever you like, and we *will* just have some good times, won't we?' and his little rosy face glowed with the idea of providing his newly found friend with good sport and good fun, in his own wild home beyond the seas.

Mr. Devenish began to get some kind of a glimmering as to what and who the stranger was.

'And you haven't even been taught to read and write yet?'

'Oh, mother has shown me the way to make letters. But I was to have my teaching all 'in England, you know.'

'How curious that you were not to be educated in your own land—in Canada. Why were you to be educated in England?' pursued the clergyman wonderingly.

'Because both dad and mother are English born, and they want me to know England. They say England is my country, although I was born out in Pinewood.'

'You haven't told me your name, yet, my boy. What is it?'

'George, sir.'
'George what?'

The boy nodded. 'You've guessed it, though how you did it I don't know. I suppose it's a sort of conjuring trick, now, isn't it?'

Mr. Devenish looked puzzled. 'A conjuring trick? What can you mean, my boy? I asked what was your name, and you told me George.'

'Yes, and you guessed the rest.'
'What?'

The boy nodded again. 'That's it,' he said, 'my name's George Watt.'

And so the mystery was explained amid the laughter of the other two.

In the course of further conversation, the boy said that the *Eagle*, in which he was wrecked, was captained by an old friend of his father's, and in this way it was that he had been sent over in a sailing instead of a steam-ship. He was unable to say what cargo she was carrying, or even from what port she sailed; all he remembered was that his father had taken him on board one of the great river steam-boats, and that at the end of two or three days' travelling on her, he and his luggage had been transhipped on to the *Eagle*; that the latter had been 'ever so long' at sea; that it always seemed to be what the captain called 'dirty weather'—he could only remember two fine days in the whole journey; he could also call to mind the first sight they got of the English coast, and the captain's remark that he didn't like the look of the night. Then, when he (George) came on deck that fatal morning, he found the crew hurrying hither and thither, pulling and hauling at ropes, which all seemed in a confused tangle; waves dashing over the ship from stem to stern, whilst they seemed always to get nearer the land and nearer the rocks, whilst the roar of the ragged-headed breakers beating themselves on the lee shore which they were approaching grew louder and more threatening. Then the captain had rushed past the place where the boy had stood, shouting that their only chance lay in running the ship ashore on the strip of beach, dimly visible in front of the iron-bound bit of coast they were driving on to.

'That is, unless we strike on something too far out,' he had added, in tones which even the lad had perceived were hopeless ones.

No one took any heed of young George Watt. Fear is often a selfish emotion; when the grim monarch, Death, is shaking his fist at you, you have small room in your heart for the sufferings of others. To conquer this very natural feeling is to show the triumph of training, and the true discipline of self.

'We can't wear ship here; let every one look to himself,' cried out the captain. 'We may strike at any moment now. It is useless to think about the boats; the boat isn't built that would live a minute in this sea.'

These words seemed to have sunk into the heart of the boy, uttered as they were at such an awful moment; and yet, so he told Mr. Devenish, he did not ever seem to think that the end had come, so far as he himself was concerned—the truth being that he was too young to grasp the real danger of the

situation. He remembered the crew gathering in a cluster round the foot of the foremast, and, straining his eyes to pierce the blinding spray and sheets of storm-driven rain, he watched the cliffs towards which the ship was fast driving, madly and uncontrolled—the cliffs which every moment grew nearer and nearer. The roar of the furious breakers smashing themselves upon the rocks was deafening; the mate of the vessel shouted something in the lad's ear, but he did not catch a word that was uttered; then came a grinding noise, a splitting of timbers, and a shock which threw them all off their feet, and brought the mast down, snapped short off like a carrot. The *Eagle* had struck.

Clinging on to the lee bulwarks—to the wreckage—to the sheltered side of the cuddy—to anything, in fact, which gave a precarious foothold, and some little protection against the cruel buffetings of the waves, the unhappy crew of the *Eagle* awaited the terrible moment when she should go to pieces and hurl them into the boiling surf below. The land, it is true, was near, but that ugly stretch of brown ragged waters seemed to make an impassable gulf between it and them. How could they hope to pass it without the life being battered out of every one amongst them?

Alas! their fears were only too well founded, as we have already seen. But one—the weakest, the youngest of them all—escaped; only this one remained to tell the tale of the total loss of the barque *Eagle*.

(Continued at page 190.)

GNU BUCK AND LION.

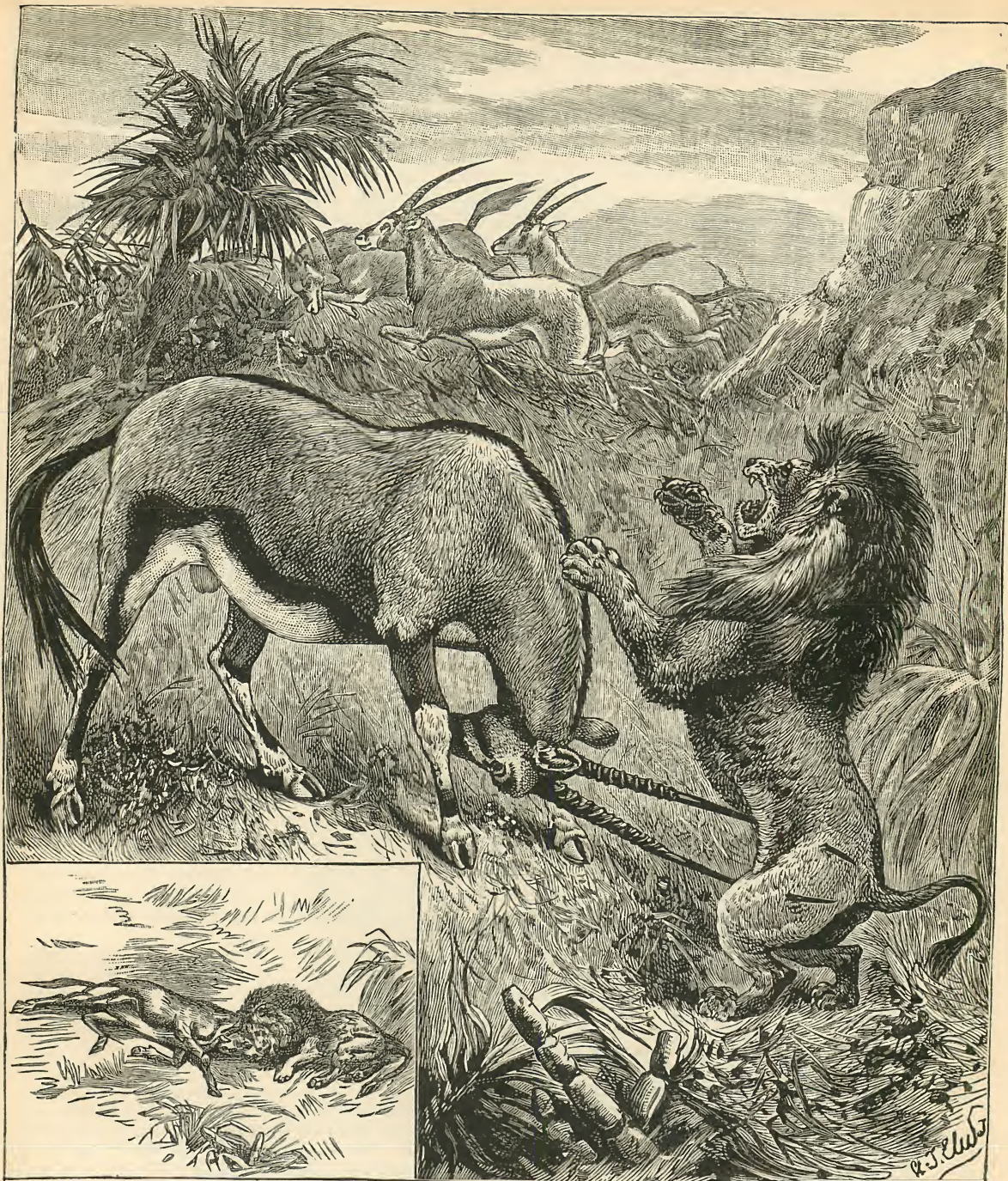


BOTH these animals are found in Africa. The Gnu shown by our illustration is the well-known Hartebeest of South Africa (so called from a fancied resemblance to a stag).

These animals differ from wildebeests by their long and pointed heads, their ringed and often lyre-like horns, the absence of a mane on the neck or throat, and their shorter and less thickly haired tail.

Writing of the common hartebeest, Mr. Drummond states that it is one of the fastest antelopes in Africa, and has such strength as to render it almost impossible for anything under a whole pack of strong and swift hounds to bring it to bay. 'It is common in the great level grass plains to the north-west of Zululand, and on several occasions I tried coursing them there with two very fast greyhounds; but, although the latter could run up to them when they had a fair start, they never once succeeded in bringing one to bay, or even in causing one to separate from the herd.'

Of the Lion whole volumes have been written. Until quite recently nobody doubted that the lion was the 'King of Beasts.' Writers were never tired of



A Deadly Combat.

describing his majestic appearance, and assuming his nobility and fierceness of character.

Those, however, who of late years have observed the animal in his native haunts, tell us that the lion, when abroad in the day-time, does not carry his head so well up as he ought to do in order to be entitled to the epithet 'majestic;' while his disposition, instead of being noble and fearless, is held by

Livingstone and other writers to be more correctly described as cowardly and mean. The long hair of the lion's mane may vary from tawny to a blackish brown. Young lion cubs are marked with transverse dark stripes running down the sides of the body. The mane of the male does not make its appearance till the animal is about three years of age, and it continues to grow until the age of about six years. Lions

live to thirty and even forty years of age. They are found in many parts of the world, including the whole continent of Africa, from the Cape Colony to Abyssinia and Algeria. It is also found in all parts of Asia, including India.

During the day-time lions lie asleep in thick beds of reeds, where such are to be found, or, in drier districts, among thickets and bushes. 'The most likely places in the bush country in which to find lions,' observes Mr. Drummond, 'as far as my experience goes, are the rekabee thorns, the dense evergreens which line the rivers, and during summer the reeds on the margins of lagoons or streams, while, in the open flats, any patch of reeds or tall grass is enough to conceal them. The lion is not a climber, and this fact has saved the lives of many sportsmen and travellers, who have climbed trees and got out of reach, though they have often had a long and thirsty waiting.

The veteran hunter, Sir Samuel Baker, gives his impression of a lion's roar in the following words:—

'There is nothing so beautiful or enjoyable to my ears as the roar of a lion on a still night, when everything is calm and no sound disturbs the solitude except the awe-inspiring notes, like the rumble of distant thunder as they die away into the deepest bass. The first few notes somewhat resemble the bellow of a bull; these are repeated in slow succession four or five times, after which the voice is sunk into a lower key, and a number of quick, short roars are at length followed by rapid coughing notes, so deep and powerful that they seem to vibrate through the earth.'

In Africa lions appear to prey largely upon antelopes, zebras, quaggas, buffaloes, and giraffes.

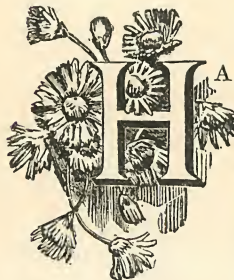
A lion will not go out of his way, it is said, to attack a human being, unless he be very hungry.

The illustration gives a good idea of a deadly combat between a gnu buck and his foe, in which both fell dead.

JAMES CASSIDY.

LILY BELL.

(Concluded from page 174.)



APPY Lily was no longer weary, but flew along the streets with beaming eyes, and feet that would not have crushed a daisy under their light tread. She never stopped till she was safe in the humble little room where her gentle mother sat stitching in the twilight, with little Charley playing on the

floor at her feet, wearily drooping her aching head over her work, and anxiously listening for the return of her absent darling.

What a proud moment it was for Lily Bell! How full her little heart was when she placed the money in her wondering mother's hand, and, pressing her glowing face to the dear wasted cheek, poured out

her eager, breathless story about the kind gentleman who had given so much money for her violets.

It would have been a touching lesson for the proud City merchant, who had grown grey at his counting-house desk, making money till he owned more wealth than he knew what to do with, if he could have seen all the happiness that grew out of his gift to the little flower-girl—the gift so trifling to him!

The merchant needed some thought to soothe him that night when he paced his stately drawing-room so uneasily. The sound of his heavy footfall was muffled in the rich moss-like carpet, but there was the working lip and the troubled eye that nothing could hide. Why was he disturbed? It was not business cares. He had locked them up with his ledger. It was not anxiety about the fate of any of his richly freighted ships, for he knew that they were all safe in port. No, it was the vision of the little flower-girl that haunted him; and her sweet childish voice, like the soft chime of a silver bell, was still ringing in his ear.

'Yes, it must be,' he murmured. 'The name removes all doubt. Lily—Lily Bell. I spoke roughly to her. God bless her! She always says a prayer for grandpapa. Oh! has it come to this—my son's child in the streets, selling flowers? To think that those he loved are in this extremity, while I——. But they did not seek my help. Why should they, when they knew I shut him from my heart? What hope had they from me when I could let him struggle and sink and die? If I could but undo the past! Oh, Charles! Charles!'

The name broke on the silence of the room in a low, sharp cry of agony. He looked round, as if vaguely hoping for some reply; but there was no sound except the fall of a cinder from the fire, and the ticking of the gilded timepiece on the mantel-piece. The rich man was alone with his conscience.

It was one of those stories of every-day life, so often common in our busy, money-making world. The merchant had an only son, the pride of his heart and the object of all his ambitious hopes. Like many other worldly fathers, he planned his son's marriage with a high-born heiress; but, in setting his heart on this match, he made the common mistake of not consulting the inclination of the person most concerned. The young man fell in love with an orphan girl, who was governess in the family of one of his father's friends. He persuaded her to marry him privately, believing that, after the first stormy meeting was over, his father would relent. He thought that one sight of his young wife would charm away all his anger.

But the young man did not know what it would take to uproot his father's pride. He suffered much for his first act of filial disobedience. The stern father closed his heart and home against his son, sternly forbidding his name to be mentioned in his presence. His meek wife wept and pleaded for her boy, as only a mother could weep and plead. She did not live twelve months after his banishment. Her husband knew that it had broken her heart; but this only added bitterness to his anger against his offending son.

Every day the breach between father and son grew wider. When they met it was as strangers. The son's letters were sent back unopened, and the father turned coldly from all who spoke of him. He even secluded himself from society, and lived much alone in his great gloomy house.

The young man struggled bravely, till a long illness reduced him and his loved ones to the poverty he had so much dreaded. He died, leaving his wife and babes to the mercy of the world, which could not be more pitiless than his father. Mr. Bell read the tidings of his son's death with seeming calmness; but from that moment twenty years might have been added to his age.

Little Lily did not know, as she was selling her simple violets, that God was using her to soften a heart that had long been selfishly shut up in itself. But so it was.

Convinced beyond a doubt that Lily Bell was his grandchild, the repentant merchant went next day, with as much speed as his carriage and horses could take him, to the address he had written in his pocket-book. He did all that could be done to atone for his past harshness, never allowing himself a moment's rest till he had taken the widow and children of his lost son to gladden his lonely old age.

The wealthy merchant soon learned to love his gentle daughter-in-law, and ceased to wonder that she had won his son's heart. His only sorrow was that he was now so soon to lose her, for the physicians could not disguise the painful truth that she was in a hopeless consumption. Those long days of weary stitching, and the struggle with poverty, had worn away her life.

Every luxury that wealth could purchase was spread about the gentle invalid, but it was too late to save her. Lily's mother was fading like the light of a summer evening. But, in relieving her painful fears about the fate of her children, her father-in-law could take the soothing thought to his heart that he made her last days happy.

It was noticed that old Mr. Bell had always a marked fondness for violets. He loved to see them about him in the spring-time; and he often said that he owed to those flowers the greatest blessing of his old age. He could not have told any one how dear his grandchildren were to him. He was very proud of Charley, for he was clever, and like his father. But sweet Lily was the old man's treasure. It was for her sake that he gave up his City house and his old City habits, and bought a beautiful country seat, where his white May-blossom lived and bloomed into beauty, pure and sweet as the flower whose name she bore.

It was this new tie that opened the old man's heart to gentle charities. The beggar was never turned harshly from his gate; and, above all, he was tender to the children of the poor. He used often to store his pockets with good things, to give away to the little people whom he met in his walks; and if there chanced to be a blue-eyed girl in the group, he would single her out and draw her kindly to his side, and she would be sure of a double share of the candy or gingerbread. It was all for the sake of the artless little maiden, with her humble basket of violets, who

had crept into his heart from the moment that he saw her on his door-step.

The dearest wish of the merchant was granted, for he lived to see Lily grown to womanhood and married to one whom her heart had chosen, and who proved himself worthy of the precious gift.

The rich man's beautiful grandchild might have sought a grander marriage; but her grandfather said that Lily Bell would have wealth enough for both.

When her grandfather died, Lily was his last earthly thought. He held her hand in his till death had loosed his hold of life, and Lily's face was the last on which he closed his fading eyes.

S. A. J.

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

II.—A FIGHT WITH A BURGLAR.

(Founded on Fact.).



O pray be seated, and make yourself at home, sir.'

Here Sergeant Lundy bowed, as he pointed out the elbow-chair with a courtly, old-world grace, which was every bit his own. We were alone in his cosy little parlour, looking out into the front garden, which stood somewhat above the road. The flower-beds were still gay with blossom, though it was already late autumn; but the sunflowers drooped their heads beneath the rain, which was falling heavily.

My friend hoped that I would excuse him for keeping on his cap. He said that it prevented him from missing the weight of the helmet, to which he had been used so long. Then, settling himself opposite to me, he began to rub his strong, nervous hands together, in the way which had become so familiar to me.

'So you wish to hear about the first burglar I ever tackled,' he said, in his cheery tones, while his steadfast old eyes gleamed under their shaggy brows. 'It was a terrible night, that—though it sends the blood faster through my veins, and makes me feel young again when I look back at it. For you see, sir, I was a new hand at that time, and I couldn't take it so calm-like as I learnt to do after a while. Well, I had turned out as usual at eight o'clock in the evening, not knowing what might lay before me, or if I should ever come back again alive. We were on the look-out, you understand, for a gaol-bird, who was known to be in hiding somewhere about this part; and what seemed more likely than that I should come across him in the course of my beat? There appeared to be gloom and mystery about the great trees, which looked quite black in the starlight. The air was full of the smell of new-mown hay, it being the month of June, but it seemed to me as if there was a queer sort of silence every-

where. The only sound I heard was the hoot of the barn-owl, and some folk reckon that to be unlucky.

'Well, by the time I reached Elstead Common, there was a new moon overhead, and the moon has always got a friendly air about her, according to my way of thinking, so I stepped on to the Common, and thought I would say my prayers, just to keep up my pluck, as it were, while I marched ahead. However, I hadn't gone very far before I spied a man's figure in the distance. Up he comes quite boldly to where I stood, for, without losing a moment, I had slipped behind a tree, so that he should on no account catch sight of a constable. For it is a funny thing, sir,' Lundy remarked, with a humorous twinkle, 'the scare that certain parties will get if they happen to start an innocent policeman!'

'With a swaggering walk my gentleman hurries along the narrow footway, until within two or three yards of me, when, strangely enough, he pulls up short. Then I flashed my bull's-eye upon him in a jiffy, and found that he wore a fine dress-suit, and a silk top-hat; also, I noticed, he was carrying a black bag, which he had placed on the ground behind him.

"It's a fine night, sir," I said, at the same time suddenly popping out upon him. Whereupon my master started back, and dropped the match out of his hand—for he was on the point of lighting a cigar. However, I didn't put much stress on that; any man whose nerves were a bit shaky might have done the same, if placed in a like position.

"Good night, my man," he says, readily enough, and striking another match. "Have a cigar?" and he held out a handsome, well-filled cigar-case towards me.

"No, thank ye," said I, quite coolly; "I don't smoke when I'm on duty."

"Then you're a model officer," says he, with a smooth sort of sneer.

"May I ask where you come from, sir?" I made bold to put the question.

"Now, what is that to you?" says he, in a chaffing kind of way that, somehow, didn't seem natural.

"No doubt you are a gentleman," says I, politely, "and maybe I am on the wrong track; but all the same, I mean to have an answer to a civil question."

"All right," says he, catching up his bag and turning away, as if he would be off, "I have come from Sandhurst."

"Wait a minute," says I, quite calm and collected—though I felt in a bit of a funk all the same; "first tell me where it is you want to go."

"Why, to London, of course," he snapped, looking as if he would like to murder me.

"Then why didn't you take the train at Farnham?" says I. "You have only come a matter of six miles out of your way."

"And now my blood was up, for I made sure that I had spotted the right man. "I'm bound to arrest you," says I, "for last night's burglary at Red House."

'But before the words were well out of my mouth the man jumps away into the furze, and me after him, as fast as ever we could run. First he dodged one way, and then he would double like a hare; but he was weighed down by the bag, and I was able to keep up with him. At last he tripped his foot in the undergrowth, and that stumble gave me the innings. My word, we did have a tussle—both of us being strong, brawny fellows, and well matched in every way. But just when I thought I had got the better of him, he twists himself away from me, and makes for the pond—which must be close upon six feet deep, as you know, sir. Into the water he dashed, and me in after him—a pretty cold plunge, too, I found it. Then out we came, drenched, at the other side, and we closed again—for I would never use my truncheon, sir, not until just at the last gasp, as it were.

'Before very long I had him down in the sandy road, but he was up again with an oath, and flew at my throat, and gripped it like a bull-dog until he had nearly strangled me. Well, how long that fight of ours lasted I cannot tell, but it seems to me that we must have been at it for hours. This was a real tricky one, you see, sir, and no mistake; otherwise, I never had much trouble in capturing my man. If it had not been for his bit of training, I suppose, I should not have received more severe blows that night than I have ever received in my life. However, I had learnt a trick or two myself as well, and I was too much for him in the end.

"Don't throw me down again, gov'nor," he gasped, panting hard for breath; "you have got me now!" And then he burst out crying like an infant.

'This took me aback rather, being young and tender-hearted. "Pull yourself together like a man," says I, "or you will make my duty harder."

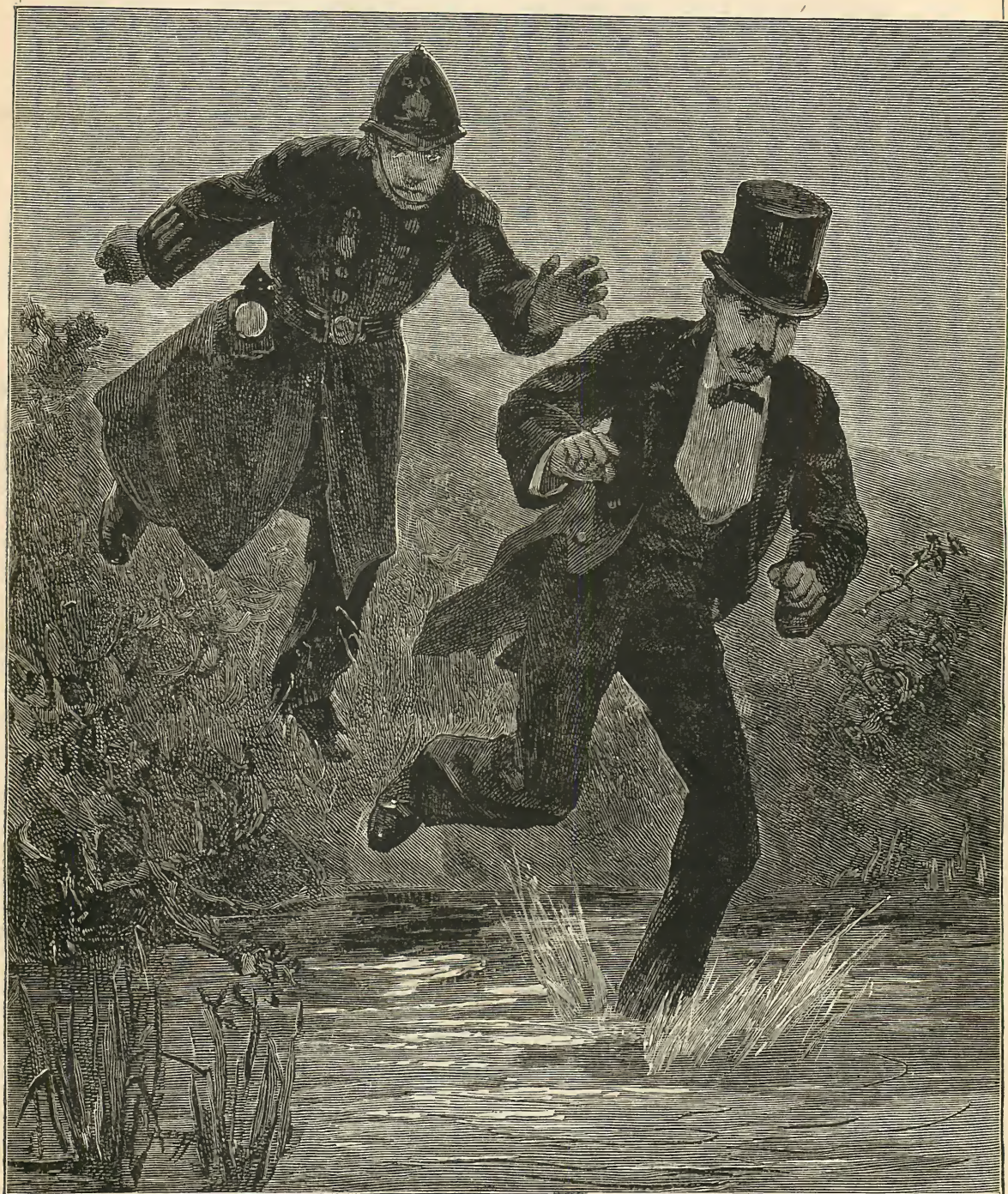
"Ah!" he sighs, "there was a day when I meant to become an honest man; but let a poor devil be down upon his luck and he will find the whole world against him."

'Meanwhile, I had slipped a pair of cuffs on him, and he came along with me quietly enough after that. So we went back and found the bag, where he had dropped it on the common. It was heavy with the missing silver which had been stolen the night before.

'He had also made off with the dress-suit from Mr. Henderson's bedroom, while that gentleman lay asleep. Likewise the cigar-case had proved too tempting for him; and the top-hat he had taken from the stand in the hall. His own clothes, together with a jemmy, some picklocks, and silent matches, were afterwards found in the garden.

'Well, sir, I had him locked up in the police-station until the next day, when he was taken into still safer custody. It may perhaps interest you to learn that the burglar was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, for he was an old hand, you see. And what would serve him when he heard it, but he must needs address the magistrate: "That is an active officer," says he, pointing up to me. "He is a clever fellow, and I am glad I didn't kill him."

FLORA SCHMALZ.



“Into the water he dashed, and me in after him.”



Coleby arrives at the Doctor's House, and is introduced to Miss Grayson.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

QUICKSILVER.*



DOCTOR GRAYSON was a rich man, and he held a theory which he could afford to prove by practice. His theory was, that a gentleman was all a matter of education or training, and that you could make a gentleman's son a labourer, or a labourer's son a gentleman.

'A boy is so much clay, and you can make of him what you please,' said the good doctor to Sir James Danby, baronet and magistrate, with whom, and his lady, and Edgar—their son—Dr. Grayson and his daughter Helen were dining.

Sir James Danby held his theory, which was quite opposed to the doctor's. It was expressed in his answer to Dr. Grayson's remark: 'If the boy has not got breed in him—gentle blood—you can never make him a gentleman.'

The morning after the visit of the Graysons to the Danbys, the doctor took his gold-headed cane and walked down to the workhouse.

'Good morning, sir,' said Hippetts, the master; 'called to look round?'

'No, Hippetts, no,' said the doctor; 'got any boys?'

'Boys, sir!—the house swarms with them.'

'Ah, well! show me some.'

In a shorter time than it takes for a hungry school-boy to eat his dinner, the doctor was looking upon a crowd of heads—about three hundred—in a long, low building, of which the walls, beams, and ceiling were all whitewashed. The boys' faces appeared to have been whitewashed too; the Coleby boys looked like three hundred white-faced, small old men.

One after another of these lads was told to 'stand out' for the doctor's inspection. Some were highly spoken of by the master and schoolmaster, but to all who were recommended to him the old doctor merely said, 'Won't do, Hippetts—won't do.'

At last he pointed out a boy, and asked, 'What boy's that—quite at the back there?'

'That, sir—that lame boy?'

'No, no; that young quicksilver customer with the curly poll.'

'Oh, that, sir! He wouldn't do!' cried the two masters almost in a breath.

'How do you know?' said the doctor, tartly.

'Very bad boy indeed, sir, I'm sorry to say,' replied the schoolmaster.

'Yes, sir; regular young imp; so full of mischief that he corrupts the other boys. Can't say a word in his favour: and, besides, he's too young.'

'How old?'

'About eleven, sir.'

'Humph! trot him out.'

'Obed Coleby,' said the master, in a severe voice.

'Coleby, eh?'

'Yes, sir; son of a miserable tramp who died some years ago in the house. No name with him, so we called him after the town.'

As Coleby came up the doctor gazed sternly at him, taking in carefully his handsome, animated face, large blue eyes, curly yellow hair, and open forehead; not that his hair had much chance for curling—the workhouse barber stopped that.

After questioning the little fellow who bore so bad a character, and learning that he would be pleased to go with him, Dr. Grayson walked hand in hand with the workhouse-clad boy down the main street. The lad was crying, the cause of his tears being due to the fact that Mr. Hippetts and Mr. Sibery (the schoolmaster) had pronounced him ungrateful, because he had been so willing to leave them. The doctor saw the tears and pressed the boy's hand kindly. 'Yes,' he said to himself; 'I will show old Danby now. The very boy I wanted.—Ah,' he added aloud, 'here we are.'

When Coleby arrived at the doctor's house he was taken into the drawing-room. There he was introduced to sweet, lady-like Miss Helen Grayson. He stared about him with wondering delight, till he caught sight of a water-colour portrait of the doctor, the work of Helen herself, duly framed and hung upon the wall.

The boy burst into a hearty laugh, and turned to Helen, running to her and putting his hand in hers. 'Look there,' he cried, 'that's the old chap's picture. Ain't it like him?'

His delight when he learned that he was to stay in the beautiful house was unbounded. He laughed again and again, and began with wonderful skill and rapidity 'turning the wheel,' as he called it, completely round the drawing-room.

One of the first questions that arose in the doctor's mind was what to call Obed. It was answered in this way. It was the same afternoon that the lad had arrived at his new home that he was seated on the carpet, playing with pebbles. He took four from his pocket, laid them on the back of his right hand, and throwing them into the air, caught them separately, by as many rapid snatches. The doctor, who was watching him, cried, 'That's it, Helen, my dear! Cleverness of the right hand—dexterity; capital name.'

'Capital name, papa?'

'Yes; Dexter! Good Latin—sound, fresh, and uncommon. Dexter—Dex. Look here, sir, no more Obed; you shall be called Dexter.'

New clothes were brought for Dexter Grayson; and his kind protector informed him that he had adopted him, and intended to treat him as a son, as he wished him to become a true gentleman. Dexter promised to try very hard. The boy's ideas of a 'gentleman' were rather vague. 'A young gentleman!' he exclaimed; 'one of them who wears black jackets, and turn-down collars, and tall hats, and plays at cricket all day? I shall like that.'

The doctor's household consisted of Miss Grayson;

* *Quicksilver*; or, *The Boy with no Skid to his Wheel*, is a capital story by G. M. Fenn. Every boy should read it. There is not a dull page in the book.

the old housekeeper, Mrs. Millet, who had been with him since his wife's death, many years before; Maria, the maid; Daniel, the gardener; and Peter, the groom.

Very indignant was Maria when she found that the 'workhouse boy' had come to stay, and was to be addressed as 'Master Dexter.' 'He must be mad,' she had said of the doctor to Mrs. Millet.

'Master will be master,' was the good woman's answer, 'and he always will have his way.'

Old Dan'l took a great delight in his garden, and indeed it was a rare garden to delight in, with its lawns, and hedgerows, and fruit-trees, and flower-beds, and greenhouses; and in proportion as he loved the garden so he disliked Dexter. Was it not enough that he was a boy, and all boys were bent upon the ruin of gardens?

Peter was, at first, inclined against Dexter, but the fact that the lad often went fishing in the river at the bottom of the garden moved the groom to sympathy; he too had a weakness for fishing.

Sweet Helen Grayson, the doctor's only daughter, was very good to Dexter, her adopted brother. She gave up everything to devote her whole time to the boy, and so further her father's plan. She read to him, and made him read to her, and battled hard to get him out of his schoolboy twang. She tried to paint his likeness, but it was like dealing with quicksilver, for he could never sit still for any length of time. She played games with him; and at last she risked public opinion very bravely, by taking the boy out with her for a walk, when one of the first persons she met was Lady Danby. Edgar Danby, her petted and spoilt son, was with her. Lady Danby's shrug of the shoulders, and curious little sneery laugh, and Master Danby's 'faces,' with the menace of a little black cane, with a silver top and black tassels, excited Dexter strangely. He felt that they did not like him, and told Helen so. He knew it was because he was a workhouse boy, and he felt their slights keenly.

It was strange how soon after this meeting Dexter had a chance of showing his courage on behalf of Edgar and Sir James Danby.

Helen was going with him on an afternoon walk through some fields, when they were startled by a piercing shriek, as of a woman in peril, and directly after a man's voice was heard shouting for help. And help, indeed, was needed. Young Edgar Danby was on the ground with a huge bullock standing over him, smelling at him, and trying to turn him over with one of its horns. Sir James had been chased by the leading bullock, and was breathless and exhausted, and too nervous to attempt his son's rescue. Dexter made a rush at the bullocks, and the greater part of the drove turned tail. The leader of the little herd stood firm, tossed its head on high, shook its horns, and uttered a defiant bellow.

'Here, give me your stick!' shouted Dexter, as he ran up to Sir James. 'You shouldn't be afraid of them.'

'The boy will be killed,' cried Sir James in an agony; and he shouted again, 'Help, help!'

'No, he won't,' cried Dexter, snatching the magistrate's heavy ebony stick from his hand. 'I'll make them run.'

It is enough to say here that Dexter's pluck saved Edgar Danby from probable death.

Not long after this we find that Dexter, out of respect for Dr. Grayson, was invited to the Danbys' beautiful mansion. Lady Danby was, at first, very averse to her husband's proposal that the boy should become their guest, and in spite of Sir Danby's wish expressed to his son Edgar, that he and Dexter should become good friends, the young baronet behaved very rudely to his visitor and brave deliverer. He refused to speak to him, and for an hour or more walked round the garden just in advance of Dexter, saying nothing, but with a sneering look on his face, taking due care to keep out of his father's sight.

At last the young visitor grew tired, and sat down, and then Edgar fetched a sharpened stick, and thrust the point into Dexter, just to worry and annoy him.

Dexter bore this conduct as long and patiently as he could, and then, to use his own expression, he 'pitched into' his unfriendly young host, and 'whipped him.' Edgar was a little tyrant. He scratched Dexter's face, tore at his hair, and finally made his sharp white teeth meet in his visitor's neck. The next five minutes found the malicious Edgar seated on the grass, howling; his nose bleeding terribly, and the crimson stains carried by his hands all over his face.

It is almost needless to add that poor Dexter was in sad disgrace with Sir Danby, who came up just as he had severely thrashed Edgar. The latter threw all the blame upon Dexter, and falsely told his father that he had been knocking him about ever since his arrival!

Prig as Edgar Danby was, he is not used as the villain of the tale. Bob Dimster, whom Dexter met when fishing in the river, is that undesirable character. He incites the adopted Grayson to steal, and row away from his good home in Sir Danby's beautiful boat; and, when Dexter had sacrificed everything for his supposed friend, the mean-spirited craven turned round and accused him of his *own* misdoings!

The story tells, too, of the return of our hero; of his frank and manly bearing; of many further troubles and adventures, and concludes with a strange surprise for the reader. Every boy should read for himself this delightful book.

JAMES CASSIDY.

THE DODDER.

THE dodder is less well known than many flowers, but it deserves to be noticed from its strange appearance and manner of growth, which are different from plants in general. Those who have visited hot-houses have observed beautiful flowers, natives of tropical countries, growing luxuriantly out of a tuft of moss, suspended by a wire, or out of a piece of decayed bark. The little weed which the woodcut portrays is not unlike its gorgeous sisters; for although the seed takes root in the ground, the plant maintains its life by twining round others of a nature quite foreign to itself, into whose stems it inserts its



The Dodder.

sucker-like roots, and steals the sap which was meant for their own use. It thus loses all hold on the ground, and has an independent seat of life wherever it has twined round a branch; so that, if it were divided into a thousand pieces, each piece would go on growing just as if it had never been touched. Before it puts out its flowers, the dodder resembles a number of leafless, fleshy threads, like 'fine, closely tangled, wet catgut.' Its growth begins in small patches, and it gradually extends itself in circles of from five to seven feet in diameter, destroying in its progress all vegetation, and leaving the whole area black, as though a fire had passed over the spot. Above forty species are known to botanists in different parts of the world. In England four only are known. One species was introduced from Afghanistan in A.D. 1843, with clover seed, and rapidly spread over the country.

R. B.

A CUNNING MONKEY.



THE monkey in question was named Jeremiah; he owed his name to the sadness of his face. His master was an Englishman in India. Jeremiah's two soft brown eyes were 'infinitely sad,' especially when the curious little mind behind them was devising some wickedness.

Jeremiah seemed to be under a necessity of being mischievous; for when doing something that he knew well was wrong he would utter shrill screams of terror, but without stopping for a moment in his work.

He loved his master dearly, and would fling himself into his arms with most pathetic joy after the shortest absences. But as soon as he was released he would very likely return to his favourite amusement, which was to steal a vase or some breakable object from the house, climb with it to the top of a tree in the garden and hurl it down.

Jeremiah's most remarkable achievement was capturing a dog to ride on in a march. When his master was moving from one station to another, Jeremiah, then quite young, was sent to march with the natives, the horses, and a new English dog-cart. At first he rode in the dog-cart; but he had not gone far before two buttons were twisted off the cushions, a hole was bitten in the cloth, and the monkey's little hand was drawing out handfuls of the stuffing.

Jeremiah was therefore condemned to walk; and a very weary little monkey, dusty and hungry and thirsty, arrived at the end of a long day's march. Evidently he thought the matter over, and decided that it was not good enough.

When he was given his supper, the men noticed that he chose a black dog out of the crowds of out-cast dogs that hung about the camp, and offered it part of his meal. The next morning Jeremiah fed the dog again, and beguiled it into following the march. And by-and-by the monkey jumped on the dog's back and rode along.

Every day the proceeding was repeated. The monkey rode the whole of the remaining eighty miles of the journey on the dog's back. Every night he shared his supper with the dog, and slept curled up close to him.

Jeremiah's exit was worthy of his career. His master, having to move, decided to give the monkey away instead of taking him. As he went out to mount his horse when leaving the bungalow, he beheld the scorned and rejected Jeremiah come from one of the rooms where packing was going on, and hop across the carriage-drive.

Under his arms were two cherished Venetian glass vases; a metal ornament was in one hand, and a small pair of bellows in the other. His pouches were distended with stolen dainties.



"He darted up a tree, flung down the vases, and bit a hole in the bellows."

When he saw that he was observed, he darted up a tree, flung down the vases with an angry scream, bit a hole in the bellows and hurled them after the

glasses. Then with a triumphant chatter he disappeared among the upper branches, and was seen no more.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

24.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

RE-ARRANGE the following words so as to make sentences of the nature of proverbs.

1. Little of expenses beware; a small ship a leak great sink will.
2. Of happiness the foundation human truth is.
3. Time shows well-arranged a mind well-arranged.
4. More opportunities a man wise will finds he than make.
5. Small things in kindness politeness is.
6. Your thoughts heard well guard in heaven for they are.
7. Reflecting without to read without digesting to eat is.
8. The tree the thorns you planted come from you reap.
9. Often beginnings great from things small come.
10. Their words repented of have more silence their than of.
11. Precept stronger is example than.
12. Actions bad thoughts ripen bad into quickly.
13. To happiness necessary employment human is.
14. Yourself help God and you help will. C. C.

25.—ENIGMA.

IN everything I've always been, and yet in nothing found;
Dust or earth I've never seen, though always in the ground;
I'm never absent from the tongue, yet never in the mouth;
I'm in the middle of my age, yet never saw my youth.

[Answers at page 206.]

ANSWERS.

23.—Chatham.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Chelsea. | 5. Holland. |
| 2. Hampshire. | 6. Avon. |
| 3. Amsterdam. | 7. Monmouthshire |
| 4. Thanet. | (birthplace of Henry V.). |

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 179.)



AFTER the boy had told all he knew—or at all events, all he could remember—Mr. Devenish thoughtfully leaned his head on his hand and tried to think out the situation, whilst young Lord Brampton, taking his new-found comrade by the arm, led him away to the gardens and stables, in order to show him his ponies and dogs.

How, thought the clergyman to himself, could he manage to communicate with the young stranger's

parents, how let them know of his providential escape from the lost vessel? To address a letter to a man named Watt, at a place called Pinewood Creek, in the vast territories of the Dominion of Canada, was too absurd to think seriously about for a moment. Advertisements might be tried in Canadian newspapers, and he determined that he would try this, though in his heart of hearts he had small hope of success in such a direction. The shipping register, which would contain the name of the *Eagle*—and probably a dozen other *Eagles*—might have been resorted to by a business man, but Mr. Devenish was not a business man, and the idea did not occur to him. Even if it had, a long delay must have taken place before the boy's parents could have been traced and told of his escape. The more he thought over the matter the more puzzled did he become, and at last he gave up the problem—at least for the time—and came to the conclusion that the companionship of the boy with his own youthful charge could not be otherwise than good for them both.

Meantime, the boys were thoroughly enjoying themselves in a tramp round the estate.

'Here's my pet pony. You should see him jump! And here's another good pony; you shall have him to ride all the time you stop here with me—and I mean to make you stop a jolly long time, you know. We will have some good fun together. I enjoy every minute of the day, I am thankful to say, but I have often wanted a companion, and you seem just the sort of chap for me. Oh, we will have some fine times together, won't we?'

'Well, I guess so. There is nothing I should like better. Only it weighs on me that dad and mother may soon come to hear of the wreck of the *Eagle*, and they will be powerful grieved to think I'm gone too. How are we to let them know that I'm saved?'

Lord Brampton put his hands into his pockets, and whistled softly to himself, as he thought over the situation. 'Oh, Mr. Devenish will find out some way of doing that, I expect. He is sure to; you don't know how clever he is, and what lots of things he knows! Why, he can speak Latin!'

'No!—not really now, can he?'

The young lord nodded. 'Oh, and lots of other things, too. But he couldn't ride a horse or kill a rabbit, you know, if it was to save his own life; he is no sportsman, but he is splendid at everything else—everything indoors, I mean. And now come along here, and I will show you the lake. It is rather too cold, or we could go for a row on it; but there is plenty of time to do all that some other day.'

'Say, ought I to call you "My Lord," now?—only tell me, and I'll do the right thing, you know. I'm only an ignorant backwoods-boy, and don't know enough to "come in out of the rain," as they say. Leastways, that is what dad said to me one time when I thought I knew better than the rest of them how to snare polecats. Now, say, shall I call you "My Lord?'"

'No, rather not!' burst out the young peer, hotly. 'My name's Bernard, and that's what you are to call me. I shall call you, George—see?'

'Shake,' said the young Canadian gravely, extending his hand. And they shook hands, as over a solemn compact.

By this time they had arrived at the edge of the lake, a fine piece of water covering something under a hundred acres.

'This your pond?' said George, eyeing the water dubiously.

'Pond! why, it is a lot bigger than a pond.'

'Think so? Well, in our parts they would reckon this about big enough to swim ducks in. What we call a lake is where the big steamboats go snorting and puffing about, and where there are islands and great wharves, and landing-stages, and heaps of baggage and corn and things standing there waiting to be shipped—yes, and a sight of people all travelling about, and always appearing to be in a terrible hurry to get somewhere else. But this is mighty pretty. Things may be a bit small here, but they are a long way prettier, I think, than we have them on our side. Say, Bernard, do you know how to snare stoats? Oh, I'll tell you such a plan!' And in such chat as this the morning quickly passed away.

Before a week had elapsed from the first strange arrival of young George Watt, he and Bernard were the fastest of friends, and not only took their pleasure in company, but also settled down to regular study each morning, under the careful and expert guidance of Mr. Devenish. Meantime, that gentleman had instructed a London agent to insert certain advertisements in some of the principal newspapers of Canada, conveying the news across the Atlantic that George Watt had been saved from the wreck of the *Eagle*, and requesting his parents, should this notice reach them, to afford the advertiser the means of communicating with them. This done, he could only await the issue, and trust that his plan would prove a success.

George Watt proved quick at learning, as is often the case where the brain has been allowed to lie fallow for years after the usual time for a child's education to begin. To use his own expression, he was acquiring knowledge 'hand over fist,' and really enjoying the process. It was not long before Mr. Devenish made the welcome discovery that the companionship of one of his own age was proving very useful to his young cousin. In every way, in short, the excellent clergyman soon came to regard the advent of little George as an unmixed blessing.

'Now, Bernard, my boy, if we are to catch any of these big pike you were telling me about the other day, I guess we must hurry up; there is only about two hours' daylight left.'

'Come along, then, George. I set two trimmers in the lake after I had finished lessons this morning, and I have been wondering ever since whether we shall get anything. Do you know what a trimmer is?' inquired the young lord.

'No. I suppose it's a sort of night-line, isn't it?'

'Well, it is. Rather a poaching way of catching fish, isn't it? but we really do want the lake cleared of pike; they eat up all the young roach, and do no end of mischief besides. They are fine eating, too, if you know how to cook them. Stuffed, and with brown gravy over them—oh, they are grand that way, I can tell you.'

Chatting as they went along, the boys soon reached the lake-side, and unloosed the chain at the bows of the old punt. After bailing her out, a process rendered necessary by a heavy fall of rain on the previous evening, they put their fishing-rods in and embarked.

'Let us pull down to the lower end of the water and visit the trimmers first. I must see if we have got anything on the hooks,' said Bernard, in eager tones.

'All serene,' answered his companion, 'And now just tell me what a trimmer is, will you?'

'It is a sort of big, flat cork float, with a quill through it. The line is fastened so that, if a fish takes the bait, it pulls the trimmer float right over, and so you can always tell, even without touching it, whether there is anything on the hook. The side in the water is painted green, and the side out of the water is either red or white—mine is white—so that if the green side is uppermost you know there is sport coming.'

'I see. That is a fine plan. I will do the pulling now, and you sit up in the bows and holloa "right," "left," just as you want me to go, so as to pick them up. And mind you give a big holloa directly you see whether we've got a fish on or not.'

And away they went down the lake as fast as George could push along the old tub. After a few minutes' hard pulling at the oars, the boy exclaimed: 'Now, Bernard, surely you can see if —' when a yell of delight from his companion proclaimed that a fish was on the hooks; the green side of the float was uppermost, and it was dancing about on the water in a highly lively style.

'Pull away and let me get hold of it, George!' cried the young lord in excited tones. 'A little to your right; now pull left-handed—hard—pull your left oar—that's it, now I've got it. Hooray! it feels a big one. Gently now, back water a bit; that's it. Oh, look! he's making a run. Ah, he's sulking now. Come along, piky, come along. Throw down your oars, and get out that big landing-net. We ought to have a gaff, but I forgot to bring it. Ah, that's it! Now, you slip the net under him as soon as I get him alongside. Don't be in too great a hurry; here he comes. Now, George, now's your time! Hooray! we have him,' and a splendid fish, snapping his teeth, as though in fury with his captors, lay gasping in the bottom of the boat.

'Mind your fingers!' shouted Bernard. 'He will have hold of them if he gets half a chance. We must kill him—and kill him *dead*, mind you!' he added with a laugh, 'before attempting to get the hook out of his mouth. There are not *many* English fish with teeth, but these gentlemen have got some very dangerous ones.'

With a knife they quickly dispatched the formidable-looking fish, and then began to get the hook out of his jaws. This was a difficult job, and a few minutes elapsed before the task was successfully accomplished. Then Bernard raised his head for the first time, and took a look round.

'Halloa! where are the oars? You have let them go overboard, George, I do believe!'

(Continued at page 196.)



"Now you slip the net under him as soon as I get him alongside."



'IS IT QUITE SAFE?'



A Dog's Thoughts.

A DOG'S THOUGHTS.

A BIG St. Bernard dog found his way into a conservatory where a stuffed toy terrier was one of the ornaments. The big dog was much puzzled. These may have been his thoughts: 'How did that little fellow get in there? And why, although he looks so perky, does he remain so perfectly motionless, not even moving a paw or rolling an eye? And shall I ever be in like *case*? Is a glass case the resting-place of all dogs, whether great or small, good or bad? I hardly think so, for I have never before seen one like this. At any rate, if I am to be put into a glass case, I shall certainly require a much larger one.'

E. D.

ENGLAND'S NATIONAL BUILDINGS.

THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.



LEAVING the Central Telegraph Office and crossing the street, the visitor finds himself immediately opposite a small office on the right-hand side of the pile of buildings known as the G.P.O., in which office stands a scarlet-coated beadle, whose duty it is to receive 'permits,' and introduce 'conductors.'

The first division usually examined is that known as the Circulation Department. Ascending a flight of antique wooden stairs the climber finds himself in a gallery surrounded by a balustrade, while the busy scene exposed to view presents a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Letters, letters, everywhere! Hundreds of pairs of hands, hundreds of pairs of eyes, are in a state of ceaseless activity, sorting and arranging the thousands of letters poured into the chief office through its various boxes, and brought into it from the different metropolitan and suburban offices. Here is an interesting fact worth remembering. In the east and west windows of the G.P.O., between the hours of five and six in the evening, 60,000 letters are posted, that is at the rate of 1000 per minute, and in this one post office alone! When dropped through the openings they fall into baskets. These are carried to the left of the Circulation Department as viewed from the gallery, and laid upon 'facing-tables'—there are seven. Here they are technically faced, that is arranged in line, one behind the other, with their stamps facing right about.

After facing, the stamps are defaced with a stamping machine at the rate of one hundred and sixty a minute.

When the letters have been faced and the stamps defaced they are sorted. This sorting employs many people, and entails incessant work. Every letter is sorted twice, and many of them three times. The first sorting is termed 'divisional,' that is, it is geographical; the second sorting is 'to the road'—such as the Sevenoaks Road—when the letters

addressed to various small towns by which the road passes are grouped; while the third sorting is generally done on the road, and is to the town direct.

Letters for large cities such as Birmingham dispense with the intermediate sorting, so that they are sorted to the town direct. Speaking broadly, all letters are sorted according to the different railway systems.

Of course, all letters do not pass through the G.P.O.; but a letter passing from the North of England to the South would do so, unless made up for the travelling post offices.

These travelling post offices are very convenient, economical, and ingenious. The letters they convey are deposited in sacks (they are sorted while inside the railway carriages), and secured by a wrapping of American cloth and straps. Just as the train nears the station at which they are to be left, the clerks hang the bag on a long iron arm, which holds it with a spring outside the carriage. The train does not stop, and when the bag strikes a capacious net which juts out from the side, the spring lets the bag fall into the net. Just the reverse of this takes place when the travelling post office receives a fresh supply. The carriage-net comes into contact with the horizontal arms attached to perpendicular posts, and, by a sudden touch, causes the springs by which the bags of letters are held to release their treasures and drop them into the empty net.

One of the most interesting departments at the G.P.O. is that known as the 'Blind' division. Here it is that all letters with addresses difficult to decipher are received. Experts examine and rewrite almost unreadable directions, and complete the addresses upon those which are not fully addressed. Whole volumes of roads and towns, and out-of-the-way villages, compiled in the neatest handwriting, forming quite an original and unpublished library, may here be seen.

The amount of trouble taken by the experts in the Blind Department is truly surprising. They 'leave no stone unturned' to carry out the wishes of the senders of even the most vague addresses.

During the theatrical season this department is always extraordinarily busy, deciphering hieroglyphics in the shape of sketches and puzzles, many of which are entered in an album kept for the purpose. Here are descriptions of one or two.

A correspondent addresses 'Mr. W. E. Gibson,' then draws a school, with its usual furniture and cane-flourishing master; underneath the school a good-sized hammer and the syllable 'ton,' followed by the word 'near,' succeeded by a scene representing a lively hunt in a verdant field, and the syllable 'don.' Transcribed the address stands—'Mr. W. E. Gibson, Schoolmaster, Hammerton, near Huntingdon.'

Another, wishing to communicate with the Secretary of the Poulterers' Company, writes—'To the Secretary, Cocks and Hens;' while a poor country correspondent, desirous of communicating with H.M. the Queen, adds: 'Please excuse putton a stam, as I am so poor.'

An Italian letter-writer draws upon a post-card two gilt pears, and the missive reaches Messrs. Pears, soap manufacturers, just as quickly as though it had been fully and properly addressed. This last

mode of address was done for a wager; of course, the wager was won by the firm.

As an example of curious spelling we give the following:—‘Mrs. Lucas, by Black Witecrose, Struggials, Senluces.’ Transcribed: ‘Mrs. Lucas, G. Block, Whitecross Street Models, St. Lukes.’

The newspaper branch of the Circulation Department presents a scene equally busy with the letter division. Here are men constantly at work, whose duty it is to bring to light hidden treasure. It is quite surprising to reflect upon the trouble people take to avoid the payment of an extra penny. Packets of photographs are frequently opened, and display pencilled messages written upon the tissue paper affixed, commenting upon the photographer's work, and giving directions for future productions; these are, of course, charged ‘letter post.’ Two and three papers done up as one; stealthy notes hidden in the folds of others; fashion plates and needlework are found in not a few, while both newspapers and letters for foreign parts are frequently stamped wrongly.

All newspapers and circulars when posted drop into receptacles in the basement, and are brought up from thence by a lift resembling a boat-swing, each floor taking off its proper load, and the lift descends again to be refilled.

In a department known as the ‘Hospital,’ parcels sent by letter-post insecurely packed, or which have been damaged in transit, are carefully attended to and sealed up again.

This work keeps several special men continually engaged, and it is surprising to note the lack of common sense shown by many people in the packing of their goods. For instance, new-laid eggs with thin cardboard boxes to protect them; slices of wedding cake in tissue paper; groceries hardly packed at all; earrings and jewellery of most delicate workmanship, with a thin covering of pink wool, and outside that merely a sheet of ordinary writing-paper. Such, and other equally fragile goods, quite as poorly protected, are continually sent by letter post, and need all the patience and skill of the ‘Hospital’ authorities to enable them to reach their destination safely.

As a nation England owes much to its General Post Office.

JAMES CASSIDY.

CONDEMNED TO THE GALLEYS.



DURING the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to be condemned to the galleys was the most fearful doom which could be passed upon any man, whatever his offence might have been. A galley was a long, narrow row-boat carrying a sail or two, but dependent for safety and for movement mainly upon oars; the number of men to

each oar varied according to the vessel's size. A short deck at the prow, and another at the poop, served, the one to carry the fighting men, and

the other was for the knights and gentlemen, and especially for the admiral or captain.

Between these two decks, in the ship's waist, was the propelling power, say fifty-four benches or banks, twenty-seven a-side, supporting each four or five slaves, whose whole business in life was to tug at the fifty-four oars.

Sometimes a galley-slave worked as long as twenty years, sometimes for all his miserable life, at this fearful calling. The poor creatures were chained so closely together on their narrow bench, that they never could lie down at full length to sleep. Between the two lines of rowers ran the bridge, and on it stood two boatswains, armed with long whips, which they laid on to the bare backs of the rowers with merciless severity. Very little and coarse food was doled out to these unfortunates, while the water they drank was often foul and disgusting. The full complement of a large fighting galley was 270 rowers, 50 or 60 soldiers, with helmsmen, captains, doctors, boatswains, and many other; in all about four hundred men. Anything more miserable than the condition of these galley slaves can scarcely be imagined, and the hopelessness of their lot caused them to fall into a reckless indifference to everything, so that many of them seemed to become actual devils, caring nothing for the misery of those around them. John Knox, the Scottish reformer, who was domiciled with his pupils in the castle of St. Andrews, when that fortress surrendered to the French, was sent with many others to the French galleys, where he laboured at the oar for eighteen months, only being released (when his health had quite broken down) upon the urgent request of Edward VI. of England. In France the convict galleys were gradually superseded from A.D. 1748 by the Bagnes, or convict prisons.

But the miserable slave on board the French galleys found a real friend in Vincent de Paul, a Frenchman of humble birth, but of wonderful goodness. This man had studied for Holy Orders, and been admitted to priest's orders in the year A.D. 1600. On a voyage which he was making from Marseilles to Narbonne his ship was captured by pirates, and he, with his companions, was sold into slavery at Tunis. Here he suffered all the miseries of which we have spoken, but he bore everything with so much patience, and showed so much sympathy for his fellow-sufferers, that the master to whom he had been sold was greatly touched. This man having at one time been a Christian, though now a renegade, resolved to return to the Christian Church.

Accordingly the two men contrived to escape together, and made their way to France, where Vincent de Paul, mindful of all that he himself had suffered in the galleys, devoted himself to the help and consolation of other men still in the same sad circumstances, with the happy effect that he found his way to the heart of many a miserable man who had never known sympathy or happiness before.

THE largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 18,000 square miles.



"Farewell, my little darling."

A PARTING WORD.

FAREWELL, my little darling
With the sweet and tranquil brow,
The bonny hair so golden—
Come, kiss your father now.

Ah, wife! it grieves me sorely
From you and her to part;
You will write me often, dearest,
To cheer my lonely heart?

You won't forget to tell me
Of all my baby's wiles—
Her playful small caprices,
Her bright and merry smiles.

And, Annie love, expect me
Home by midsummer day;
And don't forget me, dearest,
When I am far away.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 191.)

GEORGE gazed around him in a puzzled sort of way. I reckon that I have let the oars go. I was thinking so much of this fish—and now we have drifted a precious long way from where we were. I can't see them anywhere, can you? But I suppose it doesn't matter on this pond, does it?

'Well, no. That is, not unless the boat takes it into her head to drift over what we call the Weir. It isn't really a weir, but the water empties itself over a rather deep wall—and it will empty us out of the boat, pretty quickly, too, if we should go that way.'

'Can't we paddle ashore with a boat's stretcher?'

'This boat hasn't got such a thing. That is the only drawback to your plan,' answered Bernard, laughing; 'but, joking apart, we really *are* being slowly carried in the direction of the weir, and we shall go



"The line fell right across the boat about amidships."

down it an awful cropper, if we can't manage to steer her in-shore somewhere first.'

'Can you swim?'

'Not a bit. Can you?'

'Yes,' answered the Canadian boy, 'a little. And I think we had better chance than than sit in the boat and go down over this weir you speak of. At all events, I can help you, and we shall get a clear

course instead of starting to try and save ourselves after having, perhaps, a crack on the head from something, as we slide over the weir and tumble about in the water below.'

All this time, Bernard had been gazing eagerly at both banks of the lake in order to see if any of the keepers were within sight. His quick eye soon caught a glimpse of a man walking along the bank

on the south side of the lake, whom he mistook at first for one of the Brampton gamekeepers. As the boat drifted nearer towards the man, he saw that it was a stranger. However, it did not matter who he was; the great thing was to attract his attention, and this he did by standing up in the punt and shouting.

At first the man threw up his head in a startled manner, and turned as though to make off; but the persistence with which Lord Brampton shouted and gesticulated evidently led him to change his mind. He walked down to the water's edge, and shouted back to know what it was that they wanted.

'We have lost our oars, and don't want to drift over the weir,' shouted Lord Brampton.

'Well, what can I do?' bawled back the man on the bank.

'Run down to the old boat-house; you will find a coil of light rope hanging up on a peg there. Get it as quickly as you can, and then heave one end of it out to us.'

'You have got a level head, Bernard. Now, I have been thinking hard all this time, and though I'm backwoods born, I couldn't hit upon any way of doing the business.'

Bernard smiled, very pleased to show his companion that he was quite as much at home in outdoor matters as his friend.

'Will he be in time, do you think?' asked George, anxiously.

'Yes; that is, if he looks sharp about it. Ah, you see he has set off running now, and it won't take him long to get down to the boat-house at that pace. We are still drifting slowly, though, of course, as we get nearer to the weir, the run of the water will gradually catch us, and we shall be taken along quicker and quicker till —'

'Yes; till —?'

'Well, till over we go at about forty miles an hour,' said Bernard, with a pursing up of his lips that rather dismayed his friend. The young fellow knew well what the ugly rush of waters over that wall meant; on one occasion he had seen a favourite retriever dog, unable to stem the tide, carried over and killed instantly at the bottom of it, and it was a sight he was never likely to forget. For about five minutes the punt seemed to travel at the same pace; then the motion got quicker, and the boys' anxiety was naturally increased in proportion.

'We are going, you know,' said George. 'I reckon we shan't be very long reaching the spot now. I suppose it is just through that narrow part, and if so — Here is the man with the rope! Hooray! Now for it! We mustn't miss getting hold of it when he throws.'

'Take steady aim,' bawled Lord Brampton. 'Don't throw wildly, whatever you do. Now!'

The man on the shore, towards which they had now drawn much closer in, was evidently a gipsy; tall and strong, swarthy of complexion, and wearing a gay red and yellow handkerchief round his throat. He held a coil of light line in his right hand, retaining the end of it in his left. Then with great accuracy of aim he shot the coil high into the air, and the line fell right across the boat, about amidships. Both boys seized it joyfully. Their

danger was practically over; for to haul on the line and pull the punt in-shore was but the work of a minute, and both felt very thankful as they stepped ashore that nothing worse had come of what might have proved a very disastrous adventure.

Turning to the gipsy, Lord Brampton felt in his pocket for something to reward him with, but found only two stray sixpences.

'I am very sorry I haven't anything to give you, my good fellow. You must come up to the house with us, and I will find you some money there. You have done us a good service; if you had not been where you were we should probably have both gone over the weir.'

The gipsy touched his hat. Then he said: 'I suppose it's Lord Brampton I'm speaking to? Well, my Lord, I think I had rather not come up to the house; but you might arrange to meet me, say, some time to-morrow, and give me that money.'

'But why don't you come up to the house now for it?' inquired Bernard, looking hard at him.

'Well, you see, my Lord, it's like this, you see; your keepers might meet us, and want to know what I was doing at the lake-side when you first saw me, and —'

'What were you doing?' said Bernard innocently. The thought had never struck him before. The gipsy hesitated. Then the ready lie rose to his lips. 'I was looking for ferns.'

'Oh,' rejoined Lord Brampton, with the indifference of a truthful disposition which accepts everything without inquiry or doubt.

The gipsy added: 'Perhaps the keepers would go for to say that I was poaching, setting rabbit-snares, or something of that sort. Not that there is any truth in that, but keepers—well, there, keepers is the most unbelieving set of people I ever did see,' said the dark-skinned man in a tone of deeply injured innocence. 'So I had rather not come up to the house with you two gentlemen.'

'Oh, all right. I will send it—no, I will bring it down here to you—the money, I mean—to-morrow at the same time. We will meet you by the boat-house.'

'All right, my Lord, I will be there. At the same time to-morrow afternoon. Thank ye for believing a poor gipsy's story—none of them keepers would have believed it, I know,' and turning his face away to conceal the crafty smile on it, he slouched off.

The boys, having first securely fastened up the punt by the side of the boat-house, made their way slowly across the park and up to the house again. On their way thither, they met Mr. Devenish, and told him of the unpleasant experience which they had had. As a timid man, he was somewhat alarmed, and implored the boys never to go on the lake again; but the young lord very sensibly declined to accede to such a request.

'No, no, Mr. Devenish; I am sure when you think things over you won't persevere in that request. Because there is some danger in a sport, we don't give up that sport altogether; and because a madman cuts his throat with a razor, it would surely be unreasonable to forbid the rest of the world to shave!'

As soon as they had reached the house again, and the two boys were once more alone, George said: 'Bernard, I guess our dusky friend is not over-straight. You heard that tall statement of his about poaching? Well, we never accused him of poaching, and yet he seemed to think it necessary to tell us he *wasn't* poaching. Now, I reckon that same statement to be a lie!'

'Really? Do you think so?'

George nodded. 'Look here,' he said, speaking slowly; 'you haven't been raised—I mean brought up—in a wild country where half-breed Indians and worse whites are around you, and where a body has to think and reason a bit as to whether what is told him is truth or not truth—which means, mainly, whether what they are telling you is to their interest or not—but I *have*. If I had believed everything straight off, like you do—though I own it is the *pleasante*st way to do so—I should have lost a good Winchester repeating rifle and my own scalp at the same time about a year ago. No, I don't like that gipsy—he is a bad lot, I'm thinking—and I don't believe a word of what he said about the keepers and poaching.'

'Well, he did us a good service, anyhow, didn't he? And I mean to take him a five-pound note to-morrow,' said Lord Brampton decisively.

'Oh, *that's* all right—of course, he did us the greatest of all services, and probably saved our lives. And it's quite right to give him the greenbacks—I mean note. But we need not believe everything he tells us, for all that, you know.'

'Just now you said you might have lost your scalp by believing what a fellow told you. How was it? Tell me the story, George. I like to hear all about that queer country you come from. Let us draw up our chairs to the window here, where we can look out over the park, and make ourselves comfortable, and then you must tell me how it all happened.'

They settled themselves into their seats, and then George began.

(Continued at page 202.)

SUMMER.

THE heat of the summer comes hastily on,
The fruits are transparent and clear;
The buds and the blossoms of April are gone,
And the deep-colour'd cherries appear.

The blue sky above us is bright and serene,
No cloud on its bosom remains;
The woods, and the fields, and the hedges are green,
And the hay-cocks smell sweet from the plains.

Down far in the valley, where bubbles the spring,
Which soft through the meadow-land glides,
The lads from the mountain the heavy sheep bring,
And shear the warm coat from their sides.

Ah! let me lie down in some shady retreat,
Beside the meandering stream;
For the sun darts abroad an unbearable heat,
And burns with his overhead beam.

There, all the day idle, my limbs I'll extend,
Fanned soft to delicious repose;
While round me a thousand sweet odours ascend,
From every gay wood-flower that blows.

But hark! from the lowlands what sounds do I hear?

The voices of pleasure so gay!
The merry young haymakers cheerfully bear
The heat of the hot summer's day.

While some, with bright scythe singing shrill to the stone,

The tall grass and buttercups mow,
Some spread it with forks, and by others it's thrown

Into sweet-smelling cocks in a row.

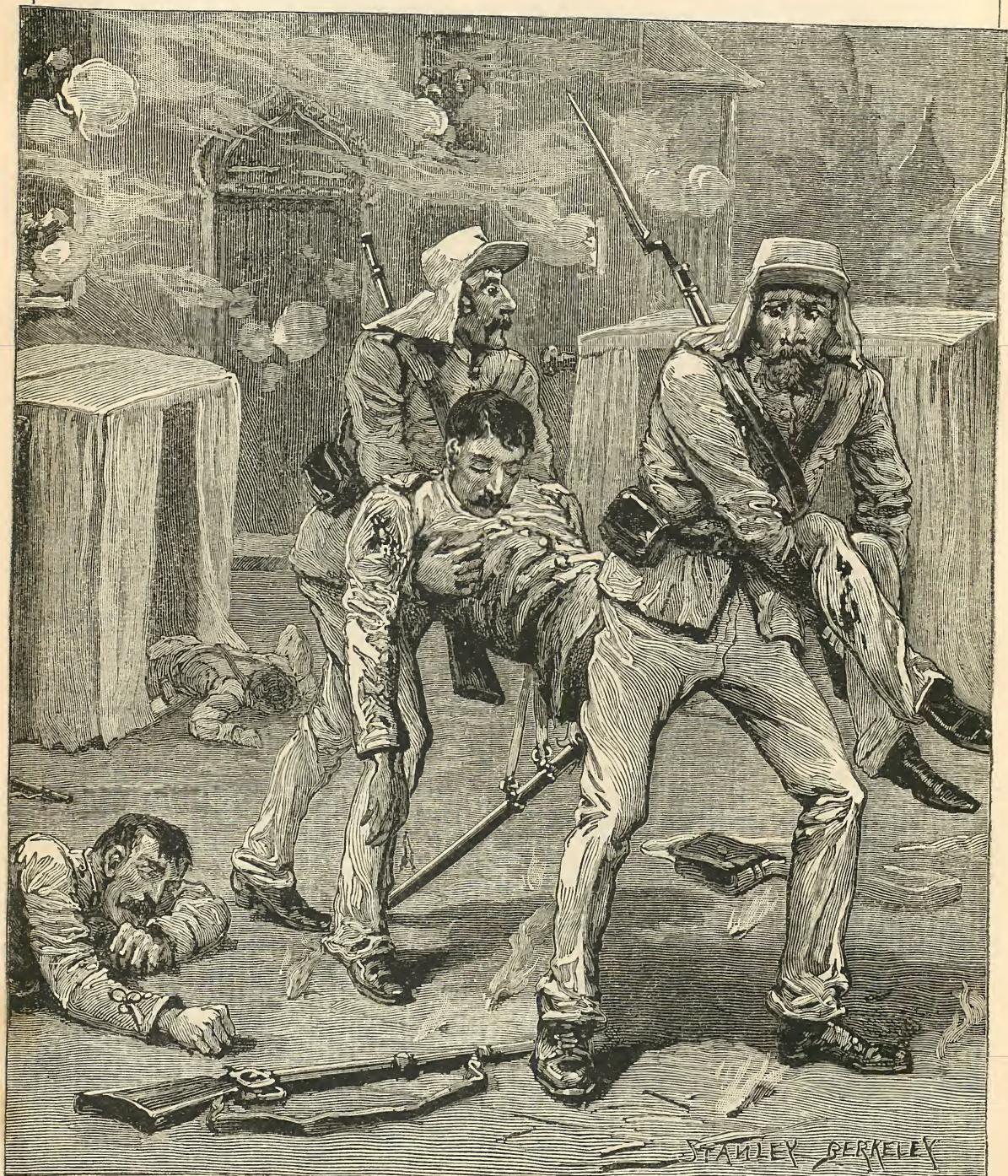
Then since joy and glee with activity join,
This moment to labour I'll rise;
While the idle love best in the shade to recline,
And waste precious time as it flies.

To waste precious time we can never recall,
Is waste of the very worst kind:
One short day of life has more value than all
The gold that in India they find.

Not diamonds that brilliantly beam in the mine,
For time, precious time, should be given:
For gems can but make us look gaudy and fine,
But time can prepare us for Heaven.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

THE Indian Mutiny of A.D. 1857 opened England's eyes to the fact that she owned a race of heroes worthy to take rank with any that Greece and Sparta of old had ever produced. The glorious roll of Victoria Cross men was enriched, and the nation's life made fuller by the unselfish bravery, the noble patience, and the patriotic heroism of many of her sons. The subjects of the present memoir take high rank amongst their fellow-wearers of the coveted Cross. When the troops, commanded by Major-General Havelock, forced their way into the Residency at Lucknow, in September A.D. 1857, the wounded were, of course, left behind the column. Surgeons Home and Bradshaw were left with them, and whilst attending to the men's wounds, they were surrounded by the enemy. The little party carried their wounded into the shelter of a house, and there made a desperate resistance till the house was set on fire. Then they retreated into a shed where, by the most marked bravery, they kept off the enemy for twenty-two hours. Of the four officers who were with the party, three were mortally and one severely wounded, and only Surgeon Home and half-a-dozen men were able to use a rifle. The dhooly-bearers had all flung down their burdens and fled, leaving the wounded in them to be murdered by the rebels. Surgeon Bradshaw then got some bearers together, and, though under a heavy fire, he succeeded in bringing most of them safely into the Residency.



Victoria Cross Heroes: Surgeons Home and Bradshaw.



"I put a bold face on the matter, though I was feeling far from comfortable."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 199.)



EIGHT canoes full of Indians came sweeping down the river early one morning—canoes all full of the squaws and those ugly-looking dogs of theirs, as well as the men, and piled up with their pots and pans, and all their other worldly belongings—they came down loaded with skins and furs to trade off for flour, tobacco, and things like that, and especially for gunpowder and lead. Well, several of them came up to our log-house, and soon began the bartering. They lay around, after a big feed about the middle of the day, and said that they weren't going to make a start till evening. Dad said "that was all right; they were welcome to whatever they wanted from the hut." He was always friendly that way with my Indian parties that came around; he judged it was best to be, I reckon. About two hours after dinner, he picked up his gun and strolled off to get some hazel hens. There were plenty of men about the farm, all men he knew and could trust, or of course he would not have gone and left these dark-skinned gentlemen there. One of them, as soon as dad was fairly off the premises, came up to me and began to try and bargain for my new Winchester, which dad had promised me as soon as I was a bit older—he had lent it to me for the time, and mighty proud I was of it, though I did not dare fire it off, really. I had not quite got the hang of a Winchester; it was so different to the old blunderbuss-looking thing I had been used to. Still, I liked carrying it about, and getting used gradually to the feel of it. I shook my head at the Indian to let him see I wasn't going to part with it, and after offering me quite a lot of handsome skins, including a very valuable black bear's, he seemed to give it up as a bad job, and walked away down to where most of the others were, near their canoes. About an hour afterwards, one of the party, a half-breed, came along round from the wood at the back of our log-hut, and in a few words of broken English, he told me that he had been higher up the river, and met dad, and that dad had sent him back to give me a message that I was to come along up to the Forks—that was a place where the river branched off into two parts, you know—and bring my rifle. Well, that sounded all right. Dad had done that at least half-a-dozen times before, so in the ordinary way I should have started right off to join him; but I always remembered a saying of General Sherman's, which the dad was never tired of telling us all. It was about what some people call "good Indians." General Sherman—and he was a man who had had a middling long experience of them, and knew what he was talking about—said, "The only good Indian I ever saw was a dead Indian," and somehow I suspected the whole affair. So, just nodding to the

half-breed, I ran into a shed where half-a-dozen of our hands were sawing up timber, and said that if I was not back in one hour they were to come after me up to the Forks, and bring their guns along with them. Then I picked up the Winchester, and started right along. Of course, it might be all right, I thought, but I would be on the safe side, any way. Well, I started right along for the Forks, and saw nothing, and no sign of dad anywhere on the road. As soon as I had got round a bend of the big wood, and come out at the branch where I was to have met my father, I saw the whole game. Right there at the Forks stood or squatted the whole of the Indians; they had managed to come up the river in their canoes so as to be there before me. It was too late to go back, though I guessed in a moment that the half-breed had invented that message from dad on purpose to lure me up there alone: so I put a bold face on the matter, though I was feeling a long way from comfortable, I can tell you. The chief of the party came up to me with a kind of grin on his iron face to think how cleverly his scheme for getting the new rifle out of me had been worked. He spoke to the half-breed—who had evidently been following me all the way from the farm, just out of hearing—and he interpreted between us. From the beginning I knew, of course, that as long as I was there alone with them, I had no chance of escape. Once the idea of presenting the rascal with my rifle, and so saving my hair from being raised, occurred to me; but then the thought of being so neatly trapped and robbed by the copper-skins made me feel mad, and remembering that the men had been told to come right along if I didn't return in an hour—I tell you, Bernard, I was just thankful for that! I thought I would just have a try anyhow to save my gun, and save my hair, too. I knew they wouldn't hurt me unless I resisted and struggled when they thieved the rifle; but if I did, they would get nasty and knock me on the head, and my scalp felt a bit loose as I thought it all out. Luckily for me, I saw that a few of the party had not turned up yet, or else, maybe, they would have been ready to start, and would not have been willing to lose any time in parleying.

So I pretended I wasn't a bit afraid—though I was in a mighty tight place, and knew it!—and I just sat down on the ground near their circle, and said I judged I would just wait till father came along. The half-breed nodded; he knew, of course, that dad wasn't coming along, and grinned to himself, mighty pleased; but he didn't know that our men were coming along, and I grinned to myself, also mighty pleased. The chief had got hold of the Winchester, which I needn't say wasn't loaded, and was handling it lovingly, and I fancied that he already considered it was his own property. Half an hour, as near as I could judge, went by, and the stragglers—who I guessed had been loafing around our store to see how much they could pick up of what didn't belong to them—that is a way Indians have got, you know; they are a collecting sort of family, and no mistake—didn't turn up. The chief began to look up at the sky, where the sun was getting low down in the west; then he spoke again earnestly with the half-breed, and then they strolled away back into the woods and began to sound some queer kind of calls,

as though to hurry up the missing ones a bit. I was terribly afraid that if they did turn up, I should be knocked over, lose my rifle, and perhaps my hair as well, if I made any sort of fuss about it. They would not stand on ceremony as soon as they were all together again, and ready for a start. Well, they called and called, but, luckily for me, there was no answer, and presently back came the half-breed and the chief, and I saw the big man's eyes fall on a real good knife, which always hung round my waist by a cord. He signed to me that he wanted to look at it—which is Red Indian for wanting to steal it—and I had to unfasten the cord and hand it over—feeling pretty sick about it, I tell you, Bernard. Well, this amused him for a time; he dug the long blade in the ground beside him; then he got up and cut down a small branch of a tree and brought it back to where I was sitting, and began whittling the stick all the way down. The sun got lower and lower, till at last it looked as if it wouldn't be long before dark fell, and I didn't at all like the prospect, I can tell you, of being left alone with these red beauties in the darkness. Then, all of a sudden, we heard a slight sound of breaking dried underwood, and the chief looked right down pleased and coolly laid my knife and my rifle together in a long skin, rolled them up in it and passed a bit of raw-hide thong around, and tied it all up tight in a neat little parcel. I reached out my hand towards it, just to see what he would do, but he whirled in on me so fiercely that I judged it would be healthier for me not to try that again. Then he sent the parcel down to the canoe by the half-breed. The sounds we had heard grew louder and nearer, and my heart was going in great thumpings up against my ribs. Was it the rest of the straggling Indians returning? If so, it was all up with my chances. I must be robbed, and I might be murdered. But if, on the other hand, it was the noise of our hands coming along—well, there, I don't mind confessing that at that moment I was so awfully nervous, I didn't dare to think anything so good. My throat felt dry, and I kept on swallowing nothing, though it felt like a great ball that would keep rising almost up into my mouth.

'The chief evidently made sure that it was his own Indians coming, and kept his hard, glittering eyes on the thick side of the wood, and when the close growing branches were thrust aside and the grizzled head of old Jim, our foreman, was thrust out, I never saw such a change in any mortal face as in the copperskin's. He was just the sickest-looking Indian that ever was seen—his jaw dropped, and he turned sort of yellow. Jim stepped out into the clear ground, followed by five great big-bearded backwoodsmen, as fine fellows as ever stepped, all carrying their rifles at the trail. I guess they could have made mincemeat of all that crowd of redskins in just less than no time at all—and the redskins themselves didn't seem to have any doubts on the same subject either! I ran up to Jim and told him what had happened, and Jim *was* wild! He went right up to the chief, and though I couldn't understand a word of what he said, as he spoke in the Indian's own dialect, I could see that he was giving him a bit of his mind! Then he pointed to the canoe where my rifle and knife had been stowed, and made the chief

himself go down the river-bank to fetch them out. Just as they got to the brink of the river, the chief must have said something that roused old Jim tremendously, for as the redskin stooped over the canoe Jim lifted his heavy jackboot, and gave him such a hearty good kick that he simply flew over the canoe and soused head first into the river. "Now that will *larn* you better manners, that will, you thieving rascal!" exclaimed the old man as the copper-face disappeared overhead in the water. "We have treated you fair, and this is the way you serve us! Now be off, the whole lot of you, and never you show your faces hereabouts any more. When you want flour, and gunpowder, and bacey, well, you can go to the next settlement for it; you won't get any more of the stuff here. I reckon General Sherman knew something when he made that saying about good Injuns."

'Well,' exclaimed Lord Brampton, who had listened to the boy's story in perfect silence, 'you got out of that pretty well, I think. It might have been a very awkward fix. But now, about our—gipsy. Why don't you like him, and why do you think he is a poacher?'

'I will tell you. First, he has got a shifty eye; why can't a man, who has done no wrong, look you straight in the face when he is talking? I don't want him to *stare*—but this fellow's eyes were anywhere but where they should have been: over his shoulder, on the ground, all over the place in fact. Next, if he isn't a poacher, what was he doing in your private park—?'

'Gathering ferns!'

'Gathering fiddlesticks!' retorted George, scornfully. 'Setting snares is a great deal more like it, or else I'm a coon—beg pardon, I forget, every now and then, that I'm not still in the backwoods of Canada. No, Bernard, he is a bad lot, I feel certain. Pay him to-morrow as you said you would, but be done with him after that; and, if I were you, I should tell Robins—the head keeper—to have his eyes open as long as the gipsy is loafing about this place. He is after no good, I feel pretty certain; though whether it is poaching, or some other game he has got on hand, I really can't guess.'

And so the discussion of the nameless gipsy ended, and the boys, pretty well tired out with the day's excitement and exertions, went up to bed.

(Continued at page 214.)

INQUISITIVE MAUD.

OF all inquisitive young maids
That ever you could find,
It would be hard to beat Miss Maud
Of most inquiring mind.

She needs must smell, or taste, or touch
Whatever meets her eyes;
In any hole or corner, too,
She always peeps and pries.

One day upon a lofty shelf
A bottle strange she spied;
Though mother always says 'Don't touch!'
'I'll take it down,' she cried.



"A step was heard—and Maud was plunged
In deep and dire disgrace."

'I really must see what's within
That funny wicker flask:
How can I tell unless I look?—
There's no one here to ask.'

So up she jumped upon a chair,
But, in her rush and flurry,
She tore her frock and caught her foot,
Descending in hot hurry.



An Unlooked-for Visitor.

The flask she just had time to seize
 Crashed down upon the floor;
 And from its broken neck a stream
 Of shining oil did pour.

And as she picked the bottle up
 With sad and woeful face,
 A step was heard—and Maud was plunged
 In deep and dire disgrace.
 E. C. R.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



—o—

HIS took place in the East end of London,' writes the artist who sketched the picture. 'As I was on my way to the Tower Bridge I saw an old-fashioned organ and its accompanying monkey. Nowadays the two together are seldom seen in the West end. The organ-grinder was having a chat in a small tobacconist's shop with the shopkeeper, and his monkey was picking up what he could from the shop floor, when he was surprised by the shopkeeper's two cats. The monkey had seen cats before, but the cats had never seen a monkey, and were quite taken aback by the strange sight. Astonishment and inquiry were depicted on their faces, while their tails gradually thickened. They could not be quite sure that there was no enemy before them; yet was it a desirable friend? J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

26.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. Stop! hear me. No life without it.
2. Go up, lamb. A mineral substance used for pencils.
3. See tram. Seen on the water.
4. Tar weds. One in charge of the possessions of another.
5. Ten in race. A fruit first brought from Persia.
6. Live so. A plant from which a useful oil is obtained.
7. A rope. A musical entertainment.
8. O, set a pot. A very useful vegetable brought originally from America.
9. We drop. In very small grains.
10. A large I. Royal jewels.
11. Try a step. A rich woven material, formerly made by hand.
12. O, sip on. Destroying life and health.
13. Cheap. A choice fruit first brought from Asia.

C. C.

27.—HISTORICAL ACROSTIC.

A VERY celebrated Roman orator whose writings are still highly esteemed. He was made First Consul, and from his efforts to defend the liberties of the people was called the Father of his Country. He was put to death by his enemies.

1. The first Danish king who reigned in Britain.
2. The name usually given to the original inhabitants of America.
3. A great discoverer and navigator, who lived in the fifteenth century; his birthplace is uncertain, but he is supposed to have been a native of Genoa.
4. A King of England who united the seven kingdoms of the Saxon Heptarchy, and ruled over nearly the whole kingdom.
5. A name borne by three Kings of England, all of whom died violent deaths.
6. Another name for the Turkish Empire.

28.—GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

A CITY in Italy, which was destroyed in the first century in an extraordinary manner. The remains have been discovered in modern times, and from them some very interesting particulars have been learnt as to the life and manners of the people who inhabited the city.

1. One of the United States of America, whose name was derived partly from that of its founder, and partly from its natural scenery.
2. The name given to all the islands in the Pacific Ocean.
3. A seaport town in France.
4. The capital of the largest empire in Europe.
5. A name borne by six Kings of England.
6. A country in the north of Europe whose name shows the nature of the climate.
7. The darkest shade of one of the principal colours.

C. C.

[Answers at page 212.]

ANSWERS.

- 24.—1. Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
2. Truth is the foundation of human happiness.
3. Well-arranged time shows a well-arranged mind.
4. A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.
5. Politeness is kindness in small things.
6. Guard well your thoughts, for they are heard in heaven.
7. To read without reflecting is to eat without digesting.
8. The thorns you reap come from the tree you planted.
9. Great things often come from small beginnings.
10. More have repented of their words than of their silence.
11. Example is stronger than precept.
12. Bad thoughts quickly ripen into bad actions.
13. Employment is necessary to human happiness.
14. Help yourself and God will help you.

25.—The letter G.

THE GIFT FROM THE GATE.

An Eastern Legend.

THE mighty Sultan Secundur Rumi (Alexander the Great) was marching with his warriors through the mountains of Afghanistan. Suddenly they came upon a clear river. Eagerly they drank of its water, which they found sweeter than any other water in the whole world.

Then a shepherd, who acted as their guide, told them that this was indeed no ordinary river, but that it flowed from that wondrous Garden, which was the home of Adam and Eve previous to their transgression. Then the guide told them that Allah had hidden the blissful spot for ever from mortal eyes, and that no man could find the way thither.

But the Sultan vowed that, come what might, he would seek that hidden Paradise until he found it. He picked out his ablest warriors, and with them he set out upon his quest.

Many evils happened to the band. Some fell down precipices, some were swept away by swollen rivers, some died beneath the blighting breath of the bitter winds, some slept in the snow and rose no more. Only a weary handful of men stood at Secundur's side when he came at length to the source of that beautiful river, flowing from beneath a shining, golden gate, which stood between two lofty rocks. This was the gate of Paradise. Secundur went boldly up to it, and knocked upon it with the hilt of his sword.

Then from within came a voice—mighty as thunder, yet sweet as the softest music—which said, 'Whoever thou art, there is no entrance for thee here. This is the gate of the Lord.'

Promptly answered the proud Secundur: 'I am the lord of all the earth! what lord is greater than I?'

The voice replied, 'He who hath raised thee up, and whose servant I am—even the Lord of Heaven! Here is there no place for thee, therefore begone!'

Then was the Sultan Secundur wrathful and grieved. He said, 'Give me at least some token to show to my people, so that they may know that I indeed reached the Paradise-gate.'

A sound was heard like the low laughter of a great multitude, and a small packet was flung forth, which fell at Secundur's feet.

'Here, madman! is thy token,' said the voice. It will teach thee wisdom, if thou canst be taught.'

The Sultan took up the packet, but tarried not to open it, for a great fear had fallen upon him, and he departed in haste from the spot. He and his band journeyed for many days, until at last they joined the army again.

Then Secundur remembered the packet, and opened it. But there was nothing therein save a human skull, which the Sultan, feeling himself insulted, flung upon the ground in a rage.

Among his courtiers, however, was a certain wise man, who, seeing his master's action, stepped forward, and said: 'Despise not this gift, O King! for, although it may appear worthless, it will outweigh much gold. Bid thy servants bring a pair of scales; fill one of them with gold, and place this skull in the other.'

Secundur hearkened to the sage's counsel, and commanded that it should be done as he had said. And lo! the scale which held the gold flew aloft as though it had been empty, while that which held the skull almost touched the ground. More gold—more—and yet more—was flung into the scale, which, with every addition to the heap, rose higher and higher, the skull at the same time sinking even lower than before.

'Amazing!' exclaimed the Sultan. 'Who would have believed that this piece of bone could outweigh such a mass of solid gold?'

'Doth this astonish thee, O King?' said the sage. 'Thou shalt see a greater marvel than this.'

He stooped, and scooped up a handful of dust, with which he covered the skull. Instantly, up flew the scale, while the gold-laden one sank.

'What is the meaning of this?' inquired Secundur.

'Know, O King!' explained the wise man, 'that in this skull once dwelt an eye which coveted all it

saw. The more gold it had, the more it craved, for its desires were boundless as thine. But after it was laid in the grave, and covered with dust, all earth's treasures were nothing to it. Such, O my King! is the lesson which this gift was intended to teach thee.'

E. DYKE.

A TALE OF A BELL.

THE rose-covered porch with its pointed roof
Was a cosy nook indeed;

'Twas the old clerk's favourite spot, and there
He would sit for hours and read.

And his grandchild Muriel often went
And sat herself by his side,

For he told her many a good old tale
In the calm of eventide.

Delightful to both were the quiet times
They spent with each other there;

Muriel's seat was her favourite stool,
And his was an old oak chair.

And once after listening side by side,
On a sunlit summer hour,

To the joyous chime sent out by the bells
From the grand old church's tower,

She asked him to tell a tale of a bell—
'I will try, my child,' he said,

And he smiled at her rosy upturned face,
And he stroked her golden head,

And then he began: 'In an old church tower
Of a town in Germany

Is a bell which, in my opinion, child,
Has a splendid history.

There had been great need for a strong-voiced bell
In that tower for many a year,

For its one poor bell could only be heard
By the people living near.

But a bell, you know, is a costly thing,
And the people there were poor;

And although they all right willingly gave
A gift from their little store,

Their offerings came far short of the cost
Of a new and strong-voiced bell;

And what could be done to make up the sum?
There was no one who could tell.

But a schoolmaster, one day walking through
The old churchyard, chanced to see

That a six-eared stalk of fine wheat grew there
And was green as green could be.

"It has grown, I suppose, from seed dropped there
By a bird," he said; then thought

That by those six beautiful ears, a bell
Might perhaps some day be bought!

Well, he waited until those ears were ripe,
Then gathered them with great care;

And in his own garden sowed the grain,
And a crop of wheat grew there.

And he reaped that crop and sowed it again,
And the next year reaped much more;

And he went on thus till he found his ground
Was too small to hold his store.

Then he placed a share of the precious seed
In the hands of other men,

To be sown by them, and as soon as ripe
To be reaped for seed again.



"She asked him to tell the tale of a bell,"

And it came to pass that in the eighth year,
 They agreed the crop to sell,
 And when it was sold they had money enough,
 And they gladly bought a bell!
 Yes, a bell was bought, and may still be seen
 In that tower in Germany—
 A beautiful bell on which is engraved
 Its date and its history.
 And also a six-eared stalk of fine wheat;
 And the people delight to tell

Of the splendid crop from the six wheat-ears,
 Out of which was bought that bell!

* * * *

Well, Muriel thought it a first-rate tale,
 With a lesson plainly shown—
 That a splendid crop may be reaped one day
 From a few good seeds well sown.

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.



"What is your name, and how did you come here?"

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

JOHN RIDD AND LORNA DOONE.*



JOHN RIDD was a Devonshire lad; his father was a farmer, and John was sent at an early age to school at Tiverton. At the time when our hero was a boy, it was not every farmer's son who had the chance of a good education. Schools were few and far between, and many middle-class folk could neither read nor write, so that it was all the more remarkable that John Ridd should have attended a Grammar School. 'Here' (at Blundell's School), he writes, 'by the time I was twelve years old I had risen into the upper school, and could make bold with Eutropius and Cæsar—by aid of an English version—and as much as six lines of Ovid. Some even said that I might, before manhood, rise almost to the third form, being of a persevering nature; albeit, by full consent of all (except my mother), thick-headed.' As soon as John was strong enough to open a knife, he grav'd his name in the oak of the block whereon he sat, and then on the desk in front of it. He also 'did it (his name) again in "Winkeys."' 'This,' he afterwards wrote, 'is the manner of a winkey. The scholar obtains, by prayer or price, a handful of saltpetre, and then with the knife what does he do but scoop a hole where the desk is some three inches thick. This hole should be left with the middle exalted and the circumference dug more deeply. Then let him fill it with saltpetre, all save a little space in the midst where the boss of the wood is. Upon that boss he sticks the end of his candle of tallow, or "rat's tail," as we called it, kindled and burning smoothly. Anon as he reads by that light his lesson, lifting his eyes now and then it may be, the fire of candle lays hold of the petre with a spluttering noise and a leaping. Then should the pupil seize his pen, and, regardless of the nib, stir bravely, and he will see a glow as of burning mountains, and a rich smoke, and sparks going merrily.' There were other curious pranks played by the more mischievous boys, and one of them was the singeing of night-caps. At the school was a porter, Old Cop, so nicknamed because he wore copper boots to keep the wet out, and from the resemblance of his nose to copper. It was his duty to stand at the gate and attend to the flood-boards, and to give timely notice to the boys of the rising waters, for the school-house stood beside a stream which, when fed by heavy rains, overflowed its banks. 'In the very front of the gate, just without the archway,' was a great P.B. of white pebbles. It was the custom in Blundell's School, the moment the invading waters 'lipped' but a single

pebble of the founder's letters, for the boy who should first notice this (no matter how small he might be), to rush into the great schoolroom, where masters and boys were assembled, and scream at the top of his voice 'P.B.' This was the signal for the boys to leap up, with a yell toss their caps to the roof, and to press out to watch the gain of the waters. Then the masters, having no scholars left to look after, would settle themselves down to their pipes and talk.

It was on our hero's twelfth birthday, and a fortnight before the Christmas holidays that a farm-servant, John Fry, was sent to fetch him home from school. The visit was quite unexpected, and the boy seemed to know before the man spoke a word that something was seriously wrong at home. He felt the more sure of this as it was always his father heretofore who had fetched him home. A long, cold ride it was over Exmoor. The man was seated upon a high horse, 'Smiler;' the boy upon a pony, 'Peggy.' On the way they stopped at a small hostel for dinner, and here John Ridd was caressed by a foreign maid, who was in attendance upon a great lady. This lady was accompanied by a lively little child, two or three years old. Soon the fog came down upon the moors, and darkness fell, and boy and man lost their reckoning. About two miles from Dunkerry Beacon Hill, the highest place on Exmoor, they came near to the Doone track (the Doones were bad, lawless men, desperate outlaws and robbers who infested the moors, making them unsafe for travellers; they frequently sallied from their stronghold and committed terrible ravages in the surrounding villages. In this district the two travellers were obliged to crawl along upon hands and knees, letting their horses go whither they pleased, to avoid being seen. As they were coming from a hollow between hills, they were passed by a horseman. At the same moment a strong red light spread over the moorland, and showed the steel of the riders. The Doones had fired Dunkerry Beacon. The glow shone upon quite a number of big, heavy men, wearing leathern jerkins, and long boots, and iron plates on breast and head; there were more than thirty men all told.

Some had carcasses of sheep swinging with their skins on, others had deer, and one had a child flung across his saddle-bow—it hung with its head downwards, and its dress shone bright with gold and jewels. When John Ridd, boy as he was, saw this poor little child, he stood up, and leaped upon a rock, in his foolish rage, and shouted to the Doones.

Two of them turned round, and one levelled his carbine at the boy and would have shot him, but the other bade him keep his powder as it was but a pixie; yet this same pixie was one day to cast down their stronghold. When the Doones had passed by, Fry and John Ridd found their horses again and continued their journey across the moors homewards.

The arrival at home was a sad affair, as our hero found. His father had been slain by the terrible Doones of Bagworthy, while riding home from market one Saturday evening, leaving a widow and three children—John, Annie, and Eliza—to mourn his loss. When John was fourteen years old he took it into his head to go and catch loaches for his mother, who was ailing and not well able to eat

* This delightful story may be read in *Lorna Doone*, by R. D. Blackmore, and has lately been issued by Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., for the sum of sixpence.

much. It was the noon of St. Valentine's Day, and bitterly cold—so cold that John determined to go upon his quest alone, not taking as he usually did his good playfellow and helper, his sister Annie. Journeying on and on, pursuing and capturing minnows, and loaches, and trout, and forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of time, John came, at last, to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of him, and so deep and dark was its appearance that at the sight of it he shuddered and drew back. 'But soon,' he says, 'I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For lo! I stood at the foot of a long slide of water coming smoothly to me without any break or hindrance for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer and straight and shining. The water neither ran, nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase.'

At first the boy thought of turning back, but a desire to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it, made him secure his fish around his neck, and brace up his knickers, and dip his feet into the rush of the torrent. Very hard work he found it to toil up that hill of water. He very nearly lost his life in the attempt, in spite of his brave battling. It was impossible for him to go back by the way he had gone down into it, and he had scanty hope of ever reaching the summit. As he neared the top, contesting every inch of his way with the angry waters, he fell piteously upon a patch of black ooze-weed, hurting his knee-cap, and being seized with cramp, which disabled him for a while, he could only roar with pain and fright. He made up his mind to die, but, as a last attempt, he sought the summit and suddenly fell headlong.

When he came to himself again his hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling by his side was rubbing his forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief. 'Oh, I am so glad,' she whispered softly, as he opened his eyes and looked at her; 'now you will try to be better won't you?' and John Ridd thought that he had never heard so sweet a sound, nor seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes of the pitying little maiden. 'What is your name, and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?' she asked.

'You had better let them alone,' John answered; 'they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some if you like.'

'Dear me, how much you think of them! Why they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you! And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?'

'No,' answered John, being vexed at this. 'We are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose, and here are my shoes and stockings.'

'Why, they are quite as wet as your feet—and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly,' said Lorna.

'I don't think much of the scratches,' said the boy.

'I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd; what is your name?'

'Lorna Doone,' she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it. Then, ashamed of her name, she burst into tears which John tried to soothe away. As the two children were talking together—Lorna trying to persuade John Ridd to hurry away before the Doones should see him and kill him for his boldness in venturing into their stronghold—a shout came down the valley and the children stood terrified.

'Come with me down the waterfall,' said John. 'I can carry you easily, and mother will take care of you.'

'No, no!' cried Lorna as he lifted her. 'I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole there?'

'Yes,' said the boy, 'but they will see me crossing the grass to get there.'

'Look! look!' and in her anxiety and eagerness Lorna could hardly speak. 'There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come! I can see them.'

By John's directions, Lorna lay down on the grass and feigned to be asleep, and himself crept into the water, and lay bodily down in it with his head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over him.

On came the Doones, shouting 'Queen, queen!' for as such they regarded Lorna. Presently one of the roughs found her 'fast asleep,' and setting her upon his great square shoulder and her narrow feet in one broad hand, he marched away with her in triumph. Lorna gone, John used the outlet in the rock which she had pointed out to him, and after many difficulties he arrived at home just as supper was placed on the table. Now, when he liked, John could be very determined, and his good mother, his sisters, and Betty Muxworthy, the old farmhouse servant, could not get from him where he had spent all the day and evening. The fright in which our hero had been in Glen Doone satisfied his reckless daring for a long time, and he took care not to venture even in the fields and woods of the outer farm without John Fry for company.

That a time came when he did go down into the Doone country and effect the rescue of the maiden, Lorna, and all the perils he went through for her, together with the story of how the little girl came to be in such bad company, and who she really was, and the strange adventures which had befallen her, you may read at length in Mr. Blackmore's delightful story.

JAMES CASSIDY.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

29.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two Lakes in Switzerland.

1. Of this small land the smallest province take.
2. Call this man in to settle your dispute.
3. A city called the Manchester of France.
4. On its smooth face the agile skaters glide.
5. The half of ten preceded by five score.
6. The highest mountains in the world are these.

30.—GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOGRAPH.

An island in the North Sea formerly belonging to England, but now in the possession of a great Continental Power. At one time it was of much greater extent than it is at present, as the sea is gradually washing it away.

- 1.—10, 2, 3, 7. A valley between two hills.
- 2.—5, 3, 4, 10, 2. To move smoothly.
- 3.—3, 4, 6, 9. A royal beast.
- 4.—5, 8, 4, 9. An advantage.
- 5.—8, 9, 5, 2, 3. A heavenly messenger.
- 6.—1, 8, 9, 10. Part of a clock.
- 7.—5, 3, 2, 8, 9. To gather up what is left.
- 8.—10, 6, 5, 2. The chief ruler of a once important city in Italy.
- 9.—8, 9, 5, 3, 2. A point at which two lines meet.
- 10.—1, 2, 8, 3. The work of the physician.
- 11.—8, 3, 6, 9, 2. Solitary.
- 12.—1, 8, 3, 6. Sometimes foretelling bad weather.

C. C.

31.—BURIED WORDS.

FIND the names of trades, employments, or professions hidden in the following sentences.

1. You may crack those nuts, and give Bob a kernel or two.
2. There is a loud rap, Ernest; go and see what it is.
3. She must have learnt those accomplishments in Germany.
4. Did you see the account of that terrible fire in the paper this morning?
5. When you have found that address, make Rachel take the letter.
6. If you would do a great kindness, urge on the settlement of that affair.
7. Is that tradesman's business retail or wholesale?
8. I am going this morning to the co-operative stores. Will you go with me?
9. You will find on that page more than one misprint; errors of that kind will sometimes creep in.
10. That tart is too sweet.

C. C.

[Answers at page 239.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 26.—1. Atmosphere. | 5. Nectarine. | 10. Regalia. |
| 2. Plumbago. | 6. Olives. | 11. Tapestry. |
| 3. Steamer. | 7. Opera. | 12. Poison. |
| 4. Steward. | 8. Potatoes. | 13. Peach. |
| | 9. Powder. | |

27.—Cicero.

1. C anute.
2. I ndians.
3. C olumbus.
4. E gbert.
5. R ichard.
6. O ttoman.

28.—Pompeii.

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-------------|
| 1. Pennsylvania. | 3. Marseilles. | 6. Iceland. |
| 2. Oceana. | 4. Petersburg. | 7. Indigo. |
| | 5. Edward. | |

A MISSING NOTE.

WHERE can it be? Where can it be? I am quite sure that I left it here,' and Mr. Lewis spoke anxiously and looked greatly troubled, and no wonder, for he was looking for a five-pound note which had been sent to him that morning. He had left it in an envelope on his desk, but on going to fetch it to take it to the town, it was nowhere to be found.

'We had better empty the desk and look through everything again,' said Mrs. Lewis. 'I dare say that we shall find it presently. You see, as there has not been a fire here we are sure that it has not been burnt, and it cannot have been taken out of the room, for since it came no one has been in but ourselves; the children have been out-of-doors all the morning;' and so saying, Mrs. Lewis began again to search for the missing note, but she searched in vain, and she began to fear that it was really lost.

The money was greatly needed, for Mr. Lewis had been ill, and that five-pound note was the first money he had earned for several months.

'Well, it certainly is *not* here,' he said when everything had again been looked through and put back in the desk. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! unless we find it we shall have some trouble,' and he turned away with a heavy sigh.

At that moment two of the three children appeared in the doorway—Claud and Mabel, their sister Rose having stayed behind in the garden.

They quickly noticed that something was troubling their parents, and a few minutes later they had heard the sad news, and went out to tell it to their sister.

Rose listened with a very red face, after which she said sharply, 'How silly to think it is lost! Of course it is not. I am quite sure it will be found.' Then she turned away quickly and ran off by herself down the garden path.

Claud and Mabel thought that she was out of temper, so they did not follow her, and they did not see her again until they were sent to call her in to dinner; she was then in the orchard, and was looking carefully about on the grass as if trying to find something, but when they asked if she had lost anything, she very crossly answered 'No.'

Their father did not join them at dinner that day, and the meal was a sad one. Mrs. Lewis had to tell them that the note was still missing, and that she feared that it would not be found, and Rose no longer seemed sure that it could not be lost—she hung her head and looked more wretched than Mabel and Claud.

Just as they were leaving the table Mr. Lewis opened the door and called his wife out, saying that he wished to speak to her.

Mrs. Lewis followed him at once, and on reaching the little sitting-room he handed to her a tiny bag containing old postage stamps, and the envelope containing the five-pound note.

'I found them in a corner of the orchard,' he said, 'and I am afraid they dropped from Rose's pocket, for the bag is hers, and she is the only one of our children who collects stamps. It seems to me that she must have gone into the room to fetch something and then caught sight of the envelope on the desk, and thinking that it was empty and of no use, she ran



Mrs. Lewis tells Rose where the note was found.

off with it for the sake of the stamp, for, as you see, the stamp has been torn off and is in her bag.'

'I am afraid you are right,' said Mrs. Lewis, and after a little more talk on the matter they went back together to the children and told them that the five-pound note had been found.

Claud shouted 'Hurrah!' and Mabel said over and over again, 'Oh, I am so glad!' but Rose said nothing. She walked to the window and there stood until her mother went to her and led her across the

room, and close to where her father was sitting with an arm round Mabel and Claud who were standing beside him. She was then told where the note had been found, and she was gently questioned about it; and then she confessed that she had done just what her father and mother had feared. Yes, she had disobeyed the order never to touch anything on the writing-table, and in so doing she had caused them great anxiety and nearly lost five pounds of their money.

She had not thought of anything being in the envelope until Mabel and Claud told her that one was missing with a five-pound note inside—then she guessed that it must be the very one which she had taken, and it was because she believed it to be safe in her pocket, and that she could easily put it back where her father would find it, that she had said at once that it was not really lost; but when she ran off by herself and found her pocket empty she was very frightened and miserable, and at once began to look about for what she had dropped, and she had spoken falsely when she told Mabel and Claud that she had not lost anything.

She felt very much ashamed of herself for several days, but she learnt the lesson that very great trouble may be caused by a single act of disobedience.

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 203.)



A SMALL company of the vagrants, men called Gipsies, sat and crouched round a brightly blazing wood fire, under the purple canopy of a lovely, starlit night. Their little encampment was situate about a mile from the confines of Brampton Park, and the preserves of Brampton Park had been somewhat freely drawn on for supplying the substantial meal which the wanderers were, at this moment, discussing with great relish. For Mr. Gipsy Lee, after waiting and watching until the boys he had been the means of rescuing that afternoon were safely out of sight, had carefully gone to work visiting his snares, and returned to the camp with a good deal of game in his ample pockets. All that morning, since daybreak, had the gipsy tried to go to his traps and nets, but found himself foiled by the watchfulness of the keepers. Nor did their vigilance relax until the afternoon, when Robins and his men thought that they could safely take a rest. No one, they thought, could well venture to poach at such a time of the day as that. This was an unusually anxious time with the keepers at the Park, as the birds were just at that stage of their existence when they fell the easiest prey to the poachers; later on, they would be better able to take care of themselves. But they were all tired with watching, and left the coast clear in the afternoon for Mr. Dan Lee's operations, which he accordingly carried out with good success, as was plain not only by the full iron pot which swung on a roughly made tripod placed over the camp fire, but also by certain furry heaps, hidden away beneath a gathering of dead leaves close by where they were all now sitting.

The party consisted of Dan Lee himself; a man who answered to the nick-name of Reddy—so called on account of the colour of his hair; no gipsy he, though the eyes were dark and the face tanned to a red-

brown by constant exposure, day and night, to all the winds of heaven—and three women. One old, with wrinkled visage, grey hair and claw-like hands; another of about five-and-twenty years of age—Dan's wife, a good-looking girl enough, but with eyes as shifty and crafty as her husband's; the third was younger—not much more, indeed, than a child—she might have easily been taken for Dan Lee's sister by her likeness to him; and this, indeed, was the relationship which existed between them.

Whilst the elder woman attended to the simmering pot, the younger ones were engaged in skinning a rabbit. The two men smoked stolidly, exchanging a word or two at brief intervals. At last Gipsy Lee, taking a burning piece of wood from the fire to re-light his blackened short clay with, ejaculated: 'We could do it, Reddy, if we could get hold of a ladder.'

'Well, I am not so sure. We ought by rights to have three in the job. It is too tough for you and me alone, with all those men-servants about.'

'Bah! What are you afraid of?' growled the other with an oath. 'Why can't two do it as well as three, I should like to know? And when it comes to cutting up the swag, isn't it better to only cut it up between two, than amongst three? Of course it is. Besides, what are the men to us? We are not going to rouse up no men-servants, are we, to help in the performance?'

'That is all very fine, but suppose we *do* get interfered with—?'

'Well, then, two can run away just as fast as three, can't they? You don't know what you are talking about!' he added in scornful tones.

'Oh, well,' rejoined Reddy, 'have it your own way. I am on to do the job with you, if you like it that way best. But what about this ladder? There is no time to make one, and you know there is not money enough to buy one. Isn't there any ladder about the house we could use?'

After a pause, Dan said: 'Yes—there is one lying beside a greenhouse, but I am afraid it is not long enough. I tell you what, Reddy, you must go up to the house in the morning, on some pretence or other. Say you have got a message for one of the servants if any one stops you. Then you can sneak round to the greenhouse, and you will find the ladder laying along the ground. Pace it, see?—measure it that way; only take precious good care you don't let any one see you at it. You can do that?'

The other man nodded his head. 'Yes, I can do that all right.'

'Well, then, I think we will try it about midnight, or a little bit after. The young lord up there, he is going to give me something—I dare say it will be something handsome, too, for he seems a free-hearted young fellow—for heaving him that rope to-day what I told you about; and as soon as I get the brass, you will have to go into Basham town—you can walk it in an hour and a half easy—and bring me out a knife with a long, thin blade, that will do to push back a window-clasp, and a handy screw-driver, you know the sort I want. I have got everything else, I think. While we are gone, the women will harness up the van, so as to be ready for a start as soon as we get back—the very moment we do, so as to put as big a distance as possible between us and

Brampton before morning. The stuff we get, we can sell to old Levy in Grantpool: we can reach the town in two days by hurrying the old horse a bit. Once get rid of it, and there is nothing to show we had any hand in the business, is there?’

Before any answer could be made, the old woman told them that supper was ready.

After supper, Dan gave a few directions to the women, as to what they were to do on the morrow, and as to their movements and duties whilst the men were away making their attempt upon the mansion at Brampton Park. Then, after the two men had talked over a few more of the details of their rascally scheme, they rolled themselves in their dirty blankets, and went into the van to sleep.

The next morning was spent by the boys at Brampton, as usual, in study. Then, in the afternoon, they sallied forth across the park and down to the boat-house. There they found Gipsy Lee awaiting their arrival.

Lord Brampton had provided himself with a five-pound note, which he at once placed in the man's dirty fingers.

‘You did us a rare good turn yesterday, my good fellow,’ exclaimed the young Viscount heartily. ‘This note is something to pay you for the run you had, and the fine shot you made with the rope.’

Dan Lee touched his hat as he slipped the reward into his greasy trousers pocket. ‘Good luck to both of ye, young gentlemen; I wish I was going to see more of such real quality folk as ye are. Unluckily, I am going to leave the neighbourhood in a few hours from now; in fact, I shall be far away on my road to Carforth, naming a town in precisely the opposite direction to that in which he really intended to go, ‘by the time you gentlemen go to bed.’

Lord Brampton laughed. ‘How do you know what time we go to bed, eh?’

‘Well, of course, I don't know, my Lord; but, I dare say now, young gentlemen of spirit, such as you are, sit up as late as the rest of the house: it was only in a manner of speaking that I said that, but I suppose you would all be in bed by eleven o'clock, and I set out on the road about that time.’

‘Oh, we are all in bed long before then. As to us two, nine o'clock is more to our liking, isn't it, George?’ said Lord Brampton, laughing as he punched George playfully on the arm.

And then the gipsy, once more thanking the young fellow for his generous ‘tip,’ turned on his heel and walked off. His face wore an ugly grin as he thought how neatly he had extracted the information as to the hour at which the Brampton household retired to rest, and without, as he thought, exciting the slightest interest or suspicion in the mind of either of the boys. And then he strolled leisurely on towards the place where his van and encampment lay, revolving in his mind the coming attempt at burglary.

Gipsy Lee was not a burglar by trade, and, to tell truth, he did not feel as confident about ‘the job’ as he wished his companion, Reddy, to think he did. He was far more of a hen-roost robber, poacher, and on occasion (as the chance offered) an area sneak. But about two months before this period, Mr. Dan Lee had broken into a small house standing in a

lonely suburb, and, to quote some well-known words, ‘sucked therefrom no small advantage,’ and this circumstance had greatly emboldened him. A boon companion—formerly a servant at Brampton—had, on hearing that Lee was travelling past his former home, spoken to him of the ease with which the silver plate could be stolen, in addition to many other valuables lying about the rooms, and Lee's greed had been excited. He had made a mental note to visit Brampton, and see what he could see; and the result of his inquiries and observation being satisfactory, from his point of view, he determined, with the assistance of his friend, Reddy, to try to get in through one of the bedroom windows, and take whatever he could come across in the way of easily converted, portable property.

The boys got out the punt, and started down the lake for a row as soon as the gipsy had gone.

‘We won't drop the oars overboard again, old chap, to-day, will we?’ laughed the Viscount.

But George, in a deep thinking mood, sat silent, his chin resting on his hand. After a long pause, Bernard called out,—

‘Wake up, George! What are you dreaming about?’

George looked up, and then, rubbing his chin slowly, as he always did when in thought, he said: ‘What did that gipsy fellow want to find out what time we all went to bed for, I wonder?’

‘Oh, you and your gipsy again! I think you have got an attack of gipsy-on-the-brain! Why, what he said was perfectly natural, surely. You seem to suspect that everything the poor beggar does is done with some awful design. How on earth could he do us any harm, now, do you suppose?’

‘I don't know, Bernard, any more than you do. Like you, I am in perfect ignorance; but, unlike you, something—I don't know what, but I suppose it is what Mr. Devenish calls instinct—sets me against that dark-skinned loafer, and I don't like him.’

‘Well, anyhow, as he is off out of the neighbourhood this very night, we are never likely to see anything more of him in life, so we won't waste time talking about him now.’

‘I don't know that,’ responded George. ‘I don't feel by any means sure that we have done with him. However, we shall see. By the way, where is he living?’

‘Oh, in some van, I suppose. They always live in vans, gipsies do, you know. It is a way they have.’

‘Well, I suppose you know best; but if we were in my country, I should put a man on to watch that fellow until he cleared—that's all.’ And then the conversation turned upon other matters, and the gipsy was, for the time, forgotten.

‘Well, George, I'm getting very sleepy—which is about my usual condition at nine o'clock at night,’ added the speaker, Lord Brampton, giving a yawn and stretching his arms out high above his head. ‘What do you say to making a move for bed?’

George nodded, rose from his seat, and began to put away his books. Just as he was in the act of placing the last of them in its place, Mr. Devenish entered the room.

(Continued at page 220.)



Gipsy Lee and Reddy arrange a Burglary.



"I must arrest you in the Queen's name."

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

III.—SCHOOLMATES.

(Founded on Fact.)



T is perfectly true what you say, sir,' remarked Sergeant Lundy, as we sat and smoked our pipes together in the small wooden summer-house which he had built himself at the end of his back garden. 'However painful it may be to his own feelings, a policeman must never forget, at all cost, to do his duty by the public. It is not only his temper that he must learn to control. He has got to keep guard over his heart as well, especially if it is at all likely to be a bit too soft at times.

'There was an arrest I once had to make—well, well, that was the saddest duty I have ever been called upon to perform. And I will tell you how it came about, sir, if you care to hear another of my stories.

'I must go a long way back if I am to begin at the beginning, for the first time that ever I clapped eyes on Edward Barton was when we were both of us lads, not more than nine or ten years old. We went to the same school, I must explain, sir, and that is how we came to see so much of one another. And for the matter of that, we never could see enough, for before many weeks had gone by, Edward and I were as thick as if we had been born twin-brothers. We were such chums that the idea of leaving school-days behind us would, many a time, bring the tears to our eyes—though, of course, as boys will, we scorned to show them. At last there came a day when we had got to part for good; and then it needed all the pluck that there was in the pair of us to bear up like lads who would soon be men.

'Edward Barton was a deal more clever at his book than I was. His father, a well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood, was as pleased as Punch when the boy carried home his prizes. So it had been fixed a long while ago that Edward should go on studying at his book-learning. And for me—well, it was a happy day, in spite of having lost my chum, when I joined the Surrey Constabulary.

'I remember the first arrest that ever I effected as well as if it had been yesterday. Of course, sir, if I had my weekly journals here, I could often give you much fuller details. But you see they had to be sent in to the Home Office every Monday. They have now become Crown property, have those journals. Yes, indeed, sir, as you say, I ought to be very thankful that I keep my memory. We must leave that yarn for another day. It was my first taste of adventure, and I gloried in it. But this case that I am telling you about was a different nature. I am not over-shooting the mark, sir, when I say it was an experience that well-nigh broke my heart.

'Fond as I was of Eddie, I could never blind myself to the fact that he was weak of will and wanting in purpose. But it is easy enough to pick holes in others, more especially when one has not to look very far for them. There was never anything deep or wary about poor Eddie. Besides, I was pretty keenly alive to my own short-comings. So, if you will believe me, sir, I only loved him the better, because of his being no more perfect than I was myself. But little could I foretell at that time how far he was to be led astray.

'Well, sir, I was still only a third-class constable when I was drafted to another part of the county. Many years passed away before I was ordered back to our old village. And right proud was I to turn up again there in my uniform of sergeant.

'There was no difficulty about finding a wife, whatsoever, for there was my old sweetheart waiting for me, faithful and true. It was just after I lost sight of Edward Barton that Molly took her place along with his in my heart. And there was plenty of room for both of them. I never was one of those who hold with narrowing down such things. Why, the more love you put into a heart, the bigger it grows, and the more it will hold. At least, that is according to my way of thinking. So Molly and I were wedded, and rented this cottage, and here our three children were born. All married now, sir, and out in the world, where they are doing well for themselves. But I am wandering away again from the main point, I fear. It is a weakness that old folk have, and I trust you will pardon me, sir.

'Well, it fell out one spring that the schoolmaster here, who had been ailing for some length of time, grew worse, and had to go abroad on account of his health.

'The same week he left, we heard that the new master had arrived. However, I saw nothing of him until I was going into church on the Sunday morning. Then up trooped the school-children, with the new master at their heels, and feeling a bit curious I turned to take a look at him. At first I could hardly believe my own eyes. But in a moment the truth burst upon me. It was none other than my old school-fellow, Edward Barton. What a happy meeting that was, I must ask you to imagine, sir, for it passes all poor words of mine to describe the joy of it.

'He was newly married was Edward. His wife was young, and a bit delicate. So my Molly made much of her, and the two took to one another most amazingly. Accordingly, we managed to be a good deal together, and were all as contented and comfortable as possible. But it was a state of things which did not last more than a few months.

'It ended when a certain widow-lady came to live at Heatherly House. For that same lady, you see, happened to have a nephew, and a loose fish he was, and up to no good. Unluckily he took a violent fancy for Edward, who was flattered, of course, by the preference shown him. Not that I was in the least surprised at it myself, for Edward Barton was the likeliest chap, and the handsomest, by a long chalk, it has ever been my lot to come across. Moreover, he had such an innocent, confiding sort of way

with him, that there was no resisting it. Anyway, before many weeks had passed away, I saw well enough how matters were going on. The school was nowhere now. Every spare hour the two of them spent together, so that even his wife and baby were cast into the shade.

'It seemed to me that things might turn out badly enough. But I thought them still worse, when the poor young creature whispered in my ear that Edward had taken to betting. She begged me to talk seriously to her husband, and persuaded him to give it up. And so I did; but it was not the least bit of use in the world. His head was filled with pride and vanity, so that he very soon gave me to understand the difference between us. As for me, I was nothing better than a country police-sergeant, who had no book-learning to speak of; while his new friend figured as a fine gentleman, and was as well, or better, educated than himself. That was the drift of the situation.

'Well, there came a night not long after this when I met them both, staggering dead-drunk on the high road. It took me out of my beat a good way, but of course what I had to do was to get Edward home. "Your wife is ill, man," I said, short and sharp. "Haven't you heard?" And I gripped him by the arm, knowing pretty well that what I invented didn't fall far short of the fact. Upon which he came along with me, as meek as a lamb. So I saw him safely in at his own door, and into Mrs. Barton's keeping.

'Now I ought to have told you, sir, that not long after Edward came to fill the post of schoolmaster, he had been made collector of the Queen's taxes. And lately, in spite of fighting it down, I could not help the wish creeping into my mind, now and again, to find out if all was going rightly.

'But there was nothing—no warning, nor anything—to prepare me for the blow when it did fall. Accordingly, I was that stunned you might have knocked me down with a feather, when the news reached me that Edward Barton was accused of having stolen one hundred and fifty pounds. For such was the amount of the sum of which he could render no account.

'Maybe you can hardly picture my feelings, sir, when, late one evening, I received my orders to arrest the dearest friend I had ever known. If I had taken the money myself, I believe I could scarcely have felt more cut up. Scarce a wink of sleep did I get that night. But all the same, I knew that I had got to do it. There was no escape for me whatsoever.

'Early the next morning I walked along to the schoolmaster's pretty little house, which, as you know, sir, stands almost next door to the school. The Bartons had just finished breakfast. When I walked into the room there was Edward still sitting at the table. He had the child upon his knees, and I noticed more than ever that she was the living image of her father. Up to the table marched I, stiff and solemn, and the constable all over. But all the while it seemed to me as if I heard the Dead March being played at the funeral of the man I loved.

"I must arrest you in the Queen's name," I said.

It is the only time such a thing ever happened to me, sir, but my voice shook, and I could have sobbed aloud.

'Then Edward starts from his seat, and puts the baby down on the floor just as his wife comes running to him. She cried, and clung round his neck like mad. She would not believe that he had stolen the money—though his guilty face was white as ashes.

"We were schoolmates together," he said, quite gently. "Don't handcuff me, Lundy."

Then I just looks him straight in the eyes, and he looks in mine. Old memories were borne back upon us, fast and thick. And while we stood there I heard the school-bell ring.

"Eddie, my man," I said, "I must do my duty."

'But I gave him a few minutes' grace to say goodbye to his wife and child. She was quiet enough by this time, for she saw that he had never tried to clear himself. But I judged her feelings by my own, and I knew that her parting from Edward must have been like death itself.

'Well, directly we were through the garden-gate, what does my unhappy friend do but try to get away from me. I had turned to look at Mrs. Barton, who followed us to the door with the baby in her arms, and I made up my mind to send Molly along to her as soon as ever I reached home. Of course, I made sure that Edward was looking at her too. But no such thing. He had taken to his heels, being desperate-like, and there he was tearing down the road.

'However, I soon came up with the poor chap. He hadn't got my long legs, nor my sound wind neither, for he had weakened himself with brandy, just to deaden his conscience, and to shut out the memory of what he had done. It was not as if he had brought ruin and disgrace on his own head alone, you see. There was a wife and child in the question, and that thought was the worst of all to bear. Of course, I had got to appear at the trial, sir. No one will ever know what it cost me to stand there waiting—for all the world like a great block of unfeeling stone—while my friend's future was still uncertain.

'Five years' penal servitude—that was the sentence. And it might have been a deal more severe; but there was Edward's previous good character, you see, to take into account. Accordingly, they showed him mercy.

'However, I am happy to tell you, sir, that my story ends not so badly, after all. When his time was up, we raised a subscription for Edward and his wife, and as he had always been a favourite with everybody, it was a tidy sum we gathered together. So, without taking long to decide, they shipped out to Australia—their little girl, of course, going along with them—and with the money that was left, they were able to make a fresh start in life.

'Well, it is only a short while ago, sir, since I had letter from Edward, giving a most satisfactory account of himself. Besides, I have heard about him from another man as well, of whom I managed to make inquiries. It seems, from what he tells me,



A Country Pump.

that the Bartons are prospering, and that their name is highly respected out in Melbourne.

'And now, if you are willing, sir, we will take a walk round the garden. I have been putting together a new kennel for my old dog that I would like to show you.'

FLORA SCHMALZ.

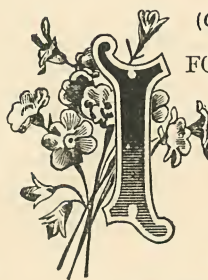
A COUNTRY PUMP.

THOSE persons who have a constant supply of clear water conveyed into their houses, without any trouble to themselves, can scarcely imagine what a toilsome experience it is to cottagers in outlying districts who have to carry heavy pitchers, perhaps half a mile or further still, to some country pump, fill them with water, and carry them home again. The writer can remember many years ago, while living in a country district in Scotland, where the supply of water was very limited, seeing five or six women at one time gathered round a country pump, patiently waiting their turn to secure some of the precious fluid. In this particular district so scanty was the supply of water, that the handle of the pump was chained more than half the day, to prevent too much water being carried off at one time.

How difficult these poor women must have found it to keep their cottage homes clean, when every cupful of water was so precious!

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 215.)



FORGOT to tell you, boys,' said Mr. Devenish, 'that there is an eclipse of the moon to-night about twenty minutes past eleven, which you might like to see: unless you are too tired to sit up?'

'Oh, no! I should like to see it—shouldn't you, George?' said the elder boy, all his

drowsiness vanishing as though by magic.

George assented. Anything that his friend did, he was always ready to do. These boys—each an only child—so strangely thrown together, were already bound to each other by strong ties of affection, stronger indeed than either had any idea of at the time, and little as either of them suspected it, that affection was destined to be severely tried within a very few hours.

Mr. Devenish took up a newspaper, and sat down in the big easy-chair, at the corner of the fireplace, whilst the boys again got out their books and prepared to keep themselves awake and amused by reading, until the time for sallying forth should arrive.

About eleven o'clock they went out into the



"Across the moonlit lawn sped the thieves."

park, and began their watch. Mr. Devenish, shaking off the abstraction which had become so natural to him, tried to explain the various phases of the eclipse, and the boys by-and-by returned to the house feeling that they had certainly learnt something in return for their two hours' sacrifice of sleep.

Tired out, both George and Bernard wasted very little time before getting between the sheets, and

even less in falling asleep when they had got there. Their rooms were in the same corridor, but not adjoining one another, the young lord's being at the farther end, and nearest the picture gallery—a long, narrow, but very lofty room, whose windows looked out on the gardens and the park beyond them. After the partial eclipse which they had just witnessed, the moon again shone out clear and bright,

and a great hush seemed to be all over the beautiful grounds—a mighty stillness, relieved only by the dark form of one of the deer, or the scuttling of a rabbit across some shadowy, grassy glade. But the solitude is soon broken: first one deer, then the main portion of the herd put up their heads in affright, and go bounding away into the purple distance, as they catch sight of an intruder; and a dark, shadowy form moves stealthily and slowly towards the house.

The man pauses for a moment as he turns to beckon to a companion, who now emerges from a large clump of rhododendron bushes, dragging a ladder behind him as he walks.

The first comer silently picks up one end of the ladder, and between them they carry it over the grass-plot, ever and anon casting furtive glances around them.

'It is all right, Reddy,' whispered Mr. Gipsy Lee to his comrade. 'It is all right, but blessed if I didn't think our game for to-night was going to be spoiled with the parson and them two boys a stargazing up at the moon. Anybody would think none of them had ever seen the moon in their lives before.'

'Yes,' rejoined Reddy, as he put his end of the ladder carefully down on the ground, 'it is disgusting it is, to keep us a-waiting like this. Now which is the window we are to try for?'

Dan Lee paused a minute, whilst he wiped his brow with his red handkerchief and surveyed the windows on the first floor.

'That's the one: fourth from the left,' he said in low tones.

Without any further parley, the two men began to gently raise the ladder and place it against the sill of the window. As soon as this was done Reddy stood by the foot of the ladder to steady it, whilst his companion began to ascend very cautiously.

Drawing a thin-bladed clasp-knife from his pocket, the gipsy began silently to insert it between the sashes, and push the fastening back. This was easily done, and then, still acting with the greatest caution, he raised the lower half of the window, looked all round, listened to ascertain whether any one had heard him, and then stepped off the ladder and found himself inside the house. In less than two minutes he had descended the staircase and groped his way to a side door, which he quickly but silently opened, and Reddy, who had been waiting in some anxiety without, at once stepped in.

Dan struck a silent match, lighted a short piece of candle, which he took from his pocket, stuck it in the neck of an empty ginger-beer bottle, and armed with the light, he walked on tip-toe, and with the utmost care to avoid making any noise, into the dining-room; he then went to the shuttered window, unfastened it and admitted Reddy, and the two rascals at once began to ransack the room.

This done they next moved into the study adjoining, and began a search for valuables there. But before getting far in their work here, they deftly opened the shutters of the French windows leading out into the garden.

'Always as well to have a way of cutting out again, if you should be disturbed' said Dan, in a low tone to his associate; but before the latter could

reply, the gipsy stopped suddenly in his work, and holding up his finger warningly, exclaimed, 'Hist! What's that?'

'What? I don't hear anything,' answered Reddy in a subdued whisper. 'I believe you are nervous, Dan.'

'Nervous—me nervous, you idiot!' growled Dan, savagely turning on his companion. 'I tell you I heard something: something that sounded to me like a footstep: some one moving overhead. Hark! there it is again! Now do you hear it?'

And Reddy certainly did hear it: a sound as of some one stirring just over where they were then standing, and a minute later a soft footfall was distinctly audible to both of the thieves.

And now we must go back, for a brief period, to see what was happening in the upper part of the house.

The young lord had quickly dropped off to sleep; almost as soon as he had turned into bed, in fact. He was tired and slept soundly. But by one of those curious chances—are they, indeed, chances?—Bernard happened in his sleep to fling out his arm and knock over the candle, which stood on a little table at his bedside, and this woke him up. 'Now what in the world have I done?' he said to himself sleepily; 'must have knocked something or other over, I suppose. Matches?—no; wouldn't have made that noise; book?—ah, no; it's the candle. Botheration! now I shall have to—— Hulloa, what's that noise?'

For a curious and unwonted sound, apparently from downstairs, had struck upon his ear, and he sat up, now thoroughly wide awake, and listened.

'What on earth can it be, I wonder? Sounds like Tim' (Tim was the fox-terrier which always slept in the kitchen—a mere puppy and very stupid for his age), 'sounds like Tim wrecking the study! Poor Mr. Devenish's pet books! Tim will have every cover off them in no time. How could the servants have been stupid enough to shut the little brute up there? Well, I really think it must be Tim—don't see what else it could possibly be: so the best thing I can do is to slip on a few things, and go down and put a stopper on Mr. Puppy's little game,' and getting out of bed, he quickly put on some clothes, opened his door, and began to go down towards the room from which the sounds came.

As he reached the foot of the staircase, he stood still and listened again. This time the sounds had ceased, and he was half inclined to think that his imagination had played him some trick.

'Oh, it was fancy. One always imagines all sorts of things when one wakes up in the middle of the night. I suppose because everything is so still that the least bit of sound becomes something of importance. Well, it is a little chilly, so I will just get upstairs again, as quick—— What was that? The little brute! I believe he has torn—well, at all events I will soon see what he has done!'

And running through the dining-room, he burst open the study door, and there, confronting him, stood the two burglars, Reddy and Gipsy Lee!

Now, it cannot be denied that suddenly to come face to face with a couple of big hulking ruffians, who are engaged in the burglary of your house, at midnight, is a sight which may well try the nerves

of the bravest. For a moment Bernard caught his breath, short and hard, whilst his grasp tightened on the handle of the door.

The burglars, on their part, were no less alarmed: they could form no opinion, in the darkness, as to whether the young Viscount stood there alone, or if all the men in the household were just behind to back him up. Moreover, a guilty conscience always makes men afraid, especially when visions of a convict prison also arise on the scene. Dropping the plunder they had in their hands, the two fellows turned and bolted through the unshuttered window, out into the gardens, without hesitating for an instant. Then Bernard recovered himself, and shook off the effects of his surprise. By the light of the candle he had at once spotted Gipsy Lee, but the other man was a stranger to him, and he had, moreover, turned away so quickly that the young lord doubted whether he could ever identify him. With a wild 'whoop—hoop!' partly to arouse the inmates of the sleeping house, partly by way of a sporting cry, Bernard snatched an old infantry sword, which had belonged to his grandfather, from the wall, and dashed out through the window in chase.

Across the moonlit lawns sped the thieves, closely followed by the lad, a truly ludicrous sight, had these two big men only been aware that they were running away from a single youngster; but they were not aware of it until they had climbed the low wooden rails, separating the gardens from the park. Here, a clear space, quite bright in the pale rays of the moon, revealed the fact that the young fellow was alone. Then Gipsy Lee stooped, and, cowardly ruffian as he was, picking up a stone hurled it viciously at his plucky young pursuer. Bernard was too late to succeed in his attempt at dodging it, and it struck him on the forehead: he threw up his hands and fell to the ground, stunned.

'Hold on, Reddy!' cried the gipsy, rather alarmed, to tell the truth, as to what he had done.

'The boy is alone: there is nothing to be afraid of. Let us come back, and see if—if'—but the words stuck in his throat.

He was smitten, not by remorse for what he had done, but by the awful thought of the law's long arm, and the law's long rope, always ready for such miscreants as he.

They went back together to where the lad had fallen, and Reddy quickly stooped over him and placed his hand on Bernard's heart.

'He is all right. Your stone just knocked him silly, that is all. We had better get out of this as quick as we can. Come on.'

'Stop. I'm thinking. He knows me, and I could see that he remembered my face as soon as he came into the room. Directly he can speak, he will tell the police who it was that broke into the house, and then it means that they will put hands on me in less than twenty-four hours; and *that* means ten years of penal servitude—or perhaps more, now I've knocked the senses out of him. Reddy, we must prevent him ever telling of me—at all events until I have had a chance to escape: to get out of the country or something.'

'But we can't stop to be caught while we are jawing about it here. Help me lift him up, and

carry him into the boat here' (for the chase had led down almost to the lake-side).

Without a moment's delay, they picked up the senseless form of the lad, and put him into the bottom of the boat. Then jumping hastily in, they shoved off and pulled rapidly across the broad bosom of the lake for the other side. As they were rowing, they could see lights moving about at the windows of the great house, and faintly hear a call from one or other of the inmates every now and then: the household was evidently alarmed by now, and had become aware of the burglars' unsuccessful attempt.

(Continued at page 228.)

A TALKATIVE MAN REPROVED.

IT is a fault to employ too many words in writing or speaking. Dr. Johnson once corrected a gentleman rather sharply for doing so. The gentleman wished to tell his friend how much the lawyers who visited Shrewsbury during the Assizes were troubled with mice. But he took a tedious time to do so. He said that the Town Hall was near the Market Hall, where cheese was frequently sold; that mice liked cheese, and so great numbers of them were about the hall; that mice move very quickly from place to place, and so paid nightly visits to the weary lawyers. Johnson sat with great impatience through this tale, and then he burst out with, 'It is a pity, sir, that you have never seen a lion; for a mouse having lasted you seven minutes, surely a lion would have served you a twelvemonth!'

ON A RANCH.

RANCHING is the business of cattle-breeding as it is done on a large scale in the unsettled districts of the United States. The name comes from the Spanish 'Rancho,' a name used for a herdsman's hut in Mexico. It is the name now given to a grazing farm as distinguished from a cultivated one.

On a ranch the cattle are raised and kept in a half-wild condition, with no home shelter provided and no artificial feeding.

In old times a ranch would contain several hundred square miles, and thousands of cattle would be branded every year. When the cattle had to be sent to the railway, the herd would be 'on the trail' for two or three months. The gradual settlement of the country, and the extension of railways, have done away with these very extensive ranches, and also with the long trails to the railway or seaport.

The main work of the ranches is done by men called 'cow-boys.' They are marvellous riders of the buck-jumping little horses, who, as we see in the picture, try all arts—head down, heels up—to throw off the rider.

The great event of the ranchman's year is the 'round up,' when the cattle are driven in so that they may be branded, and that the owner may take stock and find out how many have perished in the winter, and how many he has ready to send to market.

J C.



On a Ranch.



"Good-bye, my boy ; God bless you !"

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

STEPHEN GREENFIELD.*



GOOD-BYE, my boy; God bless you! and don't forget to tell the housekeeper about airing your flannel vests.'

It was Stephen Greenfield's mother who spoke thus to her son, as she bade him good-bye at a great London station.

Stephen was off to join his brother at St. Dominic's, a large public school. Oliver and Stephen were Mrs. Greenfield's only children.

Their father had died twelve years ago, when Stephen was a baby, and the two boys had been left in charge of an uncle, who had carefully watched over their education, and persuaded his sister to allow her elder boy to go to a public school. Mrs. Greenfield had consented with many tremblings, and Oliver had, four years ago, been sent to St. Dominic's, where he was now one of the head boys in the fifth form. Only a few weeks before the opening of this story the boys' uncle had died, leaving in his will a provision for sending Stephen to the same school as his brother, or any other his mother might select. The poor widow, loth to give up her boy, yet fain to accept the offer held out, chose to send Stephen to St. Dominic's, too, and this was the reason of that young gentleman's present appearance on the stage at that centre of learning.

It was with great anticipations that our hero had set out for the school. He was to be a prodigy from the very first; in a few terms he was to be captain of the cricket club, and meanwhile was to gain the favour of the sixth by helping them regularly in their lessons, and fighting any one against whom a special champion should be required; indeed, the doctor himself was to consult him concerning some points of school management.

One of the first boys with whom Stephen made acquaintance was Pembury, a cripple. This lame lad spoke with such an air of condescension that Stephen almost fancied he was one of the masters.

When they had walked on from the station towards the school a little way together, the cripple observed, 'I'm lame, you see. You are quite sure you see? Look at my left leg.'

'I see,' said Stephen, blushing; 'I—I hope it doesn't hurt.'

'Only when I wash my face. But never mind that; Vulcan was lame, too, but then he never washed. You know who Vulcan was, of course?'

'No; I don't think so,' faltered Stephen, beginning to feel very uneasy and ignorant.

'Not know Vulcan! My! Where have you been brought up? Then, of course, you don't know anything about the tenth Figi war? No? I thought

not. Dreadful! We shall have to see what you do know. Come on.'

But worse questions than these were to be asked Stephen by Pembury, who was a fifth-form boy. Here are one or two selected from the 'examination paper' mischievously set by Tony Pembury, who gave the distressing document to the new boy, pretending that it was sent by the doctor.

'Question 1. Grammar. Parse the sentence, "Oh, ah!" and state the gender of the following substantives: "and," "look," "here."

'Question 2. History. Whose daughter was Stephen the Second, and why was he nicknamed the "Green?"'

Stephen laughed. He had found out a mistake in his examiners. 'Daughter,' the paper said—should be 'son,' of course. 'Funny for the doctor to make such a slip,' thought he.

'Question 3. History and Geography. Who built England? And state the latitude and longitude of St. Dominic's, and the boundaries of Gusset Weir'—a local stream.

Perhaps the question in 'mathematics' was the worst of all. Here it is. 'What is a minus? Describe its shape, and say how many are left when the whole is divided by seven. Reduce your answer to vulgar decimals.'

But if 'question 6' was perplexing, what should be said of 'question 7?'

'Give a brief history of your own life from the earliest times, being particular to state your vicious deeds in chronological order.'

Stephen may well enough be excused for giving himself over to the extreme of misery!

'Fagging' was allowed at St. Dominic's, and our hero became fag to a sixth-form boy named Loman. Now, Loman was not by any means a jolly fellow to fag for. The first service that, as a fag, Stephen was ordered to, was that of preparing tea for Loman in that worthy's study. It was not an easy matter to find the study. 'The eighth door on the right in the third passage,' he had been told; 'next to the one with the kicks on it.' Now, as it happened, the door with the kicks on it was itself the eighth door on the right, with a study on either side of it, and which of these two was Loman's, Stephen could not by the unaided light of nature determine. He peeped into No. 7; it was empty.

'Perhaps he has cut his name on the door,' thought Stephen.

He might have done so; but, as there was about fifty different letters cut on the door, he was not much wiser for that.

'I had better look and see if his name is on his collars,' Stephen next reflected, remembering with what care his mother had marked his own linen.

He opened a drawer; it was full of jam-pots. At that moment the door opened behind him, and the next thing Stephen was conscious of was that he was half-stunned with a terrific box on the ears.

'Take that, you young thief,' said the indignant owner of the study. 'I will teach you to stick your finger in my jam. What do you mean by it?' And a cuff served as a comma between each sentence.

* The whole story of Stephen Greenfield and his school-chums may be read in that capital book, *The Fifth Form at St. Dominic's*, by Talbot Baines Reed.

'I really didn't. I only wanted—I was looking for—'

'That will do; don't tell lies as well as steal; get away.'

'I never stole anything,' began Stephen, but his words were vain, for his accuser would not believe him.

Soon Loman, for whom he had been told to prepare tea, came up with a friend, and asked, 'Hullo! I say, is tea ready?'

It was too much for poor Stephen, and he burst into tears.

'Come along,' said Loman, 'I will show you how to do it this time, young greenhorn.' And so Stephen received his first lesson in preparing his master's tea.

In the fifth chapter of the story we find an account of Master Greenfield's 'shaking down to work.' His *viva-voce* examination by the doctor was not quite such a dreadful affair as he had imagined it would be. His astonishment was unbounded when Dr. Senior remarked, 'I am afraid, Greenfield, you are not a very clever boy, or you would have seen that this paper was a practical joke.'

Then it burst all of a sudden upon the boy that Tony Pembury's so-called 'examination paper' was a 'practical joke.'

Tony was sent for by the head master, and was reprimanded for his offence.

'Greenfield,' said he to Oliver, 'I owe your young brother an apology. I set him an examination paper to answer which I am afraid caused him some labour. Never mind, it was all for the best.'

'What, did that paper he was groaning over come from you? What a shame, Tony, to take advantage of a little beggar like him!'

'I'm awfully sorry, tell him; but I say, Greenfield, it will make a splendid paragraph for the *Dominican*. By the way, are you going to let me have that poem you promised on the Guinea-pigs?'

There are two allusions here which need an explanation. The first is to the *Dominican*, the second to *Guinea-pigs*.

The *Dominican* was a paper which the enterprising fifth form at St. Dominic's were bringing out in a spirit of rivalry against the sixth, which also issued a school paper. Tony Pembury was its editor, and the fifth form its contributors.

The 'Guinea-pigs' and 'Tadpoles' were the names given to two combinations or clubs in the clannish junior school, the mysteries of which were known only to their members, but not regarded with favour by the older boys.

In due time Stephen, whose place was in the junior fourth, was solemnly tossed up for by the Guinea-pigs and Tadpoles. Heads, Guinea-pigs; tails, Tadpoles. It turned up heads, and from that time forward Greenfield junior was a guinea-pig.

It happened one fine half-holiday that Loman invited Stephen to steer for him on the river, while he himself sculled. The boy was delighted, and together they proceeded up-stream. Upon reaching Gusset Lock, Loman suggested that Stephen should get out, and go round and look at the weir, while he went on and took the boat through.

Stephen acceded and landed, and Loman paddled on to the lock.

'Hello, maister,'—called down a feeble old voice, as he got up to the gate.

'Hullo, Jeff; is Cripps about?' replied Loman.

'Yas; he be inside or somewheres, maister,' replied the old lock-keeper.

'All right. Take the boat up; I want to see Cripps.'

Cripps was the son of the old man whom Loman had addressed as Jeff. He was not exactly a gentleman; indeed, to tell the truth, he was a 'sharper'; he drank, and enticed others to do the same; he was a 'sharp' hand at billiards, and he had several packs of cards with extra aces in them.

His ordinary conversation mainly had to do with details of the stable or the card-room. In short, Cripps was a remarkably bad man, and the 'Cock-shafer' public-house at Maltby, of which he was master, was, as one might expect, a remarkably low house. Cripps had, however, one redeeming virtue: he was very partial to young gentlemen, and would go a good bit out of his way to meet one. He always managed to know of something that young gentlemen had a fancy for. He could put them into the way of getting a thoroughbred bulldog dirt cheap; he could put them up to all the tips at billiards and 'nap,' and he could make up a book for them on the Derby, or any other race, that was bound to win. And he did it all in such a pleasant, frank way that the young gentlemen quite fell in love with him, and entrusted their cash to him with as much confidence as if he were the Bank of England.

Loman, upon this particular afternoon, chanced to mention that he wanted to come across a really good fishing-rod.

By a most curious coincidence, Mr. Cripps had only the other day been asked by a particular friend of his, who was removing from the country to London—'where,' said Mr. Cripps, 'there isn't over-much use for a rod'—if he knew of any one in want of a really good fishing-rod.

It was none of your ordinary ones, made out of green wood, with pewter joints, but a regular first-class article, and would do for trout or perch or jack, or any mortal fish you could think of. Cripps had seen it, and flattered himself he knew something about rods, but had never seen one to beat this. Reel and all, too, and a book of flies into the bargain, if he liked. He had been strongly tempted to get it for himself—it seemed a downright sin to let such a beauty go—and would have had it if he had not already got a rod, but of a far inferior sort, of his own. He believed that his friend would part with it cheap.

The reputed 'cheapness' of this precious rod was nothing less than 3*l.* 10*s.*, and it cracked upon the first occasion of using. It was the possession of Cripps' rod that was the beginning of many grave troubles which befell Loman, Oliver Greenfield, and his younger brother, but what exactly those troubles were may be found chronicled in Mr. Reed's school story, than which, perhaps, none more interesting has been written for British boys.

JAMES CASSIDY.



"It really is a pleasure to go to visit Ted,
For he is always cheerful, although so ill in bed."

HAPPY TED.

IT really is a pleasure to go to visit Ted,
For he is always cheerful, although so ill in bed.

'How can you be so happy?' asked Alfred Meggs,
one day,
For Alfred thought it dreadful so long in bed to stay.

'Why, Alf,' Ted answered quickly, 'I'm sure I ought
to be;
I've more than many others to make me so, you see.

'I have a darling mother, and all my friends are good,
I have a cosy room, Alf, and plenty of nice food;

'And I have books and pictures—they brighten many
an hour,
And, see, against the window, I have a lovely flower.

'A lot of boys are *blind*, Alf, and, oh, I like to try
To think of this when lying and looking at the sky;

'It makes me feel how thankful I ought to be for
sight;
They cannot see the sunshine, *their* days are like the
night.

'Oh, if I were to grumble, how wicked it would be,
I've so *much* more than many to make me glad, you
see.'

* * * * *
If we, like Ted, consider the good things to us sent,
We too shall find a reason why *we* should be content.

DAPHNE HAMMONDE.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 223.)



OW we must carry him,
Reddy,' said Dan. 'It
isn't far to the van, and
we shall be a good long
way on the road by day-
light. After we have
started will be time enough
to consider what we have
got to do with him, to keep
him from giving information.'

Less than twenty minutes was enough to get the
still unconscious boy to the van, where they laid him
down with every care on some old coats and a dirty
quilt. The horse was hastily put to and they started,
the men tramping alongside the van, whilst the
women squatted on the floor inside.

Whether it was the jolting of the van, or the
chattering of the three women, that roused Bernard
he could not tell, but certain it is that before they
had got three miles on the road, he opened his eyes,
put his hand up to his injured head, and asked the
gipsy woman nearest to him where he was. That
wily woman at once informed him that he had met
with an accident, and that he would be all right soon,
but at present he must lie quite still and ask no more
questions. And being very muddled in his ideas,
besides feeling weak and ill, Bernard made no answer,
but just turned over and went to sleep.



"You won't frighten me, Mr. Lee, I assure you."

How many hours he had slept he knew not, but when the young Viscount again awoke, he sat bolt upright on his rude couch, and took a good look at his surroundings. The look did not please him: he was feeling fairly fresh and well after his long sleep; a sleep which, as a matter of fact, had lasted the greater part of the next day and night; and now

he wished to be informed, and what was more he *intended* to be informed, where he was and why he was in his present position, and—— and then recollection came back to him with a rush. Yes, he remembered it all now. The midnight awakening, his descent of the stairs, the moment of opening the door and discovering the thieves: then

the moonlight chase: the stopping of the gipsy to throw a stone: the blow on his head, and then the hours of blackness representing the time he lay in an unconscious condition: the confused rumbling and jolting of the van over the rutty road: the halts: the sound of several strange voices, apparently far away from him. He half rose to his feet, but found it rather an effort; and then the door at the back of the van opened and in walked Gipsy Lee.

The two looked at each other in silence for a few moments. Then the gipsy, dropping his bold black eyes, said, in rather a shame-faced manner: 'Hope you are feeling better, my Lord.'

'Well, it is no thanks to you that I'm not killed.'

'I didn't mean to hurt you, I'm sure. I thought you would catch me, and you had got a sword in your hand, and you might have —'

'Yes, I know. Pigs might fly, but they are rather unlikely birds. Whereabouts are we now, and where are you taking me in your van?'

The gipsy ignored these questions. 'Now, look here, my Lord: we are not going to harm you, but I've been thinking matters over, and this is what I'm going to do. If you like to give me your promise that you will never say a word about seeing me in your house; if you will swear that if you are asked anything about recognising the burglars; if you will promise that —'

'Cut it short, Mr. Dan Lee. I suppose you are going to say that if I agree to let you off for this precious bit of rascality, you will kindly allow me to go free, eh? Well then, you can spare yourself the trouble of going on with the list, because I tell you, plump and plain, I will see you hanged first!'

The reply was so totally unexpected, that the gipsy could do no more than stare, open-mouthed, in stupid silence, for a whole minute. The allusion to being hanged, too, was very unpalatable to him: it gave him a pain round his neck and under his ear, as he thought what might have happened to himself, had his stone-throwing resulted fatally. However, he quickly gathered his wits about him again, and thought he would try the effect of a little bluster on his prisoner.

'Look here, my fine youngster, I am not the man to stand any of your cheek, I can tell you. If you don't give the promise I want, I can get rid of you in another way,' and the dark-skinned rascal drew from a shelf at the side of the van an old horse-pistol. 'What d'ye say to that, eh?'

'Not much, Mr. Lee. Why, that thing must have been made before the Flood: I don't suppose it would go off if you tried for a week! Besides, with all your bounce, you know very well that you would be in too great a funk to run the risk of getting fastened by your neck to a piece of string early one morning! You won't frighten me, Mr. Lee, I assure you. The way you cut it when I opened that door shows how much your pluck is worth!'

Dan Lee was 'taken flat aback,' as sailors say. What to do next he didn't know. That this young fellow, who was—or seemed to be—entirely in his power, should treat him with this vigorous show of contempt at once puzzled and enraged him.

'Well, you don't think I shall ever let you go

unless you *do* swear not to round on me, do you? I shall never let go of you, I tell you, while there is a chance of you bringing me into the hands of the police.'

'Please yourself,' rejoined Lord Brampton casually. 'I shall find a way to escape, sooner or later—or else you will get an unexpected visit from my friends, and the police, one of these days.'

Dan growled out a curse. He kept saying, and resolving inwardly, that this boy 'shouldn't cheek' him; but here he was continuing to do so, with perfect coolness. Dan had come into the van with the idea of extracting a solemn promise from the lad, of bullying him (if necessary) into a flood of tears, and then, after threatening to murder him if he 'peached,' of releasing him, if he (Dan) thought he could trust his word; but he had never bargained for anything of this kind, and did not know what his next step ought to be. He wagged his head in savage silence at his victim, and then grunted: 'What are yer going to do, then?'

'Stop here till I get a chance to give you the slip!' was the cool reply.

Dan Lee could stand this no longer. He jumped up, tumbled hastily out of the van, and into the open air again. He well knew that he dare not even lay a finger on the boy, for fear of consequences if he were caught. The annoying and unexpected part of the whole matter was that the young lord was also perfectly well aware of the fact, and traded on it.

'It's no go, Reddy,' he said to that individual, who was just then engaged in cutting up carrots into slices to put into the iron pot. The van had passed a fowl-house not an hour back, and Reddy's idea of raising fowls being to 'raise' other people's fowls, a couple of fine plump hens had had their career cut short, and were already in the pot, which was now simmering cheerfully, as it swung on the tripod, over a bright crackling fire.

'What is no go?' asked Reddy, pausing in his occupation for the moment to look up into his companion's troubled face.

Gipsy Lee jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the van. 'The boy. Little warmint, I can't make nothing out of him. He won't promise nothing, and he cheeks me and tells me he will escape, and make it hot for me, some day.'

'I would give him something, I would,' said Reddy threateningly.

'Oh, would you? Yes, I dare say. No, thank you, I am quite deep enough in the mess already. I don't want any more, I can tell you. It is all very fine for you, for he didn't recognise you in the house, so whatever happens to *me*, you can play the blooming innocent. But as for me, if he once gets loose from us—well, I should have a claw on my shoulder the next day.'

'They don't seem to have followed us at all,' said Reddy, picking up another carrot.

'Of course not. We are not professional burglars, so the police would never think of suspecting us of that. Now, if there had been a hen-roost robbed—'

Reddy sighed. 'Ah! you may well say that. We are always being suspected of that sort of thing.'

It is downright heart-breaking, it is. People can't seem to give us credit for common honesty where chickens is concerned!' and he took a peep into the pot just to see how its contents were getting on.

'Well, it just comes to this,' resumed Dan. 'If I can't think of any better plan, I shall have to—'

'Why not ship the boy out of the country?' exclaimed Reddy, as a bright inspiration came to him.

'Go and stuff yourself!' retorted Dan in tones of deep disgust. 'Send him out of the country, eh? Well you are a smart one, Reddy—I don't think! Why, first of all, how could we get the boy down to the coast without his being seen and spotted by some one?—and then are we going to buy a ship to send him off in?—and after that, are we going to—; but it is a sickening waste of time to talk such rubbish as this! Send him out of the country! You must be clean crazy to talk of such a thing!'

Reddy took refuge in a sulky silence, and went on carrot scraping and slicing. Dan squatted down, his elbows on his knees, and his head resting on his hands. He was trying, with very indifferent success, to think out the situation. At one moment he regretted that he had ever brought the boy to the van at all: the next he wondered what on earth he was to do with him, now he had got him there? Again, he reflected that if he had not brought him there, the young Viscount would have set the police on his track, and by this time he (Dan) would probably have been in custody. Altogether, the position was an unpleasant one, and Mr. Lee was deeply regretting that an unkind fate had led him to attempt a burglary with such extremely inconvenient and barren results.

In silence the men drew up to the pot of steaming, fragrant stew, and a few minutes later were joined by the three women: they each helped themselves out of the pot, placing the mess on tin platters before them. They were all preparing to eat when, to their great astonishment, the door of the van opened, and young Lord Brampton coolly descended the steps and seated himself next to Gipsy Lee. The man stared at him, but Bernard took no notice of his glance. He helped himself to a tin platter, and then his eye fell on Dan's own plate. Bernard calmly stuck the blade of a knife through the chicken's wing that was reposing on Dan's platter, and transferred it to the tin on his own lap. Dan gasped in open-mouthed astonishment.

'You have got more than your share,' said Lord Brampton. 'I will relieve you of this wing. Never be greedy, Daniel—it looks so bad.'

The women all laughed loudly at Dan's discomfiture, and Reddy exclaimed, 'Well, I never did! that beats cock-fighting!'

Bernard went on in the most unconcerned manner, 'Don't mind me: make yourselves quite at home. If I am to stay here with you, the sooner we get accustomed to each other's ways the better,' and he began to eat the wing of the chicken with a hearty appetite, which was not in the least impaired by the injury to his head.

(Continued at page 234.)

THE BIG ROUND MOON.

THE big round moon went sailing by,
 Ever so high,
 Up in the sky;
 I could not help lifting my voice to cry:
 'O big round moon, come down! come down!
 And light up the streets of this gloomy town!
 And warm the little ones who shiver,
 And kiss the little lips that quiver.
 For there is plenty of darkness here,
 Much that is lonely, much that is drear;
 And you are away from it, up in the sky;
 What is the use of your sailing so high?'

The silver moon looked down and smiled;
 'Why do you call to me, dear little child?
 God has given us all our place.
 He tells me to show you my silver face;
 He tells me to send my shining down,
 Freely and widely, on every town;
 But from the skies I may not descend—
 But *you* are there always, dear little friend.
 Freely and busily *you* may go
 Hither and thither, on earth below;
 Find out the dreariest, darkest place,
 And light it up with your smiling face;
 Smile, little child, and warmly greet
 The shivering ones in the icy street;
 Spare some pence for a Christmas toy,
 And the quivering lips shall laugh with joy;
 If *you* are not trying the gloom to cheer,
 What is the use of your being so near?'

The silver moon sailed out of sight;
 I kissed my hand, and cried 'Good-night!
 I promise, before you come back, to try
 To be a bright moon in the London sky.'

And the child below, and the moon above,
 Went bravely on, in the light of love.

E. E. B.

THE YAK.

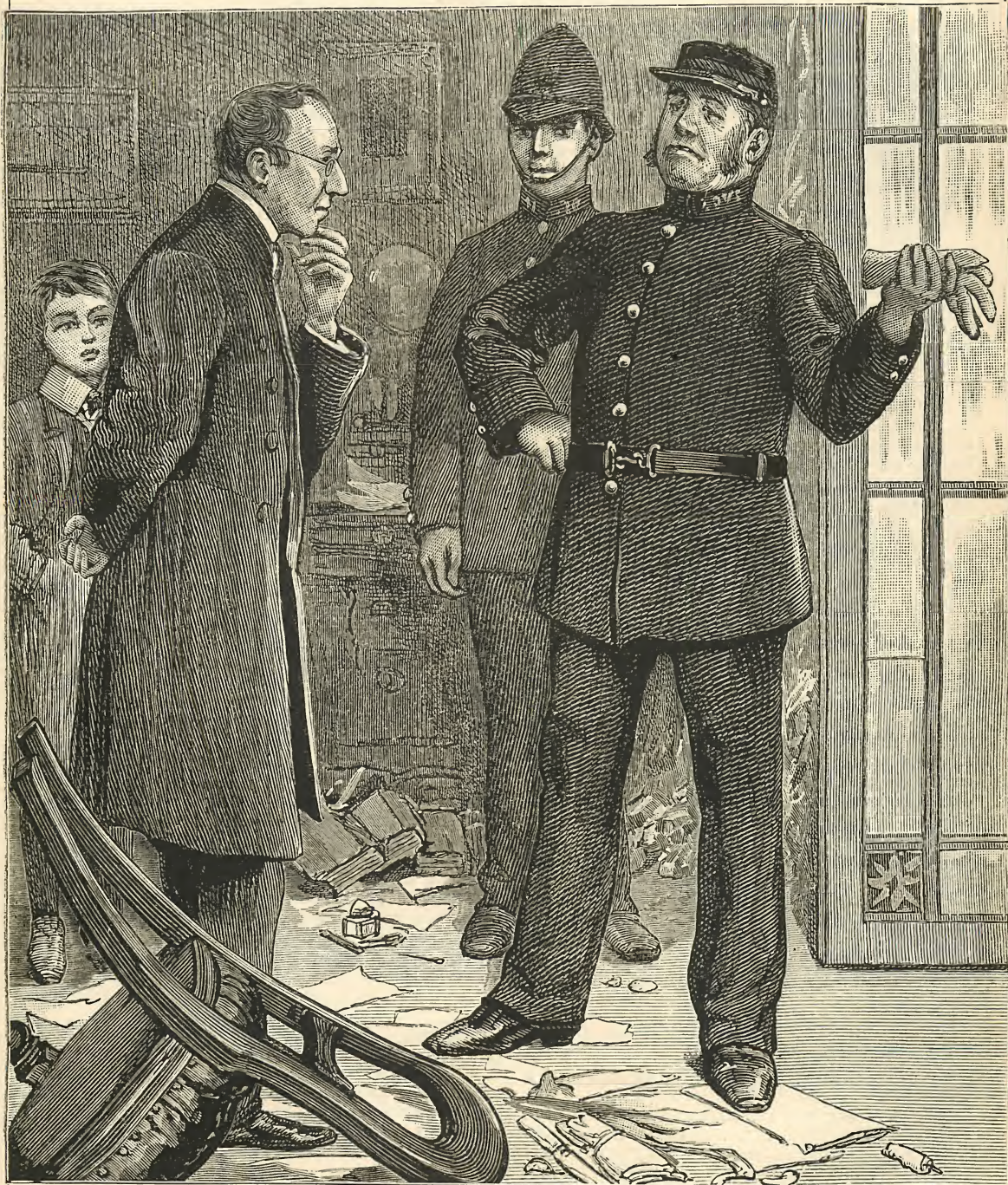


AMONGST the many strange animals met with in little-known Thibet, is the Yak or Grunting Ox. It derives its name from the peculiar sound it emits—something rather like the grunting of a pig. The yak may also be found in the vast ranges of the Himalayan mountains. Something like the North American bison, especially about its head, it differs from that animal in the length of its hairy coat and its bushy tail: the latter being far more like that of a horse than the bison's. The yak's tail is greatly in request as an ornament, and dyed red, with a silken handle attached, is much used in India to keep off the flies. The animal is easily tamed, and it is much used by the natives for ploughing work. Certain varieties of the yak may be seen in the London Zoological Gardens.

F. R.



The Yak.



The Sergeant decides the burglary to have been the work of a London gang.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 231.)



FORTUNATELY the blow had only just sufficed to stun Lord Brampton for the time, and his youth, excellent constitution, and the long, deep sleep, had enabled him to very quickly shake off its effects. So far from feeling any fear of the people surrounding him, the young lord was really rather enjoying the novel situation. His only wish was to have the chance of writing to George or Mr. Devenish to bid them allay their fears, and this opportunity he intended to watch for diligently.

After he had finished his meal, none of the gypsies interfered with him, and he retired once more to the van. The horse was put to again, and the journey resumed. After another two hours or more of rumbling and jolting the van was pulled up, and looking out of the window Bernard saw that they were in a large gipsy encampment, at least twenty other vans being drawn up in a kind of *laager*, as it would have been called in South Africa, and groups of dusky children, young and old men and women, camp fires, and strange-looking dogs played, strolled, or lolled idly about the place. The peculiar odour of wild animals hung in the air, whilst an occasional cry, and weird, uncanny roar, told of the presence of a menagerie close at hand. Whilst he gazed, an interested spectator of all these things, a big, burly man, walked over to Gipsy Lee and began to speak to him in low tones. Gradually they made their way towards the van in which Lord Brampton was, and when within a few yards of it they stopped, sat down on the ground, and conversed for some time. Their voices gradually rose, as caution diminished, and Bernard was able to catch fragments of what they were saying, from time to time.

'I think you've been a fool, Dan, in bringing . . . but . . . shuts his mouth . . . it can't last, you know. . . . Not safe . . . better clear out,' said the burly man, shaking his head solemnly, and looking at the van.

'That's all very fine . . . where can I go?' answered Dan.

' . . . before the mast. Work your passage . . . much safer . . . for a bit, just till it blows over. I will take him on with the wild-beast show, . . . make him useful.'

'They may offer a reward for him. If so we will go halves . . . Oh, no . . . on the honour of a Romany. . . .'

'Right. Bring him over as soon as it is dark . . . moving in at daybreak . . . be at the fair by mid-day.' And then the big man rose and slowly walked away in the direction whence he had come. Dan remained where he was, evidently deep in thought, and staring straight in front of him. The fact was that Dan was seriously thinking that it would be more healthy for him if he left his country, at least for a

time, and the idea of going abroad was not at all an agreeable one to the gipsy.

Presently he was joined by his companion, Reddy, who stood before him, his arms stuck akimbo.

'Well?' he said.

Dan looked up.

'Well, I've settled it. The boy is to go to John Moxey's wild-beast show for the present. John will keep him safe till I've had a chance to get out of the country. I must try and get on to a cattle-boat as drover. They would never take me as a sailor. I don't know one of their blessed ropes from another.'

'You could be a fireman on a steamer though, Dan.'

'Yes; I could do that,' he replied rather doubtfully, 'but I would sooner do something with animals: it is more in my line—and it is not such hard work,' he added with a grin. 'Anyhow I'm going, and at once. I've been "put away" by the police years ago—'

'Had a Government appointment, eh?'

'Just so. For five years at Portland, that was, and I don't mean to get taken away there again if I can help it. So, as soon as it is dark, I will just take the boy across to old John's living van, and then I am off down to Barton Quay to look out for a ship.'

'Why, it will take you two or three days to tramp it from here. Come along, across with me to —', and here Bernard lost the sound of their voices as they strolled slowly away and got out of earshot.

'Well, this is a funny situation I must say,' said he to himself. 'As far as I can understand, I am to be transferred from this to a wild-beast show: make me into a monkey next, I should think! I suppose it is "all in the day's work," and I must say there is a great charm about it all. I never knew that novelty really was so delightful. But I am so sorry for them all at home: poor George will be frantic about it, and Mr. Devenish is sure to think the worst possible fate for me. If only I could manage to post a letter! I feel sure it won't be long before I do, and then I shall not care a bit. In fact I must confess that if George were here with me, it would really be a capital joke. I wonder what my new quarters and my new "owner" will be like? However, I suppose it won't be very long before I see, for it is getting pretty dark already.'

About an hour after sunset Gipsy Lee threw open the door of the van and called to Bernard, gruffly, 'Come on out of this, young feller. You are going to a change of quarters, and I hope you will like it. I am going to leave here, so you won't have any chance of splitting on me. I am not going to prison just to please an ungrateful young rascal like you, I can tell you.'

'All right, Daniel; keep cool, and don't excite yourself! So I am to start in the wild-beast show business, am I? I should advise your fat friend, Mr. John What's-his-name, to advertise that he has got a real live lord, just freshly caught, to exhibit in an extra strong den. Just see what a fine thing it would be for the show, wouldn't it? You might charge the public sixpence extra for being allowed to poke the live lord up with a stick!'

Gipsy Lee growled out an oath at this fresh 'cheek,' as he called it, on the part of the kidnapped Viscount. Dan had a most uncomfortable feeling that he had

had the worst of it all the way through with his prisoner, and it annoyed him extremely whenever he thought of it.

When that cry of the young Viscount's first rang through the house, it penetrated only faintly to the room in which George slept. At first he thought he must have been dreaming; and then he sat up in bed and listened eagerly for any repetition of it. As we know already, the cry was not repeated, for the simple reason that Bernard had immediately rushed out into the gardens in pursuit of the midnight intruders. George felt very uneasy, although the house had again relapsed into silence; so, hastily slipping on some clothes, he first of all went along the corridor and knocked at Bernard's door. To his surprise it was open. He quickly walked into the room, and discovered, somewhat to his astonishment, that it was empty. Groping to the dressing-table, he felt about for the matchbox, which he knew was always kept there. He found it, and struck a light. The bed had been slept in, clearly, but Bernard was gone. Where?

And in the same moment he was reminded of that shout, or what he had thought was a shout, coming from below. All the instinct of the backwoodsman was at once aroused in the boy, and, bred up as he had been from his earliest youth to caution and suspicion in all his connexion with the stray Indians around his father's farm, his first act was to extinguish the light he held, and his next to cautiously, but swiftly and in silence, creep down the stairs.

Arrived as far as the hall, he waited and listened. Not a sound broke upon his keen sense of hearing, and he began to try the doors of the sitting-rooms one after the other. All were securely locked until he arrived outside the dining-room. This door opened when he turned the handle, and he went in, listened again as he stood in the dark; then, without betraying himself by showing a light, though he had brought a box of wax matches for use should he want them, he groped the whole length of the dining-room until his hand came in contact with the study door. This was ajar, and he passed through, and then struck a match. In a moment his quick eye took in the situation. Clearly, the house had been broken into, and equally clearly the thieves, whoever they were, had escaped by means of the windows, now standing widely opened, and leading into the gardens. He looked through the casement out on to the bright moonlight, but of course the chase in the grounds had gone too far for him to see anything of it. Then he returned to the middle of the room, struck another match, and looked around him.

Everything was in confusion—drawers pulled out, cupboards ransacked, and a desk forced open and rifled of its contents. As he cast his eyes on the different familiar objects of the room, he suddenly noticed that the old infantry sword was no longer hanging in its accustomed place.

'What does that mean?' he said to himself; and then, half fearfully, he lighted the small reading-lamp, still standing on the table, and looked about on the floor for possible blood-stains. Much to his relief, nothing of the sort was visible. Then, just as he

was thinking of starting out across the gardens, a sound as of some one blundering against a chair in the adjoining room, and using an expression which we will charitably describe as 'hasty,' fell upon his ears. The next moment James, the young second footman, closely followed by Mr. Bottleseal, the portly butler, entered the room.

'James, you had better come with me!' exclaimed the boy, hastily. 'Thieves have broken into the house, and I am afraid Lord Brampton has gone after them—alone. I can only hope nothing has happened to him, but it was not a very wise thing to start after burglars, who may be armed, without any help. It is just like his British pluck, though,' added George to himself. 'And now come right along.'

Bottleseal did not accompany the younger pair; he contented himself with returning upstairs again, and rousing the other men-servants. Two more men were soon dressed and following George Watt and the footman in their hunt around the grounds.

The search, however, was a vain one, as we have seen. No trace could be found of the young lord, although the quest was continued for over an hour. Just as they were about to give it up in despair, a shout from the under-footman arrested their attention. He had kicked against the old sword, which, as we know, had dropped from Bernard's hand as he was struck by the stone flung at him.

'Stop; don't touch it till I've had a look at the way it is lying!' cried George, hurrying over to the place where the discovery had been made. He looked at it closely, then at the house, as though to try if he could fathom any of its meaning. At last he shook his head, and picked up the sword; then, after standing for a half minute deeply wrapped in thought, he stooped again to the ground and examined the footmarks—of which there were several—in and around the spot.

Dawn was rapidly breaking, and by the first fitful, uncertain streaks of coming day, he made out one set of footmarks smaller than the rest; they ended just where the sword had been dropped.

'Now,' said George to himself, thoughtfully, 'it is pretty clear that it was Bernard who was carrying the sword and not the thieves; there can be no mistaking their great boots, with big heels on them, for Bernard's small slippers with no heels to them. Thieves, again, wouldn't be likely to steal such a valueless thing as a sword. But, unluckily, that does not bring us any nearer the problem of what has become of poor Bernard. I think there is little doubt but that he has been overpowered here, and carried away somewhere; these footsteps give signs of a struggle, I reckon' (but in this we know that the Canadian boy was at fault). 'Anyway, there has been a lot of trampling around this spot, and I should like the police to see it. And in addition to the police help, I'll just try to unravel this mystery on my own account. Perhaps, after all, before we have dressed and had breakfast, poor Bernard may come home again, safe and sound. I only hope and pray that he may, but I feel very uneasy, I must confess,' and he slowly wended his way back to the house, carrying the sword in his hand.



The Crocodile.

But Bernard did not turn up, either before or after breakfast. Mr. Devenish had sent, at a very early hour, full information to the police, and the police, in the shape of a very stupid sergeant and a constable—even thicker-headed than himself—had come over, examined the premises, looked wise, and then opined that the burglary was clearly the work of some ‘London gang;’ and Mr. Devenish, who, in his weakness, felt inclined to agree with everybody, and always with the last word spoken, had assented, and said that he felt sure the police were right, and that it *was* some ‘London gang’—on what ground it would have puzzled a magician to tell. And then young George, whose keen trans-Atlantic brain had been taking in the whole of the proceedings, had thought it high time, if Bernard had really been kidnapped, and they ever wanted to hear of or see him again, to do what he could, in his own way, in his friend’s behalf.

‘See here, sergeant,’ he said; ‘you say you reckon this is a London gang?’

The sergeant nodded.

‘Why?’

(Continued at page 246.)

CROCODILES AND THEIR WAYS.



HERE are many kinds of reptiles, but perhaps the most hideous in form and huge in size is the Crocodile. This sluggish creature serves in some measure to recall the giant Saurians, with which the earth was peopled during the earlier periods of its existence.

There can be no mistaking a crocodile. In addition to their large bodily size they are characterised by the lizard-like form of their bodies, which are supported on short limbs and carried close to the ground. The long and powerful tail is an efficient propeller in swimming.

Look at the creature’s head. Notice that it ends in a flattened snout, and is attached to the body by a short and muscular neck. Observe the reptile’s toes; they are webbed. You see that he is cased



A Welsh Mountain Road.

in a suit of armour, back, tail, and under-part being well protected. The armour is four-sided and horny, and arranged in regular rows across the body. The shields are of varying size, and are in contact with one another by their edges.

Five toes to the front limbs and four to hind limbs will be found to belong to the crocodile, and the

three innermost toes on each foot are provided with claws. The teeth are set in the margin of the jaws, and are continually replaced by fresh ones growing from beneath. Quite at the extremity of the snout are the nostrils; the ears are covered with movable lids.

Crocodiles are denizens of the tropical and sub-

tropical regions of the globe, and are found in such latitudes wherever there are rivers or fresh-water lakes of sufficient size for their mode of life. One of the Indian species resorts to the sea-coast, where it has been seen floating at some distance from the land.

All crocodiles are excellent swimmers, and they are mainly propelled, when in the water, by the aid of their powerful tails; the limbs being chiefly used when walking at the bottom of the water or on the shore. When in repose crocodiles lie like logs, either in the water or on the banks of the lakes and rivers which they inhabit; but when in pursuit of their prey in the water they move with great speed, while they are also active on land. Crocodiles are flesh-eaters, but some of the family feed only on fish. Others there are which prey upon the flesh of all animals that come in their way. Crocodiles attack every large animal which approaches them. Seizing the victim between their capacious jaws and fastening their long conical-pointed teeth into its flesh, they draw it, by their weight and with a stroke of the tail, below the water, and drown it. Their gullet is, however, much too narrow to take in the whole body of the victim; and their teeth being adapted for seizing and holding fast only, and not for biting, they are obliged to mangle the carcase, tearing off single pieces by sudden strong jerks. There are well-attested stories of crocodiles seizing people who were stooping down to dip water from the rivers' marge. If an unarmed man be attacked, it is said that there is but one way of escape, namely, thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes, and trying to gouge them out. Crocodiles very often sleep in the day, and wait about at night for their prey. During long seasons of drouth many of them bury themselves in the mud, where they become torpid.

Our picture shows us the slender-snouted crocodile, known in India by the popular name of 'Garial.'

It is found in the Ganges, Indus, and Bramaputra rivers, and in some of the rivers of Arakan. It frequently attains a length of twenty feet; it feeds solely on fish. These reptiles have never been known to attack human beings or the larger animals, and it is, perhaps, owing to this harmless disposition that they are held sacred in many parts of India by the Hindus.

J. C.

SNOWDON.



O a lover of the beauties of nature, Wales offers many and varied attractions. Mountain, stream, and woodland pictures rise before him as he plods along the country roads and lanes; whilst, if he feel so inclined, he may toil up one or other of the huge hills which in many parts surround him on almost every side. The chief amongst these is Snowdon—which, indeed, is dignified by the

name of mountain—standing something over three thousand feet in height. Several years ago, I was one of a small party which made an ascent, and by telling the short story of it I may perhaps save some *Chatterbox* readers from a similar unpleasant experience.

Four of us, all young men, two of whom were at Cambridge, one at Oxford, and the writer, then 'cramming,' as it is called, for the Army, started off early one morning from Bettws-y-Coed by the four-horse coach to drive to Capel Curig—which, by the way, is *not* the proper side from which to ascend Snowdon. We chartered a couple of ponies from a man whose business it was to let them out, and with two guides we began the ascent, two of us riding and the others walking.

From the first, that day everything seemed to go wrong. Before riding half a mile to the foot of the mountain, my pony cast a shoe. The guides said it did not matter; they climbed better without shoes. Then we began the ascent.

It was a rather cold day in September, and as we got higher and higher the cold got worse. Soon my fingers were so frozen that I could hardly hold the bridle. At the first difficult part we came to my pony tripped and stumbled; and when at last, in passing a narrow ledge nearly at the top of the mountain, he put one foot for a moment actually over the side, sending some stones down with a gruesome hollow sound, I am fain to confess that I heartily wished myself home again. My nerves are, or were, of the cast-iron order, but I never had any nerve for the contemplation of 'giddy heights,' except from the safe vantage-point of the foot of them. After that incident I descended from the pony and walked. Just before we reached the little cabin at the extreme summit, up came a dense fog. We were half frozen as we entered the cabin and ordered some refreshment.

We waited an hour or more. One of the party had torn off the sole of his right boot, whilst another had dropped his pipe out of his coat-pocket, and was inconsolable at the loss. At the end of that time the fog suddenly lifted, and we obtained a glorious view all around.

'Come along, you fellows,' cried our leader; 'we must start down while the fog gives us the chance to see our way;' and off we went down the Llanberis side of the mountain. We had written beforehand for beds at the hotel at Penmaenmawr, and sent our luggage on by rail. Before we had left the summit ten minutes down came the fog again, and we were groping our way along, unable to see two yards before us, and feeling half dead with the cold.

The track down the Llanberis side is a comparatively easy one, by far the best for either climbing or descending Snowdon. I was walking down pretty briskly, when, stepping on a rolling stone, I sprained my ankle very badly, and came to a full stop.

First my companions tried to carry me, then to give me an arm on each side to hold me up. The foot was in great pain, but as the hotel was not likely to come to me, I had to get to the hotel. So, grasping an arm on each side of me, I hobbled along, the fog sometimes increasing in density, and at other moments lifting for a little. How we ever arrived

at our destination is still a matter of wonderment to me. However, through the help of my two staunch 'bearers' I got there at last, and, to my unspeakable disgust, I had to remain in the hotel for ten days before I was permitted to move. Nowadays, any one desiring to ascend Snowdon can do so by rail, and I desire think this is by far the better way to go.

F. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

32.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. WHAT number is that whose third, fourth, and sixth parts added together make 36?
2. A father is eleven times as old as his son. Six years hence he will be five times as old. What is the present age of each?
3. What number is that whose tenth part is one more than its twelfth?
4. The sum of 5*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* consists of an equal number of half-crowns, florins, and shillings. How many are there of each?
5. Divide 35 into two parts, so that four times the greater may be equal to six times the less.
6. What number is that whose third, fourth, and sixth parts added together make 18?
7. Divide 2100*l.* between A and B so that A's share may be three-fourths of B's.
8. What number is that whose third part is four more than its fifth?

C. C.

33.—ANAGRAMS.

Professions, Trades, Employments.

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. THE curb. | 10. Ask me, Hero. |
| 2. Ten ran. | 11. D. sent it. |
| 3. Rage, rend! | 12. One rug, S. |
| 4. May I darn? | 13. Clear drone. |
| 5. Darker mess. | 14. I ran, pet. |
| 6. Pert crane. | 15. 'Tis one rat. |
| 7. Truer fire. | 16. N. held car. |
| 8. Uri bled. | 17. Grin no more. |
| 9. Take room, B. | 18. Lion, ma. |

C. C.

[Answers at page 254.]

ANSWERS.

29.—Zurich—Geneva.

1. Z u G
2. U m p i r E
3. R o u e N
4. I c E
5. C V
6. H i m a l a y A

30.—Heligoland.

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1. Dell. | 4. Gain. | 7. Glean. | 10. Cure. |
| 2. Glide. | 5. Angel. | 8. Doge. | 11. Alone. |
| 3. Lion. | 6. Hand. | 9. Angle. | 12. Halo. |
- 31.—1. Baker. 4. Hatter. 8. Cooper.
 2. Draper. 5. Dressmaker. 9. Printer.
 3. Singer. 6. Surgeon. 10. Artist.
 7. Tailor.

THE STORY OF THE AMARANTH.

SOME of our readers may remember to have read or heard a line in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, where he writes of the angels as wearing crowns of amaranth and gold, and he adds that the plant grew in the Garden of Eden, near the tree of life—but that is, of course, only a poetic fancy. Again, in the New Testament, St. Peter speaks of 'a crown of glory that fadeth not away,' and when we turn to the Greek, we find the words are the 'amaranthine crown.'

But what really was this remarkable flower, the amaranth? We cannot be certain about the true names of some flowers which are written about hundreds of years ago, because there are no pictures to show us what they were, and the descriptions are doubtful—we are only sure of a few, the white lily and the red rose, for instance. The amaranth of the ancients may have been the plant so-called now in our gardens, or it may have been one of those in the tribe known as 'everlastings,' because bunches of them will look fresh in flower-vases for months, or even years. Anyhow, the old amaranth was a flower which did not soon wither or fall to pieces, therefore the ancients used to weave sprays of it into coronets.

The Greeks wore wreaths sometimes on their heads made entirely of this plant. Wreaths of it were also put upon the tombstones of their friends. For the flower was supposed to tell of immortal life, and it seems to have been a sign of hope too, though one kind of amaranth has rather a double meaning. This is the curious species which keeps a place in many village gardens, where the country folk call it 'Love lies bleeding,' the long purplish clusters drooping gracefully to the ground. It has yet another name, that of 'Prince's Feather,' which has been given, indeed, to several plants very different from each other.

J. R. S. C.

THE MOOSE OR ELK.

THIS animal stands out as the king of the whole deer tribe. Its size and strength are great. When fully grown it frequently attains the height of seven feet at the shoulder, and it reaches the prime of its life in its fourteenth year. The horns are large and widely spread out. For these and its skin the moose is much hunted, the skin being excellent material for making stout and durable clothing. The animal is very good eating, especially the muzzle—which is considered a great luxury—and the hams. The whole of the flesh is generally smoked and dried, before being consumed for human food.

Our illustration represents an unfortunate moose-hunter who has been obliged, after failing to bring down his quarry, to take refuge in a tree in order to escape the terrible horns with which he is threatened. A companion's rifle quickly sends the moose to ground, and rescues him from a most uncomfortable position.

F. R.

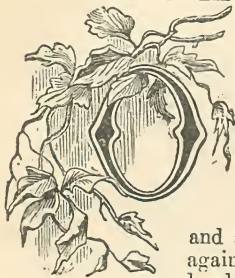


An Uncomfortable Position.



Victoria Cross Heroes : Lord William Beresford.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.



Fall the wars against savages which England has ever been engaged in, that against the Zulus in A.D. 1879 was probably the most serious, for the Zulus, splendid warriors, and absolutely fearless, again and again hurled their naked, defenceless bodies literally on our bayonets, and were not subdued until the battle of Ulundi broke their power and laid the flower of their Impis in the dust.

Early in July of that year a reconnoitring party was attacked by the Zulus and had to retire across the White Umvolosi River. During the retreat, Sergeant Fitzmaurice, 1st Battalion, 24th Foot—the regiment which suffered such terrible loss at Isandula—met with a mishap, his horse falling with him on the ground. At this moment, Lord William Beresford, then a captain in the 9th Lancers, saw the sergeant's critical position, and rode back in the face of the advancing enemy, and picking up the fallen soldier, helped him on to his own horse, and brought him away in safety. The feat was a more dangerous one even than it seems, as in consequence of loss of blood and faintness, Sergeant Fitzmaurice twice nearly pulled Lord William off his horse as they galloped away. In this gallant act, Sergeant O'Toole, of the Frontier Light Horse, also behaved very pluckily. Half stunned by the fall of his horse (which had partly rolled on him), Fitzmaurice could not hold on, and must have been left to his fate had not Sergeant O'Toole, who was keeping back the enemy, given up his carbine and assisted to hold the injured man on to his horse. It is pleasing to be able to record that O'Toole was decorated with the Victoria Cross as well as Lord William Beresford, and both men thoroughly deserved the honour.

F. R.

A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

DEAR Mother, see! that lady there,
The lady with the lovely hair,
The pretty eyes, and gentle mien,
The nicest face I've ever seen;
She's clothed in black from top to toe,
I wonder why she dresses so?

'My dear, the lady whom you see
A sister is of charity,
And that is why she must appear
In robes of black throughout the year;
It would not seemly be, you know,
Unless she dressed herself just so.'

A pause ensued; a look of pain,
And then the prattler speaks again,
But now with sympathetic look
As though some thought she could not brook.
'Then, Mother dear,' she softly said,
'I s'pose poor Charity is dead!'

B. M.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

MANY years ago an English officer, named Esmond, with his wife and one little boy, settled down on a cattle ranch on one of the wide prairies of North America. He was a young, energetic man, brisk and genial, fond of out-of-door pursuits—in short, quite a typical frontier ranch-man.

The Captain, as he was always called, had soon a notable herd of cattle at his station, with a number of cowboys to help him in his onerous work. His wife, with his sister and one or two female servants, were the only women within a circuit of twenty miles, but they did not seem to find their life dull or lonely. One occasion, indeed, there had been a terrible scare with Indians. The Ranch had been attacked by a band of Red men, who were repulsed by the Captain and his cowboys, and driven right away; but when the scare was over, it was discovered that little Willie Esmond, only eight years of age, had been shot by a stray rifle-ball in the knee. This was a most lamentable accident, for the injured limb had to be amputated, and to Captain Esmond it was a sad thought that his only son would never be a robust man, able to take up the ranching business when his father had to lay it down.

Willie Esmond, after twelve months of rather weak health, regained much of his youthful strength and all his liveliness. His father provided him with a trusty, sure-footed pony, and the little fellow was soon to be seen cantering about on Rosabelle, with his crutches slung behind him—a bright, healthy, wide-awake lad, very intelligent, and a favourite with all who knew him.

A few years after this unfortunate event, a railway was laid across the prairie, and as it passed within two miles of the Captain's ranch, it was a very great convenience to him, as well as a great source of interest to Willie, who was never weary of visiting Walter Thorne, the station-master, especially when a train was due, and making himself acquainted with the working of the locomotive and the general care of the railroad track. The station-master in his turn was also glad to make the boy's acquaintance, for though he had as a rule a good deal to do, still there were hours when no train was expected, and these hours were often cheered by Willie Esmond's visits.

Willie was now fifteen years of age, an expert rider, a good marksman with the rifle, and well acquainted with all the country round. The boy could show his friend, the station-master, the haunts of the prairie chickens and other game birds which they shot in great numbers, Willie carrying his share of the spoil home to his mother, and Walter Thorne cooking the remainder as a relish to his usual supper of salted meat.

Once or twice the friends, while out shooting, met with a prairie wolf, which would cross their path, snarling as it went.

'Are you not afraid of these beggars, Willie?' asked the station-master one day, as a couple of these stealthy wicked-looking creatures made their appearance.

'Not I,' said the boy, lightly. 'Father says that I

must always be home before dark, especially in winter-time, when the prairie wolves go in troops and become bolder than they are in summer; but at this season of the year I don't care a fig for them—they have never attacked me as yet, and I don't believe they ever will.'

'And does your pony not object to them?' asked Mr. Thorne once more.

'What, Rosabelle? Not she—she despises them thoroughly; if they come too near, she kicks out beautifully, and off they go. But I have never been on the prairie after dark as yet, although even then I don't believe that either Rosabelle or I would come to grief.'

But Willie was only a boy, and though as brave as any boy could be, he was rather too self-confident, and had to learn a thing or two, as we all must do, before we get to the end of our lives.

On one occasion, an October afternoon it was, having remained a little longer than usual at the railway station, Willie suddenly found himself storm-stayed. A sudden and very severe thunder-storm came up, accompanied by a hurricane of wind, and a blinding fall of rain and hail. It came up after the west-bound train had passed and about an hour before the eastern train was due. In these circumstances, it was fixed that Willie must remain overnight at the station, as in such a storm, and with darkness falling very quickly, it would be almost impossible for him to reach his father's ranch, even upon sure-footed Rosabelle. 'Your father knows where you are,' said the station-master, 'and he will quite understand that the storm has detained you here.'

To this arrangement Willie agreed with right good will, and the two friends, the station-master and the lame boy, were still looking out, watching the furious storm, when an unusually bright flash of lightning revealed to them for an instant the figures of several horsemen galloping across the prairie towards the station. They watched a while, hoping to get another glimpse of them, but without success. Had the horsemen turned off in another direction? It was impossible to say, but the station-master felt uneasy. He still stood listening and watching, until once more he caught sight of them, and heard the trampling of the horses. There were five men in all, each one with his slouch hat pulled down close, to keep off the rain, while around each man's face, just below the eyes, there was tied a red handkerchief. What could this mean; could it be to prevent any one from knowing them? If so, then these men were travelling on no honest errand.

A minute later, and the men were all pounding at the door for admittance. 'Who's there, and what do you want?' cried the station-master, sharply.

'Passengers for the train,' came the answer. 'Look sharp and let us in; we are drenched to the skin.'

'You are an hour too soon,' again sang out the station-master, 'and it is against rules to have passengers hanging about. Stay where you are, till the proper time comes—the rain won't hurt you.'

These words were received with a volley of oaths from the men, who again pounded at the door in an alarming manner.

In the meantime, the station-master was whispering to his young companion. 'Willie,' he said, 'these men are railway thieves; they have come to see how much money I have here, and besides that they mean to stick up the Eastern train and rob the passengers. Willie, I have three thousand dollars, and it is not my money, though under my charge. My boy, do you think you could ride home, and fetch your father and his servants? Take my lantern with you and this cudgel; then mount Rosabelle quietly—fortunately, she is in the rear, where they can't see her. Willie, it is not selfishness that makes me ask you to go. You are safer on the dark prairie than you are here; those men are cut-throats, and would think nothing of murdering both you and me. Will you go, my boy?'

Willie's voice was very husky as he replied to this appeal, and his heart was beating like to choke him, but he did not hesitate. 'Yes, I will go,' he said. 'But you? They will kill you, Mr. Thorne; that door won't hold out many minutes longer.'

'Willie, I am in God's hands,' replied his friend, 'and in the path of duty. Go, my boy; don't think of me, and may God bless and help us both.'

Then the boy mounted Rosabelle, thankful that the howling of the wind prevented the men from hearing his movements, and with a dark lantern and Mr. Thorne's cudgel in his hand, and his crutches slung behind him, he led Rosabelle a few yards away from the station, and soon was riding for dear life across the dark prairie.

Now, Willie was fifteen years of age, and a brave boy of fifteen can sometimes do a grown man's work, but, ah! my young readers, do not forget that he was a cripple, a one-legged boy, and that the chances were terribly against him; but we shall presently see how he gets on.

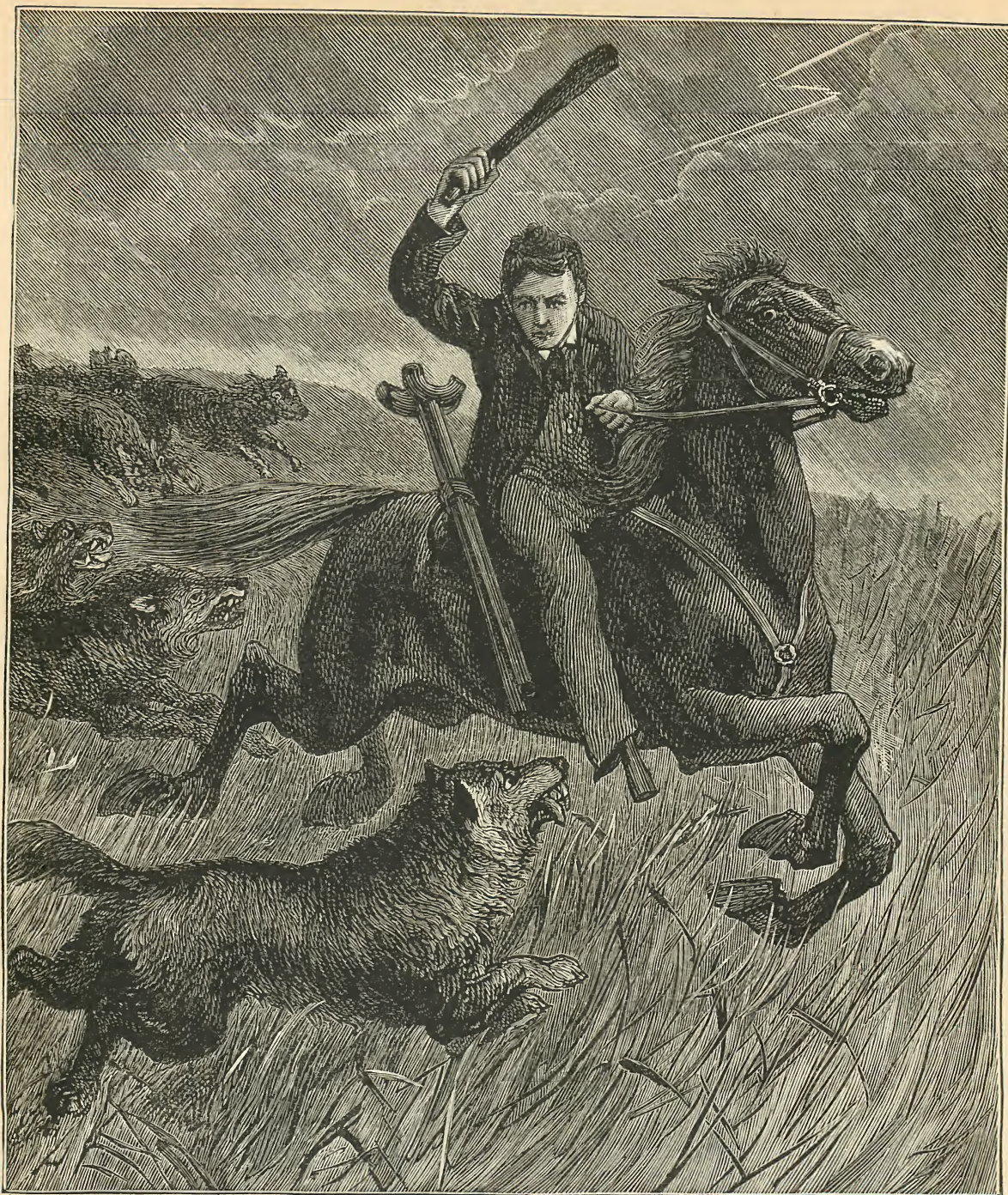
When once clear of the station, Willie pushed his pony along.

'On, on, Rosie!' said the boy. 'It is only two miles after all, and you have often done it before, though never on a night like this.'

The pony really seemed to understand the encouraging words, for she put the steam on, as Willie himself would say, and flew along, as flash after flash lighted up the whole heavens, and the thunder rolled as the boy had never heard it do in all his life before.

More than half the journey had been well got over, when there came a change. Rosabelle seemed to become uneasy. What was the cause of this? Could it be that she was afraid of the storm? Ah, no! she was afraid, certainly, but not of the tempest. What were those dark forms that were racing after Willie and his brave little steed, and that were already close at hand and snapping at Rosabelle's heels? Prairie wolves! a dozen of them at least, and rendered formidable from their numbers and from the darkness of the night. Willie's heart seemed to die within him, but he clutched his cudgel firmly in his right hand, and, as he did so, there flashed into his mind the last words which he had heard from Mr. Thorne, the station-master, 'I am in God's hands, Willie, and I am in the path of duty.'

Yes, it was true, and was not he, too, in God's hands, and was not he, too, in the path of duty? Yes, he knew that he was flying home to get help for



Chased by Wolves across the Prairie.

the poor station-master in his hour of extreme peril. As he remembered these things the brave boy sent up one short prayer to Heaven for help, after which he urged on his pony to the top of her speed, and Rosabelle was not unwilling to be urged on. She knew very well that prairie wolves were not pleasant creatures to deal with, especially when a dozen of

them were assembled together. But before flying off at the top of her speed, she kicked out sharply at one or two of the creatures who were more troublesome than the others, and succeeded in killing one of these, while Willie with his cudgel contrived to break the leg of a second.

(Concluded at page 254.)



PRIDE IN THE GARDEN.

MUST look at me ! am I not gay ?
 I come from India, far away ;
 While there, in forests dark and dense,
 I live among the trees, from whence

I've often seen a tiger sneak,
 And when I see him don't I shriek !
 I shriek to let the hunters know
 Where they may find their deadly foe.

They say that I am vain and proud,
 And that my voice is somewhat loud ;
 Well, let me just admit 'tis true,
 But tell me, boy and girls, are you

Not sometimes quite as vain as I ?
 To look quite beautiful you try ;
 As proud as any peacock ? Pooh !
 I am not half so proud as you !

'BEST OF FRIENDS'

(Continued from page 236.)



HE sergeant first scratched his head, then he dry shaved his chin, after which performance he hum'd and ha'd, and said that he had his own reasons for saying it was the work of a gang, and that as he didn't personally know of any burglars in the locality, it was only reasonable to think that

that gang came from London.

'Or Birmingham,' retorted George, with a contemptuous twinkle in his eye, 'or Leeds, or Liverpool, or Manchester—eh, sergeant?'

'Ye-es,' quoth the legal luminary, somewhat doubtfully.

'Well now,' resumed George, 'I have examined the prints made by all the boot-marks—some are very clear—and to say nothing further, it is not a "gang" at all, unless you would call two men a "gang." And as to whether they come from London or not, why to tell the truth, you know, sergeant, neither you, nor I, nor any of the rest of us can do more than guess.'

Sergeant Flobster smiled the superior, pitying smile, which seems to be kept specially for the exclusive use of members of 'the Force,' and said that he didn't see how such a very young gentleman could know very much about the matter.

Without deigning a reply, George calmly got up and left the room, to go and once more make solitary search of the grounds for any traces of his sorely missed friend.

With downcast eye the boy travelled over every inch of the now well-worn ground, then he slowly walked down in the direction of the lake. Within twenty yards of the water's edge he stopped suddenly—the punt had gone.

Now, this was a somewhat strange thing, as the keepers and servants on the estate who had any business on the lake always used another punt, commonly called a 'flat;' this particular one was reserved for the use of the young lord and his friends.

'I will just stroll down to the top of the weir and see if, by any possible chance, it has broken loose and drifted down there,' and he walked away down the lake side, looking out for the missing boat.

Just where the water narrowed sharply to form the gut leading to the weir top, he discovered the punt, stuck fast on a small mud bank, not a couple of yards from the shore. George looked to see if the oars were still in it, and as he did so, his quick eye fell upon something else. With a leap he was into the punt, and stooping to pick up a white handkerchief, with a blue-and-white spotted border.

'Bernard's,' he said to himself as he examined it;

'then, if he has been spirited away, they—who ever they are—brought him in the boat, and this handkerchief must have dropped from the pocket of his pyjama jacket. Now, if that is the way they took him off, there ought to be some sign round the far side of the lake; and that is just where I will go and spend an hour or two looking.'

Leaving the punt where it lay, but taking the handkerchief with him, George then set himself to walk across the weir head, and from there along the whole of the south side of the lake. He had almost reached the extremity of its navigable waters, when he saw a long mark in the mud where the punt had evidently been driven hard inshore. Foot by foot he closely examined the soft ground leading from that spot to the boundary fence of the park; here a big gap had been broken through the hedge, and quite recently. Pushing through the gap, George emerged into a lane, which he knew led into the main road. He slowly and carefully retraced his steps, noting always the same two pair of heavy footprints, but none which could have belonged to Bernard. He heaved a sigh, and said to himself that here his trail ended. Bernard had not come that way—and yet—and yet he was not satisfied. He had established, to his own satisfaction, the fact that his friend had most probably been in the boat, by the finding of the handkerchief. In that case he must obviously have left it, but where? That was the point, and George Watt thought and thought until his head ached over the problem.

Then a horrible, ghastly thought suddenly burst in upon him, What if the villains had thrown him into the lake? perhaps knocked him senseless first, and then drowned him?

George sat down on a big stone and covered his face with his hands. For five minutes he sat like this, the tears streaming through his fingers. Then he shook off the stupor which had so unnerved him, and cried, 'Well, it can be no use to him to believe in *that* idea. If it is the true one, nothing on earth can do him any good now. If it is a wrong one, we are wasting good time in thinking of it. I won't even suggest it to Mr. Devenish, because he might take off the men who are searching every thicket in the woods now, and put them all on to dragging for what, at best, could be only a dead body. No; I'll not let myself believe that he is dead; it is not fair to him to think it, and I won't.' And, sturdily putting the notion out of his head, he once more returned to the gap in the hedge to see if anything had escaped his eye at the first examination. In vain, however, and he walked away back, the whole round of the south side of the lake again, and up to the house, his eyes still on the ground. Ten yards away from the study window he picked up a metal button. Carrying it in his hand, he entered the house. Then he paused and looked hard at the button all round, even turning it and examining the back. Again he looked at the design, a fox's head, on it, and then a sudden ray of light came to him.

'I have seen that button, or one just like it, before. Where, I wonder?'

He cudgelled his brains to think. 'Where?' he kept repeating to himself, 'where?' Why, of

course, he remembered perfectly now. It was a button which Gipsy Lee had worn on his coat—a brown velveteen coat—and he recollected Bernard making a remark to him about the buttons going well with the velveteen. Yes; it was only Gipsy Lee's, and there was an end to that; and then an astounding thought broke in on him. '*What if Gipsy Lee had been one of the midnight marauders?* What if Gipsy Lee had contrived, with the assistance of another man, to carry off his friend?'

The idea was so astonishing to George that he could do nothing but sit down on the sofa, with his head buried in his hands, trying to think calmly over the whole situation. Presently a servant came in with a message from Mr. Devenish, but George wrote on a morsel of note-paper he picked up:—

'Please forgive me, and excuse my coming for at least an hour. I am just getting a big think over poor Bernard's fate, and I have no news at present worth telling. In an hour's time I *may* be able to say something to you of great importance.'

This despatched, he again sank into deep thought, his head resting on his hands.

In rather less than the hour's time George thought, at all events, that he saw light. He kept reminding himself all the time that he had an instinctive dislike to the gipsy, and that he must not, therefore, be prejudiced against the man, or such prejudice might lead him to a wrong conclusion, when it might be of vital importance to Bernard—if he still lived—that he should come to a correct one. At the same time, several reasons urged him to the belief that Dan Lee was at the bottom of the mystery. He was quite satisfied that he was correct in his recollection as to the coat-button. Again, why should Lee come so near to the house, when he himself had refused to accompany the boys thither, to get his reward, on the day they had met him by the lake? The sapient Sergeant Flobster had given it as his opinion that this was the work of some 'London gang.' George was equally certain, and had been so from the first, that the burglars were from somewhere in the neighbourhood, their knowledge of the place, the impress of their country-made boots, and several other small circumstances giving him this idea. Without any further delay he went out in search of Robins, the head keeper, and very soon he came across him.

Although the man was carrying a gun, and followed by a couple of black retriever dogs, he was not on any business in connexion with game. In common with the others, he was searching every bush, every place where a body could be concealed, in some vague hope that his missing master would be discovered. He touched his hat, and sighed as George met him, shaking his head in silence in answer to the boy's inquiring look.

'Now, Robins, I want you to sit down right there on that tree-trunk, and just answer me a few questions. Do you know a gipsy here called Lee?'

'Well, Master George, I know a good sight of gipsies—leastways, I knows, say, half a dozen of them by sight, but I can't say what their names may be. Lee, Lee; no, I don't know;—hold on, though,

isn't that that great tall chap as I've seen loafing about here in this very park, after our rabbits, I'm thinking; so I've been keeping an eye open for him.'

'That is the man I mean. Well, what do you know of him? Is he honest?'

'Not by a long way, I should think. That is, if there is a chance of poaching, he will poach; if there is a chance of sneaking a fowl, he will sneak it. I did hear, too, that he has been in prison once or twice—that is, if it is the man I mean.'

'You don't think, now,' said George, speaking very deliberately, 'you don't think he is the man to commit a burglary, for instance?'

The keeper seemed to think deeply, and then, after a minute's silence, he said, 'Why, sir, I'm sure I couldn't say. When once a man takes to forgetting whose property it is he is handling, nought seems to come amiss to him, and whether he takes it by poaching or burglary, I don't suppose it makes much difference.'

'And whereabouts does this man Lee live, Robins? Do you know?'

'Oh, he and his mates—I think there is only one or two of them, and some women folk—live in their van up on that waste patch at the side of the Sandstone road—not a mile from here, Master George, it isn't. But if you are thinking of going up there, you had better let me come too, or else go for Sergeant Flobster—he understands gipsies.'

'Does he?' said George. 'Oh, well, I shouldn't have thought so.'

'No, sir? But why?' said the simple-minded Robins.

'Why?' repeated George, in withering tones. 'Why? Why, because he doesn't understand enough to come in out of the rain. Because he's a pompous, self-sufficient gas-bag in uniform! Why, one of our thievish Indians could just steal the buttons off his coat, and he would be staring straight over the man's head all the time, and never see him! Don't talk to me of what Sergeant Flobster understands!'

'Now, sir, you don't say so! and me thinking him so clever all this time. Why, he told me, when that poor chap Baxter (one of our grooms he was) went mad, that he could do anything with him, when nobody else could go near him. The Sergeant told me he was quite at home with idiots.'

'Well, I reckon he was not far out *there*,' replied George, with a twinkle in his eye. 'And he ought to look out for the next vacant berth at the asylum for himself. But to come back to what I was saying. I mean to go up the Sandstone road, and, if possible, have a talk with Mr. Gipsy Lee alone. He wouldn't be afraid of anything if he only saw a boy. But the sight of you—and, ten times worse, the sight of a policeman—would close his mouth with a snap. It must be left to me alone.'

'Very well, sir. I dare say you know best, Master George. But if the fellow has had any hand in this business, if he could carry off my young master—well, you must look sharp out that he don't do the same with you, sir, you know.'

(Continued at page 250.)



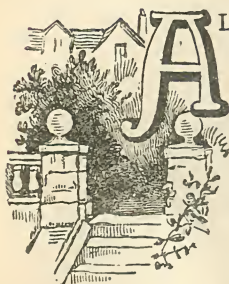
"Now, Robins, I want you to answer me a few questions."



"I suppose it is your watch, eh?"

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 247.)



ALL right, Robins; you needn't trouble yourself about me. I'm only a Canadian backwoods boy; it would not pay anybody to carry me off. Poor Bernard is an important personage; that is quite a different pair of shoes.'

For the idea that George had held all along 'was that, if Bernard had not been killed, he must have been carried off with a view to exacting some large money payment from his friends by way of ransom. Of course, he had no means of knowing the real truth—*i.e.*, that the young lord had been dragged off simply to prevent his giving information against the gipsy.

Whilst Robins walked away in the direction of his cottage, George slowly betook himself across the park, crawled through the gap in the hedge, and started up the Sandstone road. As he walked along he was thinking over his plan of engaging the gipsy in a conversation wherein that worthy person might possibly trip, and let out some of the truth—a thing which could only occur by accident to Mr. Dan Lee, we may remark. He was one of those who hold that speech was given us in order that we might conceal our thoughts, not express them.

Half way on his journey George suddenly recollected their last conversation with the gipsy. He had said that he was leaving the neighbourhood of Brampton that night, so of course he would be gone. *That night was the night of the burglary!*

He stood still in the road to think. Surely this fact alone was a rather suspicious circumstance. Of course, it *might* have been a coincidence, but—Well, at all events, he would go on and see for certain whether the van had gone from its accustomed place or not. He hurried along, and soon came in sight of the spot where numerous burnt patches in the grass, a few old rags and empty bottles, told where the encampment had been. But of human actors on the scene there was not a sign. The gipsies had 'struck camp' and gone.

Vainly George searched about for any trace or sign of his missing friend. He spent a quarter of an hour in this way, and then with a weary sigh he started back for home again.

By the time he had entered Brampton Park he had made up his mind what to do. By the time he had entered the house he had settled on the beginning at least of his plan. And then he went upstairs to the private room devoted to Mr. Devenish. That gentleman had been quite prostrated with grief ever since he found that his young relative did not return. He had made up his mind to the worst, and could hardly rouse himself to attend to the most ordinary duties. His was a most tender nature, but he was essentially a man

of the study, not a man of action. All that he could do was to cling helplessly to the mutton-headed representative of the police, and leave matters entirely in the hands of that bright genius, Sergeant Flobster. But our friend George had had a very different training to that of the amiable clergyman. Brought up in a wild country, and taught the great lesson of self-reliance at an age when most children are thinking only of their toys and their little amusements, he had got into the way of acting for himself, and had come to that most useful of conclusions—that if you wanted a thing to be well done you must do it for yourself.

'No news yet?' asked Mr. Devenish, as George entered the room.

'Well, yes and no,' answered the boy. 'There is no actual news of Bernard; but I have been "smelling around," as they say out at Pine Creek, and from two or three little signs I have begun to think of a way that *may*—of course, I can only say *may*—lead us out of the darkness.'

'Tell me, my boy, what you have discovered,' said Mr. Devenish, anxiously.

'I don't know that I can say I have discovered anything—unless it is this,' answered George, feeling in his pocket and producing the metal button. 'I found this only a few yards away from the study window, where it is evident both Bernard and the thieves ran out of the house.'

Mr. Devenish took the button in his hand and looked at it. It conveyed nothing to his mind. 'I don't see what this has to do with it,' he said, in melancholy tones. 'For my part, I quite despair of ever seeing our dear boy again.'

'Well, sir, you see *that* won't do him much good,' answered George, respectfully, yet firmly. 'What we have got to do, it seems to me, is to make what we can of any material we get hold of, and *try*—we can but *try*—our best to make some sort of use of it. Now, this button you are holding in your hand belongs, if my memory is correct—and I *think* it is—to a gipsy who was loafing about here for some considerable time, and then disappeared on the night of the robbery. His name is Dan Lee, and if Robins is right in what he has just told me, Mr. Lee has already become acquainted with the inside of one or two of Her Majesty's convict establishments.'

Mr. Devenish began to look interested. 'Have you told Sergeant Flobster of this yet, George?'

'No, sir, I haven't; and what's more, I don't intend to tell Sergeant Flobster. He would just go blundering about, and put the gipsy on his guard at once. In my country, sir, Sergeant Flobster would be put down as a punkin-head.'

'A what?'

'Punkin-head, sir. It sounds sort of expressive, though I don't rightly know what it means. No, I am going to start right away, if you will give me a little money, and follow this gipsy myself; and I don't mean to come back, if I can help it, without bringing Bernard with me.'

'Oh, my boy, I couldn't permit such a thing for a moment! The risk you would run—'

'You say you couldn't permit it—not if you knew that it was the last, the *only* chance of our ever seeing Bernard alive again? I'm only a boy, and I don't

know any more than you do whether he is really in danger of his life, or, in fact, whether he is now alive or dead; but it is my duty to do all I can for him, if he is alive—and I pray and I believe that he is. He saved my life; I owe him a life; and I reckon my father wouldn't like to ever hear that his son had refused to pay a just debt,' and the lad drew himself up to his full height unconsciously as he said this. 'I would be dishonest if I even stopped to consider about the risk or what not. No, when I was lying half-drowned on the shore, with a huge wave coming right along to fetch me out again, I reckon Bernard did not stop to think whether he would get his boots wet before he dashed in to pick me up. Let me go, Mr. Devenish—it is my pleasure, as well as my duty, to do it, believe me.'

Poor Mr. Devenish! Always weak and undecided, always accustomed to prefer everybody to himself, and listen to the advice of any one, however unsound that advice might be; it was a situation fraught with difficulty for him. He felt that George was proposing to embark on a wild scheme, and one which might involve him in great danger, and yet, as a just man, he could not help admitting the force of the boy's earnest argument. Torn this way and that, worried and grieved as he was by the mysterious and, to him, horrible disappearance of his young charge, he finally broke down completely and sobbed.

George waited awhile to allow the poor man time to partially recover himself, then he said, 'Well, sir, have I your consent?'

Mr. Devenish, half ashamed of his outburst of emotion, could hardly bear to look up. A mental struggle, that lasted full five minutes, ended, and then he said, 'I *can't* consent, my dear boy; I *can't* give my consent.'

George walked slowly out of the room. When he got outside, he said to himself, 'Well, that's a pity. You *can't* give your consent; well, then, I reckon I must go without it; for, if Bernard is this side of the grave, I guess I've got to find him, and in this world a body doesn't find what he wants unless he just sails out to look for it. It don't come to the man who sits down and waits for it to come to him. It's a little awkward to start out on the war-path without any money, but there is a way of getting over that. I have got the watch Bernard gave me, and I will sell that and raise a little. I can do with very little, if the journey doesn't last long. And now I must tell them to saddle me the pony, as soon as it is light to-morrow morning; and then if I don't succeed in "trailing" a gipsy van—well, I reckon I ought to be potted! They can't hide *that* away; they can't dig a hole and bury it, and, what is better still, they can't have got very far on the road. I will ride along after them pretty sharp till I see I am close on the trail, and then I must give up the pony and foot it till I can catch up the van and have a chat with Mr. Gipsy Lee.'

Soon after day had broken next morning, George, attired in his oldest and shabbiest clothes, and without taking a change of any sort with him, sallied forth quietly and betook himself in the direction of the stables. There he found a pony ready saddled and awaiting him.

'What time will you be back, Master George?' asked the groom, as George hoisted himself up into the saddle.

'Don't expect me till you see me!' returned the boy, as he rode off out of the yard and turned up a lane leading to the Sandstone road. He meant to start from the scene of the gipsy encampment, and travel along by the same road the van had gone. He remembered that the crafty Dan had said he was going to move on to Carforth, but that only made George scan the deep wheel-marks in the opposite direction all the more closely. His suspicions soon ripened into certainty: the signs were too obvious to be mistaken. The van *had* gone down the opposite lane.

All day long the backwoods boy followed the road—the main road along the coast-line—patiently and with the persistence which his childhood's training had taught him. At every little village or township he made diligent inquiry for the gipsy van he was seeking. At one village they had halted to sell a few baskets and buy some milk and flour; at the next township they had pushed along, not halting at all. After pursuing his way until past three o'clock in the afternoon, the pangs of hunger began to remind him that a meal for self and pony would be desirable, for, with the exception of allowing the latter a drink and a quarter of an hour to nibble some grass at the roadside, they had had nothing in their lips since starting.

Then George bethought him of his watch. Now, who was likely, in this sleepy little old town, to want a watch? he thought to himself. He stopped before the principal inn of the place, which bore the sign of 'The White Horse,' rode up into the stable-yard, and, after bidding the ostler carefully attend to his pony and give it a good feed of corn, he walked boldly into the door of the house and asked for the landlord.

A rosy-faced old fellow came out and asked what might he want.

'Well, look here, landlord, I want to know where I can sell my watch. I have ridden out here a long way from home without any money in my pocket, and I want to sell this watch to get some, see?'

The old man looked at him hard, then, seeming satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he said, 'How much might you be wanting, sir? Is this the watch? Oh, a real gold one, I see! Now, don't it seem a pity to part with a watch like that when you only want money just to pay your lunch here?'

'Oh, but I want more than that. I am not going home'—and then he suddenly checked himself as it struck him the landlord might possibly suspect something wrong if he said that he was not going home that night, he with a pony and without a particle of luggage or money—'not going home straight from here. I shall have one or two things to pay for, and—well, in fact, I must have some money, so can you tell me any one who will buy the watch?'

'I suppose—no offence to you, young gentleman, of course, but I'm bound to ask the question, you see—I suppose it *is* your watch, eh?' And he looked at him sharply from beneath a pair of bushy eyebrows.

'Of course it is. Do you think I stole it?' laughed George, good-humouredly.



Mother Carey's Chickens.

George never knew that that laugh saved him from a most unpleasant experience. The landlord had begun to suspect something, and to think that perhaps he ought to call in a constable and have George locked up pending a long and tedious inquiry into the ownership of the gold watch. But, argued the Boniface to himself, this youngster is all right, otherwise he would have shammed being offended when I asked him that. He wasn't offended, he only laughed, therefore the watch was honestly come by.

Such were the rough lines on which the inn-keeper's conclusions were based. Turning the watch over in his hand again he said, 'Suppose I were to lend you some money, and keep the watch till you can pay me back. How would that suit you?'

'Capital!' cried George, brightening up at the idea of getting the money and yet saving his watch, for nothing short of getting money for Bernard's service would have tempted him to part with Bernard's present. As it *was* for that service, he had not hesitated a moment about sacrificing his own feelings in the matter. 'What will you give me?' he added.

'Will a five-pound note do?' said the landlord, proceeding to unlock a little iron cashbox which he had reached down from a high shelf.

'No,' answered George shortly, 'but five pounds in gold and silver would.'

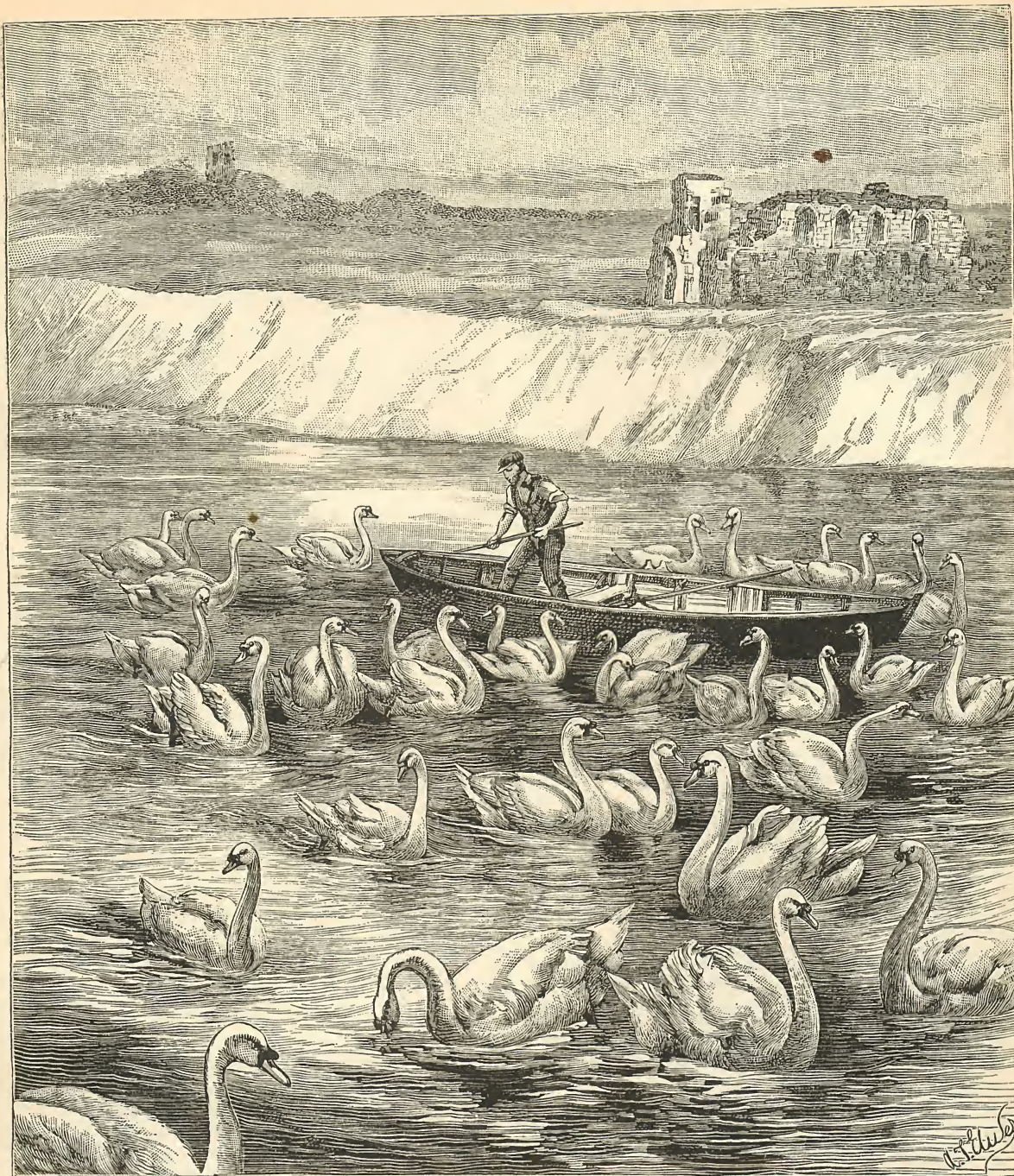
'Oh, that don't make any sort of difference to me, young gentleman, of course,' observed the man civilly. He turned to the till and counted out four sovereigns and twenty shillings' worth of silver, which he handed over to his young customer. Then George put the money in his pocket, and ordered a good big steak for his luncheon.

'Can't work unless you eat,' said he to himself, with the air of a philosopher. 'Must treat your system well if you want it to work its best for you.' And then he went into the stable and watched his pony munch the good old oats and sweet-smelling hay, and after a few minutes spent thus he returned to the inn and sat down to the steak, sent up smoking hot.

(Continued at page 261.)

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.

IT is a well-known fact that sailors are the most superstitious of men. They grumble if compelled to sail on a Friday, and they greatly dislike to see the birds, known as Mother Carey's chickens, hovering about their ship, believing, as they do, that they are birds of evil omen. But why should they think so? Simply because, as these birds always make



Swans at Weymouth.

their appearance before or during a storm, the seamen think that they have some hand in raising the storm for purposes of their own. Well, although they do not raise the storm, these birds are very glad to see it, for it makes their food plentiful, as the molluscs on which they chiefly feed are dislodged and driven to the surface by the force of the gale. Then they skim along the surface with wild screams of joy, en-

joying the rich feast which they find there. These birds, the proper name of which is 'Stormy Petrel,' are long-winged and of powerful flight; they are strictly ocean birds, visiting land only at the nesting season. In the picture before us we see a ship exposed to the full fury of the gale; we see, too, Mother Carey's chickens (the smallest of all web-footed birds) enjoying their feast. K.

SWANS AT WEYMOUTH.



—o—
HERE is near Weymouth an establishment for swans—a 'Swannery,' perhaps we may call it. It is a pretty sight when these birds swim up the 'back-water' towards the sea. They are very fond of a species of seaweed which grows in this shallow water.

A man is appointed by the Town Council whose duty it is to feed and count them, for sometimes the swans take it into their heads to fly, and then they must remind any old sailors who see them of a flight of albatrosses. Perhaps some of our readers know the German legend of the knight who was drawn along the stream by swans to the rescue of a lady who was in a wicked man's power. This story has a very sad ending. The knight married the lady, but told her that she must never on any account seek to know his name, or he would be forced to depart as suddenly as he had come. His wife restrained her curiosity for many years, but at last, in an evil day, she asked to know his name, whereupon the Knight of the Swans, to her exceeding distress, as well as his own, left her for evermore.

E. D.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

34.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world?
2. Why is I the happiest of vowels?
3. What grows larger the more you contract it?
4. A person bought a dumb waiter, and returned it the next day. What was the reason?
5. What is that which you can keep after giving it to some one else?
6. When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?
7. What are the most unsociable things in the world?
8. Why is a postman in danger of losing his way?
9. Why are balloons in the air like beggars?
10. When does a post resemble seed?
11. What bridge causes most anxiety?
12. Why should a man always wear a watch in the desert?

35.—BURIED PROVERBS.

1.—WHAT a dreadful east wind! I said we should have it again.

There is a ladybird on your hat, also on Esther's.
Will you mend Edward's gloves?

2.—My barometer was at 'much rain' this morning, and it has not rained all day.

I wonder when that house will be built; it was begun in the summer just before the last Bank Holiday.

3.—Do you know where the rest of our party have gone to?

You will find them by the river. If you like to follow them, I will sit here so long as you are away.

C. C.

36.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

FIND a geographical name hidden in each of the following words.

1. Acclimatise. A town in South America.
2. Massacre. A town in Asia.
3. Brigantine. A town in Russia.
4. Barometer. A city in the south of Europe.
5. Despairing. A town in Belgium.
6. Furiously. A canton in Switzerland.
7. Wickedness. A town in Scotland.
8. Incandescent. Mountains in America.
9. Absentees. A river in the north of England.
10. Abandonment. A river in Russia.
11. Machinations. A country in Asia.
12. Locomotive. A lake in Italy.
13. Mobilisation. A river in Asia.
14. Entirely. A city in England.
15. Attribute. An island belonging to Scotland.

C. C.

37.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THOUGH of much the same meaning these two words are reckoned,

Yet the most of my first oft gives least of my second.

1. Gluttony his well-known vice.
2. A royal dame by me was slain.
3. A brilliant city on me stands.
4. For mortal man I never wait.
5. Six of this name our land have ruled.

[Answers at page 270.]

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|
| 32.—1. 48. | 5. 21 and 14. |
| 2. Son's age 4, father's 44. | 6. 24. |
| 3. 60. | 7. A, 900L.; B, 1200L. |
| 4. 19. | 8. 30. |
-
- | | | |
|-----------------|----------------|------------------|
| 33.—1. Butcher. | 7. Fruiterer. | 13. Corn dealer. |
| 2. Tanner. | 8. Builder. | 14. Painter. |
| 3. Gardener. | 9. Bootmaker. | 15. Stationer. |
| 4. Dairyman. | 10. Shoemaker. | 16. Chandler. |
| 5. Dressmaker. | 11. Dentist. | 17. Ironmonger. |
| 6. Carpenter. | 12. Surgeon. | 18. Oilman. |

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON THE PRAIRIE.

(Concluded from page 244.)



WHILE the remaining wolves were busy in tearing to pieces and devouring their injured companions, Willie and his pony flew on ahead and soon came within sight of Captain Esmond's ranch. But by this time Willie's exhaustion was extreme. He felt that he could do no more—his head seemed to be running round and a rushing sound was in his ears. But a twinkling light which was moving about in the ranch, evidently held in the hand of some man, once more cheered up his heart. 'Father,' he cried, 'is that you? Come to me quickly. It is

Willie, your own boy! Oh, father, you are needed at the station-house—Mr. Thorne wants you terribly.' Then a ringing shout fell upon his ear, and the sound of many voices, after which the boy fell off his pony's back and knew no more, for he was in a dead faint.

But we must now return to the station-house, and see how Mr. Thorne is getting on.

Our readers will remember that, when Willie Esmond left the station-house, Mr. Thorne was in a rather dangerous situation: five very suspicious-looking men were clamouring for admission, and if, as he suspected, they were railway thieves, he was alone, and would have to defend himself as best he could against five ruffians who would think no more of taking his life than they would of killing a prairie chicken. But Walter Thorne was a man who in any position of danger would be game to the last; and, as he suspected that part of the thieves' plan was to stick up the approaching train, and rob its passengers, as soon as Willie had galloped off in search of help, he flew to his telegraphic instruments, and sent off a hurried message to Claverton, the last station at which the train would stop before reaching him. He had to do this with the utmost possible despatch, as by this time the men had nearly kicked the door down, and in a few minutes more they would be swarming in and around the whole place. Another difficulty, too, he had to confront—the thunder-storm had very much affected his instruments, so that after the message was really sent, he could not feel quite sure that the officials at Claverton had understood it. But whether or not, there was no time for more—with a great smash the door gave way and the five villains crowded into the room, while before a word could be said on either side, the foremost man struck Mr. Thorne, with his fist, a blow which knocked him off his feet; then, two of them seized him while he was down, and held him fast, while the others bound his hands firmly behind him. They next bound his feet, and then rolled him over again on his back. 'Now, my chicken,' said their leader, 'we won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet; but sure as you yell, or make a noise, there will be some shooting among us.'

After this they picked him up, and carried him towards the freight-room, where they laid him down, a helpless lump; then, shutting the door, they hurried back to the waiting-room. As soon as he was left alone, Mr. Thorne at once tried to loosen his hands, but they were tied far too securely to admit of that. Suddenly, however, he remembered a reaping-blade which had been left a few days before by the express. He knew where it was lying, and carefully rolling over and over until he got close to the place, he felt for the blade with his hands. To his great satisfaction he found it, got the cord which bound his hands across the blade, and carefully sawed it backward and forward. In a few moments his hands were free, and then he loosened his feet, then took off his shoes, and was a free man, and able to move about without making any noise. But what to do next was the difficulty—he could accomplish nothing, for it was impossible to get out without the men catching sight of him, therefore he thought it

best to lie down again in the corner where the villains had placed him, and to wait patiently till Captain Esmond and his men should arrive, or until the train should draw up at the station, then jump to his feet and do his best to fight for himself and his friends. How he listened as he lay, and waited, and waited, his heart beating furiously, while his brain seemed to be on fire! At last he felt certain that the train must be due. . . .

Another ten minutes, and above the noise of the storm, a far-away whistle sounded faintly. . . . next there was a hurried movement in the outer room, the villains were crowding out upon the platform. Mr. Thorne now sprang to his feet, and stood against the side of the building next the track, and by putting his ear against the boards he could hear the distant rumble of the train as it rapidly approached the station. Ah! and he could hear something else—he could hear the galloping of horses on the prairie, coming quickly to the rescue. . . . Captain Esmond and his men—yes, he was sure of it—and he was not wrong! Presently the train drew up with the usual rumble and roar and hissing of steam, when forward rushed the thieves, who fully expected to have everything their own way. They were mistaken, however, for they were at once met by men armed with revolvers, who gave a new aspect to the affair. 'Hands up, all of you!' the villains had cried, but the passengers were down upon them in a moment, while at the same time Captain Esmond and his men dashed forward upon the platform! It was an exciting moment, but the confusion was soon over, and the discomfited thieves were lying bound securely, hands and feet, upon the platform.

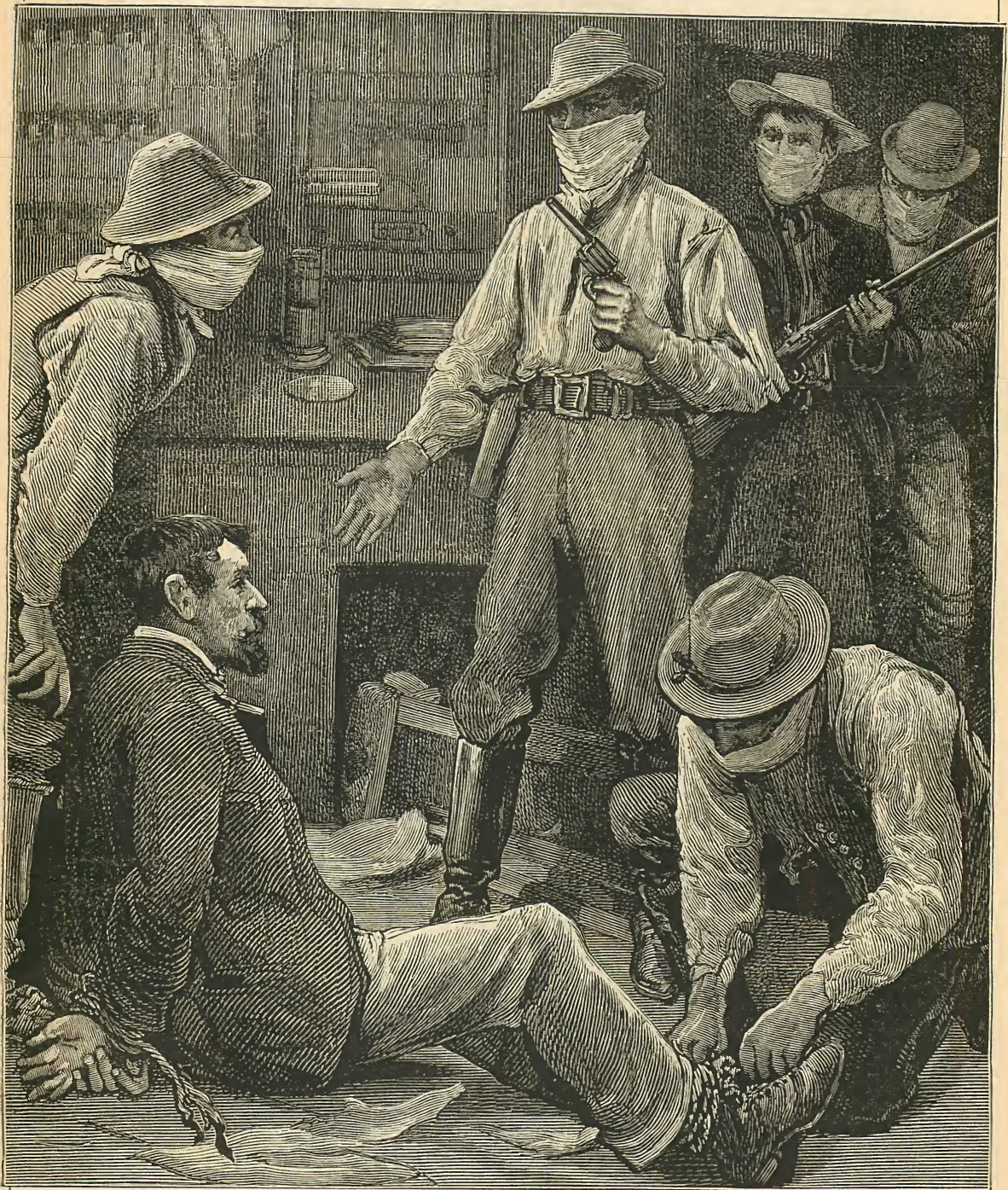
'Hullo, Thorne,' exclaimed the conductor of the train, 'is that you? Well, we have prevented a robbery this time, thanks to your warning. I borrowed half-a-dozen revolvers from the passengers, and called for volunteers, so when we got in we met the villains face to face, and they were astonished, I can tell you. We will put the skunks in the baggage-car, and carry them with us to New York—serve them right if they get strung up for this—but what friends are these?' added the conductor, as he looked at Captain Esmond and his men.

Mutual explanations followed. Willie's heroic ride across the prairie, amid a tempest of thunder and rain, followed by a pack of snapping wolves, was told by his proud father to all the passengers of the train, who listened with the deepest interest to the story; but when they heard that the little fellow was only fifteen, and had lost a leg years before, their enthusiasm knew no bounds.

'You should be proud, sir,' said the conductor to Captain Esmond. 'You are the father of a young hero, who, in spite of the lost leg, is sure to do a man's work in this world—I am sure all the passengers will unite with me in a round of cheers for Willie Esmond, the cripple-boy!'

And now we need say no more, but would only remark, for the encouragement of any lame or otherwise suffering boy who may read this story, Don't let your infirmity trouble you too much, but try always to live a brave and unselfish life, and you are sure to be a blessing and a joy to every one with whom you have to do.

D. B. McKEAN.



"We won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet."



'DO YOU LIKE BUTTER?'



Roland's Mother relates the Story of her Life.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.



ROLAND AND OLIVER.*

HERE is no country in Europe and no language in which the exploits of Charlemagne and of Roland have not at some time been recounted and sung,' writes Baldwin, the author of that inspiring book, the *Story of Roland*. When we are first introduced to our hero he is 'sitting in the cleft of a broken

rock which forms the crest of one of the hills in the neighbourhood of Sutri.' We see in imagination the blue sky of Italy stretching over a dull uneven plain, broken here and there by wet marshes and long lines of low hills. To the southward we see the old town, with its strong castle, its half-ruined amphitheatre, and its white-walled monastery. We look down with Roland upon the dusty high-road winding among the straggling vineyards and little farms dotting the plain, and in eager expectation we watch with him for the flower of King Charlemagne's great army, which is to march along that road to the Castle of Sutri, where the mighty monarch will be entertained as a guest. The wheat-fields are deserted, both by reapers and gleaners, for all sorts and conditions of people have gone flocking to Sutri, which is rejoicing in holiday attire, while from the turrets of the Governor's Castle float flags and banners and gay bunting.

Roland is very poorly clad at this time; his head and his limbs are bare; his clothing is rags and shreds. Proudly he bears himself as one who, in spite of his thin and scanty clothing, knows his own worth and carries a blameless heart. As the sun sinks in the West there comes over the crest of the hill another boy, and soon he too stands in the cleft of the rock by the side of Roland, and with him gazes down the deserted road. In place of the fair face of Roland and his long flaxen hair, this second boy, who appears to be about the same age, and is the same height as Roland, has dark hair, overhanging eyebrows, and ruddy face and flashing eyes. He wears the rich dress of a court page, and carries himself with a lofty grace, such as only the brave-hearted can show. The name of the new-comer is Oliver; he is the son of the noble Governor of Sutri, and, later, the sworn friend of Roland, who, in spite of his poor attire, is of noblest birth. Soon the notes of a bugle are borne on the breeze, and the boys know that the coming host is near.

Nearer and nearer come the steel-clad warriors; nearer and still nearer come the noble knights and heralds of the great King, bearing aloft the silken banner of France and the golden eagle of Rome, for Charlemagne is on his way to Rome, with the best and bravest of his warriors, to receive the Pope's blessing. The brilliant company are all gaily dressed,

and mounted on milk-white palfreys, handsomely trapped. Roland, as he looks, thinks that he has never seen anything half so splendid. But very soon he has reason to change his opinion, for Charlemagne himself draws near. He is 'clad in steel from head to foot, and rides a horse of the colour of steel and the strength of steel.' Roland knows in a moment that this is the King, for no other man seems so kingly, or bears himself with so lordly a grace. And now the wish of our Roland's heart is gratified: he sees the mighty King, the ruler of France, Germany, and Italy, and what cares he for the squires, pages, common soldiers, and grooms who bring up the rear? Beckoning to Oliver, his friend, the two boys climb down from their look-out and start homewards. At length they reach the path where they must part. Oliver's way lies southward to the lordly Castle of Sutri; but Roland's way lies across the lonely fields to a far different dwelling among the barren hills. Before the comrades part, each takes the other's hand and stands silently. Presently Roland speaks: 'You are a page and a prince,' he says, 'I am a beggar and a prince; at least so I have been told in my dreams. The next time we meet we may both be knights. Let us pledge ourselves that, let that meeting be when it may, it shall be a meeting between brothers-in-arms.'

Then, holding hands and kneeling by the roadside, the two boys vow to be true to each other so long as life shall last; to share together whatever fortune may betide, whether it be good or ill; to meet all dangers together, and to undertake all great enterprises in company; to rejoice together in success, and grieve together when sorrow comes; to devote their lives to the succour of the helpless and the defence of the right, and, if need be, to die for each other. Then, like true knights, the friends exchanged tokens, Oliver giving an ivory-handled dagger, and Roland the fragment of an old sword-blade, 'all that was left,' he said, 'of my father's sword, when, hemmed in by pagan foes, he sold his life dearly in fight, and died for the honour of the King and the Church.'

But now let us enter with Roland his mother's dwelling. This is nothing more than a little cave hollowed out of the rocky hillside, where, long before, a holy hermit had made himself a quiet cell in which to live and worship God. Over the narrow entrance to the cave grew flowering vines, trained to cling to the rough rocks by Roland's mother. Inside, everything betokens poverty. 'A single stool, a broken table, a few earthen dishes—the simple articles which the hermit has left—these are the only pieces of furniture. In one corner of the room hangs an old set of armour, dented with many a lance-thrust and hacked in many a battle, but still kept bright against the day when Roland shall become a knight. Near it leans a long, broken lance, which has done duty in more than one tourney; and beneath it is a battered shield, on which are emblazoned the arms of Charlemagne. The stone floor is bare, and the rough stone walls are grimed with smoke, and the low ceilings are damp with moisture. Few are the comforts of home in that humble dwelling; and but for the kind welcome of his queen-like mother, the Lady Bertha, small would be the cheer that Roland would find there.'

* *The Story of Roland*, by James Baldwin, published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., London, is a soul-stirring book, containing as it does many of the beautiful 'Tales of France.'

Then he tells his mother of all that he has seen, but talks most of Charlemagne and of his kingly grace and bearing. He speaks, too, of his own hopes and his high ambition, and of the time when he shall be a knight and one of the King's peers.

It is his twelfth birthday, the day upon which, by his mother's promise, is to be unfolded to him the secret of his life. He is to learn all about his kinsfolk, and of the great destiny which lies before him.

What Roland's mother told him was full of strange surprises for the dauntless boy. The great King, whom he had that day seen for the first time, was his uncle, his mother's brother. She told her son 'how she, the spoiled and petted daughter of Pepin, had been brought up at the French Court; and how, after her father's death, she had lived in her brother's kingly palace at Aix, loved and honoured next to Charlemagne himself. Then she told how, on a time there came to Charlemagne's court a worthy knight named Milon—a warrior poor and needy, but brave and without reproach. Milon boasted that his kin had been the noblest heroes of all time. . . . And when your mother, then the Princess Bertha, saw the gallant Count Milon, and heard of his nobleness, and learned his true worth, she loved him, and your uncle Charlemagne hated him, and banished him from France, and sought even to take his life.' Roland's mother fled from the King's court at Aix with the knight Milon, to whom she had been secretly married by the Archbishop, who had given the two his blessing. Then the Emperor Charlemagne, very angry, swore that he would do his utmost to ruin the Count, and to bring back his sister to France, to make her the wife of one of his nobles, Ganelon by name.

To escape the King's anger, the Count and his wife dressed as beggars, and wandered on foot from town to town through many countries, begging bread. The spies of Charlemagne met them everywhere, seeking for Milon and offering a price for his head. 'At last we came to Sutri, tired and footsore, and unable to go any farther. And, when none would take us into their houses, we found shelter in this wretched cave, which we fitted up the best that we could, to serve as a home until we could soften the anger of Charlemagne, and obtain his forgiveness. But soon after you were born, the Pagan-folk crossed the sea, and came into Italy, and threatened Rome itself. Then your father, the gallant Milon, remembering his knightly vows, once more donned his armour, and, taking his lance and his shield, he went out to do battle for the King and for the holy Church. You know the rest. You know how bravely he fought, and how he died, as heroes die, with his face towards the foe. And you know how we have lived these long, weary years in this wretched hermit-cell, dependent on our kind neighbours for food, and hoping always for brighter and better days.

'And now you have learned the story of your birth and your kinship,' continued Roland's mother, 'and you know the destiny which is yours, if you but do your part. The blood that flows in your veins is the blood of heroes, and it will not belie itself. You have seen Charlemagne, and to-day is the turning-

point in your life. Before the King leaves Sutri, he must acknowledge you as his nephew, and take you as his page into the court.'

As the first rays of the following morning's sun fell upon Roland, he sprang to his feet, and cried, 'Mother, the night is past and the day has dawned—the first day in the great new life which is mine! I will go at once to my uncle, the King, and demand my rights and yours.'

And, with his mother's blessing, Roland hurried away, walking rapidly across the fields towards Sutri.

It was a great day in Sutri. In the Governor's castle the King and the peers of the realm were being entertained and feasted. The richest meats and the rarest fruits, sparkling wine and foaming ale, the whitest bread and the most tempting sweetmeats—all were offered in generous profusion. In the courtyard, around the open door, stood numbers of the poor people of the town, listening to the music and waiting for the morsels which would be left after the feast. 'Suddenly a young boy, ragged and barefooted, appeared among them. All stood aside for him as, with proud step and flashing eyes, he entered the great hall.' With this entrance began his deeds of daring. He seized bread and wine from the King's table for his lady mother, and, in answer to the questions of Charlemagne, he replied, 'To my mother belong the best things that your table affords. The choicest game, the rarest fish, the reddest wine are hers.'

Very wittily and well the fearless boy answered the great Emperor; and the monarch, admiring his dauntless bearing, forbade any to interrupt him as he carried away the basket of food and the cup of wine to his mother, the fair and noble Lady Bertha. Charlemagne ordered a dozen squires to follow the boy secretly, and find where he dwelt, and then, without harming him, to bring both him and his mother to the castle. But the squires found it more than they could manage easily to remove the lad, who, fired by the words, 'beggar-woman,' applied to his mother, refused to allow her or himself to be taken into the Emperor's presence except by the noblest peers. There is no telling how the matter might have ended, had not one of Charlemagne's noblest knights appeared upon the scene. Entering the lowly dwelling, Duke Namon was recognised by Roland's mother as an old friend, and, after a long chat over old days, the Duke, with the Lady Bertha mounted behind him on a pillion, rode gaily over the fields to Sutri, while Roland, proud and happy, and carrying his father's broken lance on his shoulder, followed them on foot.

The meeting between the long-divided brother and sister was very cordial, and, to the great delight and pride of Roland, he was formally installed, that same autumn, as page in Duke Namon's household. How he distinguished himself in battle and won his spurs, how he met his old friend Oliver as the Knight of the Red Plume, and how the two, not knowing each other, fought bravely, each as one recognised the other, crying, 'I yield me!' is all beautifully told in the *Story of Roland*, which all true boys, who love courage and heroism, should read for themselves.

JAMES CASSIDY.



A Critical Moment.

BRAVE ACT IN THE ZULU WAR.

ON the 18th of May, A.D. 1879, a report was made in the British camp, to the effect that a body of about 100 Zulus had occupied a kraal on the borders of the Pongolo river, near Luneberg. It was at once decided to send Commandant Schermbrucker, accom-

panied by Captain Moore, of the 4th King's Own Regiment, and an orderly, to examine their position. As the three men were doing this, crowds of the Zulu warriors appeared from all sides, and the Englishmen soon found themselves hemmed in. The numbers of the Zulus rapidly increased, and when they got within 150 yards they opened fire. The



The Heath Bloom.

bullets came thick and fast, flying round them like hailstones. Captain Moore's horse was shot, but the officer himself escaped injury.

Our picture shows the position of affairs at the most critical moment. Captain Moore, springing to his feet, and seizing his rifle, fired at the foremost of his black adversaries. The shot was a well-directed one, and the Zulu fell. This checked the advance. Schermbrucker took instant advantage of the lull, urged Moore to mount behind him, and they made a dash along the open path before them. The Zulus renewed their fire, but the horse proved himself equal to his hard task, and quickly took his double burden out of range, and they reached Luneberg safe and sound.

F. R.

THE HEATH.

NO plants display a greater variety of hues than the different kinds of heath. The newly opened flowers are of a rose colour, the withering ones are blue; the fading leaves are yellow, and the dead ones are a bright brown; so it cannot be wondered at that a hill-side clothed with blooming heath should be, beneath the slanting rays of the setting sun, one of the most gorgeous pictures Nature unfolds before us. The heaths, both native and foreign, are well known in England; but in the Highlands of Scotland in many places they form almost the only vegetation, and it is in these districts that the sportsman seeks the grouse and other birds which love the moorland heather.

An old historian tells us that the Picts made beer in large quantities of the young shoots of the heath. The Highlanders use it for their beds, for thatching their cottages, for making ropes and brooms, and for dyeing cloth a yellow colour.

In the days when the Scottish clans were distinguished from each other by wearing different flowers in their bonnets, the Macdonalds chose the heather for their badge.

Gerarde says that the blossoms are 'fashioned like little bottles, consisting of fower partes, of a shining purple colour, very beautiful to behold, and that a decoction of the leaves and bark infused in a vessell of beere hath great vertue. Galen saith,' continues Gerarde, 'the flowers have a digesting facultie; and Dioscorides saith they are good to be laide on the bitings of any venomous beast, and of them the bees do gather bad hony.' The last assertion does not agree with the modern taste, for, though it is somewhat bitter, the Scotch honey is largely sold in the English markets.

R. B.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 252.)



BEFORE leaving Brampton, George had written to Mr. Devenish as follows:—

'DEAR MR. DEVENISH,—I shall be well on the road before you receive this. As I said to you yesterday, it seems to me that my duty is a plain one, and though I am deeply sorry to give you any more trouble to bear than you have already, I think

that you will agree with me that when you see, or think you see, plainly, what your duty is, that you ought to do it without stopping to consider what the consequences to yourself may be. From your point of view, you are quite right, no doubt, to refuse your consent to my attempting to get news of Bernard; from my point of view, I am, I hope, equally right in starting off to do so. Let us both do our best each in his separate way, and by God's help

we may succeed at last in putting at rest the question whether he is still alive or not. If he is, I mean, as far as a mortal can, to use every effort to bring him home again. When I shall return is quite uncertain, but I will write to you directly I can hear anything, and will send a note as to how the search is progressing when I send the pony back.

'Yours truly,

'GEORGE.'

George ate his steak with the keen relish which hunger gives, called for and paid the bill, and then, well set up for resuming his journey, he climbed into the saddle and took the road again.

That night he put up at a clean-looking little inn, and, tired with his day's journeying, went up to bed early, and was soon sound asleep. Next morning he was astir betimes, and, riding seven miles without a stop, pulled up at a little rural village for breakfast.

Whilst eating his ham and eggs, he noticed several strings of horses with straw plaited into their tails pass down the long straggling street which formed the main part of the village. A well-to-do-looking farmer was in the same room, and to him George turned for information as to this.

'Oh, the horses be going to Burnett Fair! What! you've not heard of Burnett Fair? Yes, it is a horse-fair in particular, but it is a big pleasure fair too. Oh, you ought to go to it! It is only a matter of eight or ten mile or so from here. You go right through Wedgeworthy—that is about five miles further on—and then it is as straight as you can go. There be fine doings and wonderful clever sights at the show, I do assure ye. All the swings, and the roundabouts, and the dwarfs, and the giants, and all the gipsies.'

But here George pulled him up short with, 'Gipsies, did you say? Oh, the gipsies all congregate there, do they?'

'Aye. Oh! and the wild beast shows, and the fat ladies, and the men that can lift the most wonderful big weights that ever was seen! Ah, it is a grand sight, that it is! I haven't missed the fair more than twice since I was a bit of a boy not ten year old. But you are rather young to be travelling alone?'

George laughed, and turned the subject. The farmer went on talking, but our friend heeded him not, and only put in an occasional 'Yes,' or 'No,' with a 'Dear me!' 'Oh, really, you don't say so!' just to appear civil. The fact was that he was thinking over what his plan of action was to be. He had traced the progress of the gipsy van pretty accurately so far—for he had small doubt but that he was on the track of the right one—and now he thought it almost certain that at the fair he should find the man he was in search of. If so, how was he to begin the conversation?—how to open the ball? He soon rose from the table, and, after settling the bill, got on his pony and started. He would ride as far as Wedgeworthy, and then get a man to take the pony back to Brampton. He would have no further use for him now, and would do the remainder of his journeyings on foot.

This part of his programme he carried out. Going

along the road he passed many strange vehicles, carts, waggons, strings of horses tied head to tail, the leading one ridden by some fustian-trousered fellow with an ash stick and a rope bridle, donkey carts, pedlars with their wares, card-trick rogues, vendors of ginger-bread, cocoa-nut men, and hundreds of other travellers of every sort, size, and description.

Through these George rapidly pushed his way. As soon as he had a clear course he quickened his pace, so as to arrive at his destination in time to get his pony a stall, and himself a sandwich, before that loud clamouring crew should come up.

Having arranged for his pony to be sent back by rail in the afternoon to Brampton, he scribbled this short note in pencil to Mr. Devenish, and gave it to the man in charge of the pony:—

'I have arrived at Wedgeworthy, and hope and believe I am now within a few miles of the man I want. I think he is pretty sure to be at the fair now being held a few miles from this place. You may rely upon my sending you the earliest possible news if I succeed in finding out anything from the gipsy. I am provided with all the money I am likely to want. I send this note by the man I have employed to take back the pony.'

'G. W.'

Shortly afterwards, George set out on foot to tramp the four miles along the hot, dusty road to Burnett Fair. He had, as we have already said, put on his oldest and most shabby clothes at starting. By the time he had reached the outskirts of the little town of Burnett, and the confines of the fair, there was small need to disguise himself as something of lower rank than a gentleman. Smothered with dust, and with his collar abandoned on account of the excessive heat, no one would have thought Master George Watt, usually so neat and smart, as at all likely to be the associate of the young Lord Brampton.

Bang! bang! clatter! clatter! shouting of men, galloping of horses up and down, as they were 'run out' for the inspection of intending purchasers; hoarse invitations to shy at the cocoa-nuts, three shots for a penny; to fire a little gun at a mark not six feet away, and which one would have said it was impossible to miss; more invitations from lusty-lunged fellows to 'Walk up! walk up! and see the most wonderful show on earth! the marvellous living skeleton!' or the equally extraordinary fat man, or the iron-jawed athlete, who lifted almost impossible weights with his teeth. Then came the crash of cymbals and the beating of a big drum, the ear-piercing whistle of a fife, and the droning of a spurious Highlander performing on the bagpipes. A man in a tall white hat harangued the people upon the wonders which he could show them inside his booth; another called upon all and sundry to patronise his great boxers, two of whom might be seen sparring feebly outside the van. Gipsies bothered every passer-by to have his fortune told, and cross their palms with silver; pedlars and hawkers of every sort thrust their wares under people's noses. Lads and lasses pushed their way

through the crowds, laughing, screaming, singing, and enjoying themselves after their own way. All these sounds and sights, and many more besides, broke upon the eye and ear of young George Watt as he entered the fair, determined to search the place from end to end for the man whom he believed could tell him most about his friend's fate. He felt that in that throng of mingled knaves and simpletons lay the key to the mystery of Brampton Park, and that key he had come to find. A less determined mind might have given up such a seemingly hopeless quest in despair at the outset, but George's up-bringing had endued him with something of the patience of his near neighbours, the Red Indians, something of their keen, silent watchfulness, much of their coolness and determination. How long he stayed, how far he tramped, how much he endured—all these things were nothing to him in view of the one great object, *success* in what he had undertaken. There is a story of a certain Jacobite conspirator, who had been fatally wounded during a raid on his house. Upon him were papers which would incriminate one or two of his friends. He dragged himself, slowly and painfully, the whole length of the room in which he lay dying to the fire-place, grasped the papers, and held them firmly into the blaze until they were consumed. As the flames flickered out upon their ashes, so flickered the dying Jacobite's life in a last gleam of triumph, and then went out for ever. George Watt was made of something the same sort of material as the Jacobite. He would give of his best, even unto life itself, to save the friend who had once saved him.

Bang, crash, and clatter again. This time it came from a big drum vigorously beaten outside a large tent, adorned with pictures of fearsome and more or less impossible beasts and reptiles—beasts and reptiles which may or may not have existed in the days before the Flood, but which most assuredly do not exist on the face of the earth to-day. A big stout man was shouting to a large circle of people who had gathered round the entrance of his show, informing them of the attractions and wonders to be seen within.

'Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! You have come to the fair. Don't miss the biggest and best show in it! The wild beasts I have got inside have been imported into this country by my own exertions, and at a most enormous expense. There are elephants of India and elephants of Africa; the one sort has small eyes and large ears, while the other sort has large ears and small eyes! I dare say some of you here saw the show arrive. You did? Ah, then you saw what wonderful elephants these was. They——'

'They looked rather out of repair, governor,' cried a voice in the crowd, interrupting the showman's eloquence.

'I don't know what that gentleman means!' retorted the latter; 'but these animals are kept in splendid condition. We have a special preparation even to remove spots from their coats——'

'What you really want is something to remove the coats themselves, and give them new ones!' cried another.

'Why don't you send them to an upholsterer?' inquired a man on the outskirts of the crowd.

When the laughter from these rough-and-ready sallies had subsided, the showman went on, 'Yes, it is all very funny for the gentlemen who have been interrupting me to talk, but they don't know what wild beasts are. All I can say is, come into the tent and go round the iron cages with the keepers, who will show you the wonders we have got there. There are camels, bears, and wolves from Russia. His Imperial Majesty the Czar can't get a finer collection of wolves than we can show you. Also some extraordinary reptiles, such as pythons and boa constrictors. There is a lion, too, the king of beasts; and we can also show you a most extraordinary specimen of a large gorilla, captured by Mr. Paul du Chaillu himself. He is wonderfully savage, and the public is requested not to approach too closely to his cage. Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Come and see the best and biggest show in the fair. The charge is only three-pence, half-price for children under ten. Walk up, walk up!'

And again the drum was beaten with much unnecessary vigour as the yokel crowd began to pour into the show. Producing the necessary amount of money, George laid it on the pay-table and walked in. He had come to find out all he could, and he resolved to start with the biggest show first. After he had passed the pay-box, he lifted a dirty, tawdry curtain, and passed through to the inner large tent. The smell which met his nostrils left him in no doubt that he was in the presence of wild beasts. He passed the camels—two wretched beasts lying down, apparently glad enough to get the chance of a rest—and the elephants. Then he came to a cage full of hungry-looking wolves, which possessed no interest for him. Opposite the cage labelled 'Gorilla, dangerous, please not to approach too close to the bars,' George came to a standstill. Here was a beast which, with all his experience of wild animals, was a novelty, and he gazed at it with keen interest. The creature seemed both shy and savage. It had partly hidden itself at the very back of the cage and in one corner, whilst a blanket was wrapped across its hairy shoulders. This cage was darker than the rest, probably, thought George, because gorillas are not over-fond of being looked at too closely. This chance was also guarded against by an iron barrier set some three feet away from the front of the cage, beyond which the public were not allowed to pass.

And now most of the people had crowded up to where George stood to stare at the great monkey-like creature, which declined to do anything by way of being entertaining, or to make any friendly overtures to the sightseers. In vain did they rattle with their sticks and umbrellas at the bars of its cage, it would not budge an inch.

'I don't see much use in he!' exclaimed a big, jolly-looking ploughman out for his one day's holiday in the year. 'Why, he don't seem to know no tricks nor nothing.'

'No,' said his wife. 'Come on, Tom; let us go to see lions perform.' And away they went to see the wretched, shabby-looking lions jump through hoops,



George visits Moxey's Menagerie.

and walk on their hind legs at the bidding of a woolly-headed African negro, dressed in fantastic garb, and brandishing a heavy whip.

Directly the people saw that the lion-tamer was beginning his performance there was a rush for places in front of the great cage. George only was left to watch the mysterious gorilla; something, he could not tell what, fascinated him about it. From

the moment he had first put eyes on the animal he had regarded it with keenest curiosity. Guess if his curiosity was not turned into blank amazement as, seeing George standing there alone, it silently crept a little nearer to him, so that the light fell more upon its face, and then slowly raised its thumb to its nose and spread its fingers out.

(Continued at page 266.)



"Beg pardon, sir, but did you happen to want a boy for the show?"

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 264.)



TO say that George stood there so petrified with astonishment that speech completely deserted him is not in any way overstating what happened. He remained gazing silently at the hideous, monkey-like face, sorely tempted to laugh outright, but yet, in some mysterious way, restrained from doing so.

Before he could make up his mind what to do in the matter the creature's face suddenly changed, its lower jaw partly dropped, and a voice from within it softly whispered, 'George!'

'Bernard!' he gasped, rather than spoke. 'Is it you, really?'

'Hush! they might hear you. Come round to the back of the booth when the show is over, at the very end of the tent, and I will try to slip out and speak to you. Do you understand? All right, then. You had better go away now.' And once more the pretended ape wrapped his blanket around his shoulders and waddled off to the back of his cage again.

'I guess I will take some air after that,' ejaculated George to himself, giving a long, low whistle. 'If that isn't a staggerer, I don't know what is!' And he quietly moved away to the door, never even giving a glance at the performing lions, or, indeed, at anything else in the show.

'I've had my threepenn'orth!' quoth George to himself. 'I reckon I can do without any more surprises for the next fortnight or so. This one will last me quite that time, I guess.'

And then he found himself in the outer air again, and able to sit down and, what he always called, 'take a think.'

How in the world came Bernard in the fair? How did he come to be taking part in a show? How was it possible that—But here he could not conceive anything so wild and improbable as to suggest any reason for the extraordinary discovery he had just made of the Viscount's whereabouts.

'Well,' exclaimed George at last, thoroughly and completely mystified, 'one thing is quite certain, that, wherever else in the whole world I should have looked for him, I certainly should not have peeped into a monkey's skin, expecting to find him there! And that is just the place where I have found him.'

His first notion was to send a letter, or, better still, if he could manage it, a telegram, to Mr. Devenish, informing him of his most astonishing discovery; but, on reflection, he saw that it would not be wise to do this until he had, at all events, made every possible attempt to see and speak to Bernard. Indeed, time would not permit of his leaving the fair, reaching the village post-office, and then re-

turning for his hoped-for interview with his friend. This was the first and most important matter; everything else could wait.

Devoutly thankful to Heaven that Bernard had been found alive and well, George sat and patiently watched for the coming out of the people from the wild-beast show. He had taken a seat on the shaft of a waggon just outside the main thoroughfare of the fair, from which point he could command a view of the menagerie.

The busy roar of the stall-keepers, showmen, cocoa-nut-stick men, the almost ceaseless grinding of the organ on the steam round-about, the shrill whistle as the wooden horses started swinging round upon their never-ending journey, all failed to distract young George's attention from the great object he had in view for a single instant. Bernard was the be-all and end-all of the whole undertaking, and his senses literally failed to take in the scenes and incidents around him. Would the time never come? was the question which he kept on asking himself; would it *never* come? Not having a watch with him, he could not tell how long it was since he had left the show himself, but it seemed, to his anxious mind, hours. At last, however, and just as his patience was completely worn out, the curtain was raised, and, amid noisy laughter, shouting, and joking of the yokels, a stream of people came past the pay-box, looking, indeed, as if they were none too sorry to find themselves once more in the pure air after the fetid atmosphere of the ill-ventilated booth. George at once vanished in the direction of the back of the long tent, to the spot indicated by Bernard. He kept as much out of sight as possible, putting his hands in his pockets, whistling to himself, and generally putting on the air of a loafer as soon as any one connected with the show came in sight. After waiting in this manner for about a quarter of an hour, his patience was rewarded. The Viscount, dressed in the most sorry-looking habiliments, lifted the flap of the tent, took a look round, and then stepped outside. He did not at once advance in George's direction, but strolled along, waiting to see if he was followed. George quickly took his cue from this, and walked up to his friend in a careless manner, and as though he had never seen him before in his life. Then, raising his voice, he said,—

'Beg pardon, but could you tell me the way to Moorpark?' adding hurriedly, in a mumble which only just reached Bernard's quick ears, 'Are you a prisoner here?'

Bernard, pointing with his extended hand, replied, 'Yes; if you go through to the farther end of the fair, you'll—' then, lowering his voice, said, 'Yes; but I mean to get away pretty soon. Tell them I'm well; and really, if I only had you here, it would be jolly fun. You can't think what sport I get playing the gorilla! All I am afraid of is that I shall burst out laughing one of these days in the faces of these stupid country fellows who come and gape open-mouthed at me. I say,' he added, as a bright idea struck him, 'the manager wants a boy—I heard him say so—' But just at that moment two of the men belonging to the show walked over in their direction, and all Bernard had time to say

was, 'Apply to the manager—say you are awfully fond of beasts.'

George nodded his head, turned sharply on his heel, and walked off just as the foremost man came up and said, in a firm, but civil tone, 'Against orders, you know, to talk to any one. You must come in.'

And Bernard replied, 'All right, Toby; must get some fresh air sometimes, and that boy asked me the way to Moorpark.' And then he strolled back with the man into the tent again.

Half an hour later Mr. John Moxey's, the showman's, burly form might have been seen crossing the open space in front of his wild beast show. Before he had got more than half-way his steps were arrested by a boy accosting him. 'Beg pardon, sir; but did you happen to want a boy for the show?'

'Get along and don't worry me!' growled out the man. 'Oh!—here, wait a bit, though. Yes, I did think of taking on a boy for the next fortnight, though, so I did. Well, what can you do, young 'un? What are you any good for? You look pretty strong and pretty hard.'

'Yes, sir, I am. I'm very fond of animals. I could feed them, clean them—oh, do almost anything.'

'Where are you from, eh? I don't want no run-away schoolboys nor apprentices for to get me into a bother with their masters, you know. How did you get here, boy?' he said, suspiciously.

'Oh, I come from Canada, sir. I am not a school-boy nor an apprentice. I have seen a lot of bears—wild bears, I mean—out in the woods there; and we have other things, Indians and—'

'What wages do you want? Mind, I shall sack you straight off if I am not satisfied with you. Now, what do you ask? I never give much; boys are as plentiful as blackberries, and about as useless to me.'

George was rather at a loss what to answer. He had not the faintest idea what to say for the wages, so he answered: 'Oh, I will leave that to you, sir, so long as I get my keep—that's the main thing.'

'All right. I shall give you just what I think you are worth. Now, cut along into the tent there, and tell Mrs. Moxey you are the new boy, d'ye hear? Off with you, then, and make yourself useful,' and Mr. Moxey resumed his walk, whilst George Watt, overjoyed at having attained his end, quietly lifted up the canvas flap and entered the wild-beast show.

The Canadian boy wandered about the booth for some few minutes, not noticed by anybody, and he soon took in the most important features of it. Then a stout, red-faced woman emerged from a little curtained-off space, and, catching sight of the newcomer, exclaimed, 'Hullo, boy! what are you doing in here?'

'Please, m'm, Mr. Moxey has given me a situation here in the show: says I am to make myself useful.'

'Make yourself useful, eh? Oh! well there's plenty of little jobs you can set about doing at once. There's the Lion-tamer's boots wants blacking; you can start on that. Then the Queen of the Rope—she that does the most daring feat in Europe, as performed before all the crowned heads—you must have read of it in our coloured bills, if you've been in

the town; she walks, blindfold, across the tight-rope!—well, she wants her balancing-pole sand-papered afresh. Oh, yes, and I was forgetting, you might go up to the young gentleman that plays the gorilla—a real gentleman he is, and you are to treat him with proper respect, you understand—he is only here with us for a time, just for his own amusement, like—you might go up to his place (he has got a little tent all to himself in that far corner there) and see if he would like his supper now or later; and you are not to tell any one outside it is not a real gorilla, mind; and the good lady, having run herself out of breath, was compelled to stop the flow of instructions, just as 'the new boy' was wondering to himself how any one could expect him to remember such a string of commands, and which end of his duties he had better begin at first.

(Continued at page 274.)

LARGER THAN HE WANTED.

A TAILOR in a small country town had not many customers, and was in poor circumstances, but nevertheless he always wished, even at the expense of truth, to appear richer than he was. One day his little girl ran into the shop, calling her father to dinner. A gentleman being in the shop, the tailor said, 'What is there for dinner, my child?' to which she replied, 'Two red herrings.' After the stranger's departure, the man rebuked his child for exposing their poverty, bidding her for the future to say something larger when asked a similar question. Soon afterwards an opportunity arrived, and when the father asked in the presence of a third person, 'What's for dinner, Polly?' the little girl, wishing to carry out her father's instructions, answered promptly, 'A whale, father!'

AN EAGLE'S ATTACK ON A HALIBUT.

AROUND the bleak coast of the Shetland Islands the scenery is wild and bare in extreme, men and quadrupeds are few, but the wild and tempestuous sea teems with life, while many birds, especially water-fowl, enliven the otherwise desolate shores. Among these birds the white-tailed or sea eagles are conspicuous for their size and boldness. They are chiefly to be seen on the western side of the islands, for there the cliffs are lofty and steep, as though nature had reared them up as bulwarks against the fury of the Atlantic billows.

These sea eagles, rare as they are now, are bold and dexterous fishers, as may be seen by the following account of a struggle between one of them and the huge fish called the halibut. This fish, which is a species of turbot, often basks, as do other flat fish, near the surface of the sea.

On one occasion a sea eagle which had been perched for some time motionless on the summit of a rock overlooking the water, suddenly was seen to swoop down and bury his powerful talons in the back



An Eagle's Attack on a Halibut.

of one of these fish. The latter, naturally surprised at the attack, floundered about, lashing his tail and trying to dive, so as to get rid of his tormentor. But the sea eagle seldom quits the prey which he has seized; he therefore only spread his powerful wings, so as to balance himself, and present a greater resistance to the halibut's efforts to sink him. The wind and the tide at the time both being

toward land, the eagle's wings acted like sails, and he floated along on his victim's back, till the unfortunate fish grounded, with its passenger. A man who had witnessed the curious incident, ran down to the water's edge, and with a stout stick dispatched both the eagle and the fish, the poor halibut having the flesh completely torn off its back.

D. B. M.



Interview between Dean Colet and Henry VIII.

AN OUTSPOKEN DEAN.

JOHN COLET'S father, Sir Henry Colet, Lord Mayor of London, was the third son of Robert Colet of Wendover, Buckinghamshire. Henry Colet came to London in his youth. He was apprenticed to a mercer, and he soon became one of the wealthiest

members of the Mercers' Company. He purchased an estate and a fine house at Stepney, and there he ended his days, being buried in Stepney Church, of which his son John (the subject of our sketch) was at one time Vicar.

John Colet was one of a large family (twenty-two in all), eleven sons and eleven daughters. All these,

except John, were dead seven years before Sir Henry Colet, and even John died before his mother, and fourteen years after his father.

John Colet is well known as Dean of St. Paul's, he is even better known as the founder of St. Paul's School. Born at Stepney, he was an attendant at St. Antholin's Church, in which his father took a deep interest. It is recorded that he was very fond of his mother, who lived to a great age, and he frequently mentions her with tenderness in his letters. He delighted to take his friends to visit her at Stepney. The boy John was possibly a scholar in St. Antholin's School in Threadneedle Street, afterwards going to Oxford University, where he worked very hard and obtained his degree and other distinctions.

Cicero was the favourite Latin author of his youth, and his love for learning caused him to undertake a Continental tour. Original and powerful lectures were given by the good Dean on the New Testament writings, and a little band of eminent scholars were proud to count him as their friend and leader: among these were Thomas More and Erasmus.

Upon the death of his father, John Colet came into a large fortune; very little of this he spent on himself. He devoted the bulk of it to public purposes. A portion of it he applied to a new school in St. Paul's Churchyard, where one hundred and fifty-three boys, who could already read and write, and were of good capacity, should receive a sound Christian education, and a knowledge of Greek as well as of Latin.

Dean Colet busily superintended the erection of the school-house. This contained a large school-room, a small chapel, and dwellings for two masters. He wrote some simple precepts for the guidance of the school-masters and scholars, and he also drew up an English version of the Creed and some prayers. He spent liberally from his own private means, laying out over 40,000*l.* upon the school and other charities.

Dean Colet was a man who loved peace; he was, therefore, deeply disgusted at the Continental wars of King Henry VIII. He had hoped that the new monarch would be fond of peace, and his disappointment was grievous when he found that the King's policy was warlike. He boldly preached many sermons against Henry's conduct. One of these was preached on Good Friday, A.D. 1513. In it he denounced the expedition against France. After this the King invited the Dean to meet him at Greenwich, and there they talked together, discussing whether war could ever be right. Each stated what he thought upon the subject with perfect frankness, but they did not come to any agreement. The King was very pleased with the Dean's honesty, and to express that pleasure he made him a Royal Chaplain and admitted him to his Privy Council. St. Paul's School was rebuilt in A.D. 1670, on its original site, after the Great Fire of London. This second building was pulled down in A.D. 1824. A third building took its place and was demolished in A.D. 1884, on the removal of the School to new buildings at Hammersmith. The Dean, whose fearless words had won him the respect of his sovereign, died at the age of fifty-three, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Mercers' Company erecting an elaborate monument over his grave.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

38.—MISSING WORDS.

SUPPLY the missing rhymes.

1. 'Little bird, little bird, come to —,
I have a green cage ready for —;
Pretty bright flowers I'll bring —,
And fresh ripe cherries all wet with —.'
2. 'Thanks, little maiden, for all thy —,
But I dearly love the clear, cool —,
And my snug little nest in the old — —,
'Little bird, little bird, stay with —.'
3. 'Nay, little damsel, away I'll —
To green fields and warmer —;
When spring returns with pattering —,
You'll hear my merry song —.'
4. 'Little bird, little bird, who'll guide —
Over the hills and over the —?
Foolish one, come in the house to —,
For I'm very sure you'll lose your —.'
5. 'Ah! no, little maiden; God guides —
Over the hills and over the —;
I will be free as the rushing —,
And sing of God's goodness —.

ANON.

39.—CHANGED WORDS.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. CHANGE nine to four. | 4. Change goat to mule. |
| 2. " mine to gold. | 5. " cake to wine. |
| 3. " book to leaf. | 6. " cat to pig. |

C. C.

[Answers at page 286.]

ANSWERS.

- 34.—1. The multiplication table.
2. Because it is in the midst of bliss.
3. Debt.
4. Because it didn't answer.
5. Your word.
6. When it runs down and strikes one.
7. Milestones, because you never see two together.
8. Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.
9. Because they have no visible means of support.
10. When it is used to prop a gate (propagate).
11. A suspension bridge.
12. Because every watch has a spring in it.
- 35.—1. Least said soonest mended.
2. Rome was not built in a day.
3. Where there's a will there's a way.

- | | | | |
|--------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
| 36.—1. Lima. | 5. Spa. | 9. Tees. | 13. Obi. |
| 2. Acre. | 6. Uri. | 10. Don. | 14. Ely. |
| 3. Riga. | 7. Wick. | 11. China. | 15. Bute. |
| 4. Rome. | 8. Andes. | 12. Como. | |

37.—Haste—Speed.

- | | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. Helio | g | a | b | a | l | u | s |
| 2. A | | s | | | | | P |
| 3. S | e | i | n | | | | E |
| 4. T | i | | m | | | | E |
| 5. E | d | w | a | r | | | D |

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

IV.—A BAD LOT.

Founded on Fact.



THAT is a real puzzling question, sir, that is,' began Sergeant Lundy, as we walked up the road together on a sharp winter morning. 'I mean, how far a man may be called to account, as it were, for his own sins. There is no doubt that he may inherit a deal, you see, which makes him need more pluck than common to fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil, so that it is not always an easy matter to say if so be as grace or nature will win the day. But anyhow, life is a great battle-field for all of us, whether we be handicapped or not. God knows, the harder a man tries to better himself, the harder does he find it, and the worse he seems to grow in his own eyes—which may be partly owing to his getting, as time goes on, a clearer view of the grand Perfection.

'However, I must not turn my yarn into a sermon, sir. It was thinking of Philip Graham that led me on, and it is about him I was going to tell you. Perhaps I ought not to have mentioned his name, only you will be none the wiser, sir, for he left the village more than two years ago, and it was quite time he did. He belonged to a most respectable family, did Philip. His father was a farmer of the better sort, and a religious man too—though, mind you, I did hear some queer tales about his grandfather. Of course, I am not saying that Philip had not his due allowance of free-will the same as other folk, only we never know exactly what a man's forefathers may have been, you see, and that is the argument I was wishing to carry out, sir, so as we may not judge a chap like Philip Graham too harshly.

'The first proof of his dishonesty was brought to my notice when he was a lad of fifteen years old. He had left school a few months before, and was now at home, learning to help with the farming. Strangely enough, it happened just then that Mr. Graham's ducks began to decrease in number. He comes to me, quite unsuspecting, poor man, and asks me to help him to look out for the thief, and of course I promised to do my best, never dreaming for one moment that I should find him so near home; for the ducks were stolen, if you believe me, sir, by the gentleman's only son. The young rogue had been taking them to market and selling them there, while the money found its way into his own pocket.

'Master Philip heard about his doings from me, you may be sure of that. Indeed, I gave him a pretty piece of my mind; but there was his ailing mother, you see, a most tender-hearted woman, so

that, mostly on her account, I let the matter slide, and it never reached the ears of his family.

'Well, as you know already, sir, I was forced to leave this part for a good many years, and it was not until I came back to the old place again that any news reached me of Philip Graham. Then I heard that he was lately married to a Swiss young lady, who had held the post of governess in a gentleman's family living not many miles away. Very good-looking she was, with a sweet nature which showed itself in her face; but I had my doubts as to whether she had found a husband in any way deserving of her, and as things turned out I was not far wrong.

'Now, I had been married and settled myself not more than a year, when one day Mrs. Philip Graham comes walking into my front parlour. She seemed in a dreadful state of distress, and soon she gave me to understand that it was because her private cashbox had disappeared. There was in it one hundred pounds, partly in notes and partly in gold. Her salary, she said, had been a liberal one, and she had always laid aside every penny that was to spare in case of a rainy day. Mr. Philip was away, she went on to tell me, at the Goodwood races, so that he knew nothing of her loss, whereupon it struck me there was a queer look about the affair which I didn't like.

"When do you expect him home again?" says I, very quiet and easy-like, so as to calm her down a bit, she being that sadly upset.

"Perhaps I may find him there when I get back. At any rate, I hope he will not be long," says she, looking up, with her face in a flutter and her blue eyes swimming in tears.

"Then I will just step along with you at once," says I, quite cheerfully, "and remember, you are not to worry about it any more than you can help, Mrs. Graham," says I, as we left the cottage together. "For my own part, I have little doubt but what I will be able to clear up the mystery of the missing cashbox."

'However, I found it rather a trial, as we went along the road, when she would keep talking to me of her husband's return so artless and confiding-like, and sure enough, when we reached the house and entered the sitting-room, who should be there before us but Philip Graham. He had caught up a newspaper so soon as he saw us coming, and pretended to be reading it, but I noticed directly that he was holding it upside down.

"Oh, Philip!" cries his wife, running up to him, "have you heard the news? Some one has stolen my cashbox with all my savings in it."

"Yes, so I've been told," says he, trying to speak cool and collected, though I thought he seemed rather shaky; "and what is more, I have found a broken window-pane. Sergeant Lundy will tell you the meaning of that, my dear. Wherever have your eyes been, Bertha? Didn't you observe it in the library this morning?"

"What a strange thing!" says Mrs. Graham, perfectly innocent-like; "why, I was in there about an hour ago, but I am never very quick at making discoveries. Let us go and look at it, if you please, Mr. Lundy."

(Concluded at page 278.)



Sergeant Lundy cautions Philip Graham.



King Jumbo and the Hottentot Venus.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 267.)



THINK you had better leave the sand-papering and the Lion-tamer's boots and go to the young gentleman's tent to ask him about his supper,' said Mrs. Moxey. 'Remember to tell him you are the new boy, or else he won't know who it is that is speaking to him.'

'Won't he?' thought George to himself; but all that he said was, 'Yes, m'm.'

'Oh, yes, and then there is a cold chop here for Mr. Moxey to eat with his tea; and there is the pot of tea—take it to Mr. Moxey first. You must make it warm for him.'

'I'll make it hot for him, mum,' answered George, with a twinkle in his eye, 'and pretty soon, too,' he added to himself, as he picked up the pot of tea. Ten minutes later he was free to go down to 'the young gentleman's' tent, at the far end of the long booth.

'May I come in, sir?' said George, gently lifting the flap, which formed a species of door to the tiny apartment as he spoke. The next minute the two friends were silently grasping each other's hand.

'I mustn't stop long with you, for fear they suspect anything, so tell me, as quickly as you can, what we had better do to get you out of this,' said George, looking over his shoulder, as if he half suspected that somebody was listening.

Lord Brampton laughed softly. 'My dear George, I am having the greatest fun with these people. Gipsy Lee hauled me off from Brampton. The brute threw a stone, which hit me on the head, knocked the sense out of me for a bit, and during that time I was conveyed to his living-van—you remember where it stood, on the Sandstone road? Yes; well, I was carted along till we fell in with Moxey's Show—'

But here George interrupted him with, 'But, my dear old chap, what on earth could have led Lee to—'

'Hold on a bit and I will tell you. Lee was the burglar. I came in suddenly and interrupted him and his friend at work on our valuables, and he saw that I knew him; so, to secure his own safety, and shut my mouth, there was nothing for it but to carry me off. He tried to bully me into promising that I wouldn't tell if he let me go; but I very soon cleared his mind of any idea he may have had of getting off in that cheap fashion, I can tell you.'

'What did you do?' asked George.

'Do? nothing! that is where I scored off him. I point-blank refused to be silent, and then he was fairly at his wit's end to know how he could manage to save his own skin. So after a lot of thought, he handed me over for safe keeping to the excellent Moxey—who is a villain, I can tell you!—whilst Mr. Daniel Lee has made himself scarce—gone out of the place: "left his country for his country's good." And now you see.'

'Yes, but in that case, I suppose they mean to release you as soon as the gipsy has got a fair start, don't they?'

'Well, not quite. Here comes in Mr. Moxey's rascality. Now that Lee is safely out of the way, our esteemed proprietor seems to think that a chance offers to make a little bit of money for himself. So he has been offering me my liberty if I will undertake to pay him five hundred pounds and "ask no questions," or in other words, pay up, and tell nothing of his share in this precious kidnapping business.'

'And what did you say?'

'Oh, I caught Mr. Moxey fairly over it! You would have laughed, George, if you had heard! I said, "Thanks, very much—but I have rather taken a fancy to the wild-beast show business, and I think it will come much cheaper to me, at all events, to stop on with you here, than to pay five hundred pounds to go. Don't you worry yourself," I said calmly, "I'm quite comfortable with you. Good day," and poor Moxey went out of the tent with his tail between his legs, and looking as blue as a bilberry! Oh, I *did* laugh! The whole scene was too funny for words. And then, later in the day, I said I would like the fun of putting on the gorilla skin and mask in which you saw me, and Moxey, who seems afraid to refuse anything I ask, agreed, if I would promise not to "give him away," which, of course, I did. I wouldn't do anything mean like that.'

George looked doubtful for a moment. Then he said, 'Well, there is nothing easier, now that I've got in here, than to quietly slip out and inform the police. They would swoop down on Moxey & Co. in no time, and—'

'Yes, that would be easy enough. But to tell the truth, I don't much want to call in the police, for this reason. Mrs. Moxey, in spite of her vulgar manners, and all her coarseness, is a kindly soul, and you see, if the police interfered, they would be bound to take Mr. Moxey to prison—which would break up the show, I expect, altogether, and then the poor woman—who has been really very kind to me—would be the worst sufferer, and—'

But the conference was broken up by the lady in question calling out loudly for 'the boy.'

'I must go. Will you have your supper now or later?—that is what I was sent for,' asked George hastily.

'Oh, presently, say in half-an-hour, and then you can bring it to me and I will finish telling you what I've got to say. Oh, my boy! I have got a scheme for getting away—without any police, I mean!'

George nodded, and disappeared through the aperture into the large booth, where he found Mrs. Moxey.

'Do go to the Lion-tamer; he has had a quarrel with the Hottentot Venus, and there is no pacifying him, except by putting an extra polish on his high boots! There he stands—go up and ask him to give them to you to shine for him.'

The big negro was standing stamping furiously up and down in front of the apartment inhabited by the 'Hottentot Venus.' He had had a desperate quarrel with the lady about a frying-pan, which she maintained was hers, whilst the 'Lion-king' was equally positive that he had 'bought it and paid for

it!' Matters had just been brought to a climax by the Venus banging the 'King's' woolly head with the frying-pan in question, and he was wrath.

George didn't much fancy the look of his sable majesty, but just as he had made up his mind to approach the furious African, Lord Brampton stepped out of his tent, and with his hands stuck in his trousers pockets, he walked up to him and watched him with a quiet smile of amusement.

'Now, Jumbo,' he said as soon as the black had ceased for a moment his violent threats, 'you are not half a bad nigger, really—'

But the person addressed was still too furious to talk reasonably. 'I'se no nigger, sah; I'se trouble you, sah, not to call me no nigger! I'se a free-born African gentleman, sah! A nobleman, sah! King, sah, in my own country!'

'Now, Jumbo, you really must learn to keep your hair on. You are too excitable by far.'

'What for dis coloured pusson here not give me my frying-pan?'

'I thought she *did* give you the frying-pan, just now. Rather more than you wanted of it, eh?'

Jumbo's white teeth gleamed, as he tried to stifle his laughter. It was no good: a nigger has got so keen a sense of fun that he can't help laughing even if the laugh is at his own expense.

'She took and busted me ober de head with it! Yes, sah—dat's how I get de frying-pan!' and the African broke out again into his hearty laughter, so infectious that every one around, including the Hottentot Venus herself, was obliged to join in. Thereupon she relented, and handed the outraged negro the frying-pan back again. This cemented the bond of peace, and once more all was well. George obtained the boots, and set to work to 'shine' them with great vigour and success, after which five minutes was devoted to the sand-papering process which the Queen of the Rope had so much desired: then he presented himself once more before Mrs. Moxey, and told her that he was now ready to take the 'young gentleman's'—no name was given—supper to him.

The good lady bustled about and busied herself with making ready a tray of decently prepared food: there was a half-chicken, cold, a plentiful supply of slices of ham, bread, butter, and cheese, with a few watercresses. With these George disappeared, and presently he found himself once more alone with Bernard.

He set the tray down, and then, at a sign from his friend, they set to, in silence, on the viands, which disappeared in remarkable quick time, with two mouths to fill instead of one. Then Bernard, waving a drumstick in one hand, to give point to his remarks, sat on the packing-case which had done duty for a table, and resumed his narration to George, which had been broken off some hour or so ago.

'Yes, my boy! I have got a stunning idea for clearing out of this, and I will tell you what it is. I am determined on the one hand that I won't pay nor let any one pay for me the five hundred that this man Moxey demands; and on the other, I am equally resolved not to bring in the police, for fear of the poor old woman being made to suffer; she is as innocent as a new-laid egg of any harmful intent towards me: she has attended to me, cooked for me, done every-

thing in reason, in fact; and so we must do the trick without the bobbies. Now this is my plan. We—that is, the show, I mean—we are going on from here to Burstow, and on from there to Laindon. At Laindon, there are some barracks, and my uncle's regiment is stationed there: he is quite young—a captain, Captain Calvert—such a jolly fellow. Well, you must quietly sneak off to the barracks and take a note from me to him. He will come down here and talk to Mr. Moxey like a father! And there you are! do you see?'

George nodded his head. This arrangement was admirable. Meantime, if he got the chance, he was to send a telegram to Mr. Devenish in order to allay his fears. The two friends shook hands and parted.

But George had hardly got outside the tent when a sudden thought struck him. Returning softly, he put his head into Bernard's canvas apartment, and asked, 'I say, old chap, you have never explained how it was I discovered you "playing at monkeys."'

Bernard laughed quietly, and said, 'The fact is, I got so tired of stopping in here doing nothing that I thought even *that* would be a welcome relief. Good-bye for the present,' and George disappeared.

(Continued at page 286.)

BEES AND BUTTERFLIES.



BEES and butterflies! We often see during summer and autumn these insects, so unlike in many things, brought together as companions, while they are actively engaged upon the flowers. Somebody has written about the bees bustling amongst the bluebells, and it is true that they come to the flowers, so it seems, with a rather important, business air, and, should any one approach to interfere, they are inclined to be angry. The butterflies behave differently: they pass from flower to flower more rapidly, their movements are lighter and more graceful, also a very little thing starts them off, even from an attractive blossom. Both bees and butterflies have four wings, but in a bee these are small and transparent, while a butterfly has them large, and delicately feathered. Then the bee lets us know it is at the flower by the sonorous hum it makes usually (there are a few quiet species of bees, however), and the butterfly, whether it be large or small, comes and goes silently. Again, a butterfly only sips honey to refresh itself, but the bee frequently gathers from the flowers a store which is laid up in cells, for its own food or for that of its progeny. No weapon has the strongest butterfly wherewith to defend itself, it must flee for its life, if in danger; nearly every kind of bee is armed with a sting, and has sharp cutting jaws too. Some people have an idea that the common humble or bumble bee, known by its belted body and noisy enough to be heard some distance off,



Bees and Butterflies.

has no sting. It is true, as compared with many bees, this one is pacific; still, there are times when humble bees are irritable, and then they will prove to any doubter, if handled roughly, that the sting they certainly have is not merely for show. There are flowers into which humble bees cannot get, since they are too narrow to admit its body and too deep; when visiting these, the bees obtain honey by cutting through the petals with their jaws. A very useful work is done, not only by bees, but also by other insects: they carry, upon the down of the head or body, the pollen grains of flowers from plant to plant. This powder, by which plants are fertilised, and which comes out of what are called the anthers of the flower, serves as food for some bees, and some store it up for the young bees, while they are grubs, unable to seek their own food. The species of humble bee, to which Shakespeare gives the name of 'red-hipped' is common in gardens, the body is black and red, the males only have some yellow about them. We know it also as the stone humble bee, because the nests are placed under stones, or now and then on a dry bank.

The butterfly shown in our illustration is a specimen of the large garden or cabbage white, one which may be seen on the wing at intervals from April to September or later. Gardeners do not welcome this butterfly, for, during some seasons, the caterpillar is abundant and destructive, feeding on cabbages and other vegetables. It is not entirely white, but it is spotted with black, and can fly tolerably fast; indeed, it is supposed that parties of them can cross the Channel between England and France.

J. R. S. C.

THE KLIPPSPRINGER.

NO prettier specimen of the Antelope tribe is found throughout the length and breadth of Africa than this. It has a short round face, with a full ox-like eye and the hide is beautifully mottled. In colour it is a dark brown, freely sprinkled with a tawny shade. Only the bucks are horned. The average specimen stands about twenty-one inches in



The Klipp-springer.

height at the shoulder. It has a very peculiar walk, going, for the most part, upon the tips of its toes. It will stand with all four feet drawn up together in a space no larger than the palm of a man's hand. When alarmed it makes a succession of extraordinary springs, and can ascend precipitous places at a great rate of speed. Unfortunately it has become somewhat

rare now in consequence of its being so constantly sought after by shooting parties. Many people in South Africa tame it, and keep it as a pet. One or two specimens may be seen at the Zoological Gardens in London. Our illustration represents the Klipp-springer leaping in fear at the sight of a large snake.

F. R.

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

A BAD LOT.

(Concluded from page 271.)

O into the library we went, and straight up to the window. There was the broken pane, and no mistake, but no sooner had I examined it than I turned to Philip Graham, and there was a look on my face that made him go livid grey. "Whoever broke this window-pane," says I, in my most terrible voice, "broke it from the inside. The man

who did it may have wanted to get out of the house, but it is a certain fact he didn't get into the house. Now, you young rascal, go down on your knees and ask your wife if she means to prosecute you."

"Well, as you may fancy, sir, the poor young creature was that bewildered it took some time to make her understand what had happened, and then we had a stirring scene to be sure! The policeman came in for it pretty roundly, I can assure you, for the bare mention of such a vile insinuation.

"But, bless you! an officer who is merely doing his duty pays no heed to a woman's tongue—least of all when she is well-nigh distracted, so that she hardly knows what comes out of her mouth; besides, she ended by going down in the dust, did Mrs. Graham, while she begged and implored me that I would not mention it to a soul.

"So, of course, I had to promise to let the wrong-doer go free. Not that I felt at all easy in my mind, all the same, for, you see, this was the second time that such a lapse had come about; but after all, I am not sorry now, sir, that my doubts gave way before the prayers of a woman who could forgive as easily as she did.

"And yet, sir, before a week had gone by, can you believe it possible that Philip Graham had injured his wife still more deeply? He had lost all his money, you see, at those unlucky races, after which, what must my master do but go and enlist in a foot regiment which was passing through Guildford; so, away he marches with the rest to the sound of the fife and drum.

"Of course, Philip's family paid his debts and took his wife home to live at the farm; but she never held up her head again, and seemed to lose all manner of interest in life. Moreover, she had not so much as a scrap of news from her husband, and knew not if he was alive or dead.

"Well, well, sir, there is no doubt it is a queer world, for you will be surprised to hear how, when, and where I met Philip Graham again. Whoever said "Truth is stranger than fiction," was in the right of it and no mistake. There came an afternoon nearly three years ago, when I chanced to be driving on the London road, and overtook old Mr. Graham, who was afoot. Seeing that he looked a bit weary,

I thought maybe he would take it kindly if I offered him a seat in my pony-trap.

"I had not long left the force at that time, and of course I did not wear my old uniform.

"As we were jogging along on our homeward way, up starts a shabby-looking man from the hedge, and holds out his hand to beg a coin of one of us.

"Now there is no doubt that the old gentleman was rather scared, for it was a lonely part of the road, and it happened sudden-like; but I saw at a glance that this was no common tramp, so I pulled the pony up short. "Which regiment?" says I, sharply, observing that he had turned the palm of his hand outwards, as is the way of soldiers.

"The fellow started and reddened, and his hand dropped to his side at once. But just then there came a kind of sob from the old man by my side. In a jiffy he was out of the trap and on the road. Then what does he do next but falls upon the tramp's neck, seeming beside himself for joy.

"Philip Graham had grown a beard; he was thin as a lath and brown as a berry; but, in spite of the change in him, his father knew him at once, and somehow or other, sir, while I watched those two men, all I could think of was a wonderful picture I had seen when I was a boy, of the "Prodigal Son."

"Then came Philip's first words, and they made me feel as if there must be good stuff left in him still.

"I want to ask my wife to forgive me," says he, with a great choke in his voice, "and I don't care what becomes of me after that."

"It seemed the poor chap was quite footsore and very nearly starved, so that he had been forced to beg his way for the last miles of his tramp.

"Well, I need hardly tell you, sir, that Philip was taken home, and made much of by all. As for his wife, bless her—why, there is no denying that that woman is an angel on earth; and for the matter of that, sir, a good many women's wings are growing apace, I do believe, if we could but catch sight of them.

"So, before very long, old Mr. Graham forked out once more, and bought a small farm for his son, somewhere on the east coast.

"Philip and his wife are doing very comfortably, I hear, and he has got a little boy now to help to keep him straight. I have always had great faith in baby-fingers, sir, and there is no telling what they may do yet, even for such a "bad lot" as Philip Graham once was."

FLORA SCHMALZ.

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER KERR, lieutenant and adjutant of the South Mahratta Horse, may fairly be said to have earned his Cross twice or thrice over.

One sultry evening in July, A.D. 1857, a group of officers were assembled in the mess-room at Sattara (Bombay Presidency). The great Indian Mutiny had broken out, and none could tell how far-reaching the treachery might be. Not even their

own native servants were to be trusted, and no man knew whether they would continue 'true to their salt,' or perhaps enter the very mess-room where they then sat and murder them. It was a terribly anxious time for all, and especially so for the English officers of native regiments, many of whom, after giving every proof of confidence in their men, were ruthlessly shot down by the mutineers.

The subject of our notice, Lieutenant Kerr, was a tall, broad-shouldered Scotchman, an extremely keen soldier, and a man of iron frame. He had said, during the discussion of the evening, that he was sure that he could trust his own troopers, and that the South Mahrattas would stand firm, even if the whole of the rest of the native army became disaffected. Hardly had he spoken when an orderly entered the room and handed a telegram to the officer in command. As at that trying time every native was suspected of being a spy, no word was uttered as to the purpose of the message until the orderly had left the room. The paper was then read out, and proved to be a message from Kolapore, a station some seventy or eighty miles away. The 27th Bombay Native Infantry had mutinied, and murdered all the officers of their regiment who had fallen into their hands. Those who had escaped had taken refuge in the Residency, guarded by some of the Kolapore Light Infantry and the South Mahratta Horse. The besieged had been enabled to get a telegram through, by great good fortune, to Sattara. It told of their direful plight, and begged for immediate assistance. They had scarcely any food, and, hemmed in as they were by a blood-thirsty enemy, they knew their fate was sealed unless help should speedily arrive.

Lieutenant Kerr had the courage of his opinions. He had already expressed his confidence in the native troopers he commanded; he now volunteered to put the matter to the test by leading a party of the South Mahratta Horse to the relief of the unfortunates shut up in the Residency. Only fifty men could be spared him for the enterprise, but he never hesitated a second, even with that small force; in half an hour, he and his wild troopers were on the road. It was the monsoon season, and the ground was rotten with the heavy rains. The horses sank up to their hocks in the undrained rice-fields. The rain still fell in torrents; they had to swim their horses across four or five rivers and half-a-dozen nullahs. Despite all these obstacles they accomplished the journey to Kolapore within twenty-six hours.

Flushed with a victory over the Kolapore Light Infantry, the mutineers were thirsting to give them battle. This thirst for fighting was one which Lieutenant Kerr set to work to slake, in his own grim Caledonian manner, without a moment's delay. The mutineers had taken up a strong position in a pagah, or fortified place with circular bastions, near the town. Kerr had no artillery with which to make a breach in the walls. Night was coming on, and, tired as they all were, the Scotch lieutenant would not run the risk of delay, but determined to attack the place at once. He dismounted, and, making his Sowars do likewise, he drew his sword and steadily approached the walls, heedless of the

hot fire with which the enemy saluted him. The only entrance to the place on the side nearest him was by a small door made of thick teak, and this the mutineers had blocked up with huge stones. Kerr, armed with a crowbar, and closely followed by a splendid fellow of his troop, Gumpunt by name, similarly armed, made a dash at the door. Both men plied their crowbars to such good effect that they soon knocked enough of it down to admit the body of a man in a stooping posture. To enter the fort through this hole looked like certain death, but Kerr never hesitated. Through it he went, and Gumpunt scrambled in close after him. Then came several more of the Sowars, inspired by the splendid example before them. Directly Kerr appeared in the pagah the rebels fired a volley at him, but as he was stooping low, all the bullets passed over his head. Then it was the Scotchman's 'innings;' he rushed at them with his drawn sword, and, aided by Gumpunt and others of his brave followers, he beat down their bayonets, and ran two or three of them through. The rebels fell back, and took shelter in a house, from which they poured in a steady fire on the bold attackers.

But again Kerr was quite equal to the occasion. Finding that he could not get into the enemy's house, he promptly burnt them out of it. They retreated through another small door, and in frantic haste began to barricade it. The lieutenant's crowbar was again vigorously plied, and soon the barricade showed signs of yielding. All this time a hail of bullets fell around the big Scotchman, and it seemed little short of miraculous that he escaped.

At last a breach was made, and he and Gumpunt dashed in. The mutineers received them with a terrible volley, but they were not touched. Without giving them time to reload, the two heroes rushed at them, and a fearful hand-to-hand struggle ensued. A bullet actually cut the chain of Kerr's helmet, and another struck his sword, turning the edge of it. Gumpunt was wounded through the foot, but the gallant fellow refused to leave his officer, which proved very fortunate for Kerr, as at one moment, when he was almost at the mercy of a mutineer, Gumpunt shot the assailant dead.

One of the enemy fired at him so close that the powder almost blinded him. Directly he recovered his sight he ran his opponent through, and whilst he was struggling to withdraw his sword, another man dealt him a terrific blow with the stock of his rifle. Kerr reeled back, and became for the moment unconscious. In this condition one of the mutineers rushed at the helpless man, but Gumpunt was waiting for him, and his unerring bullet laid him low.

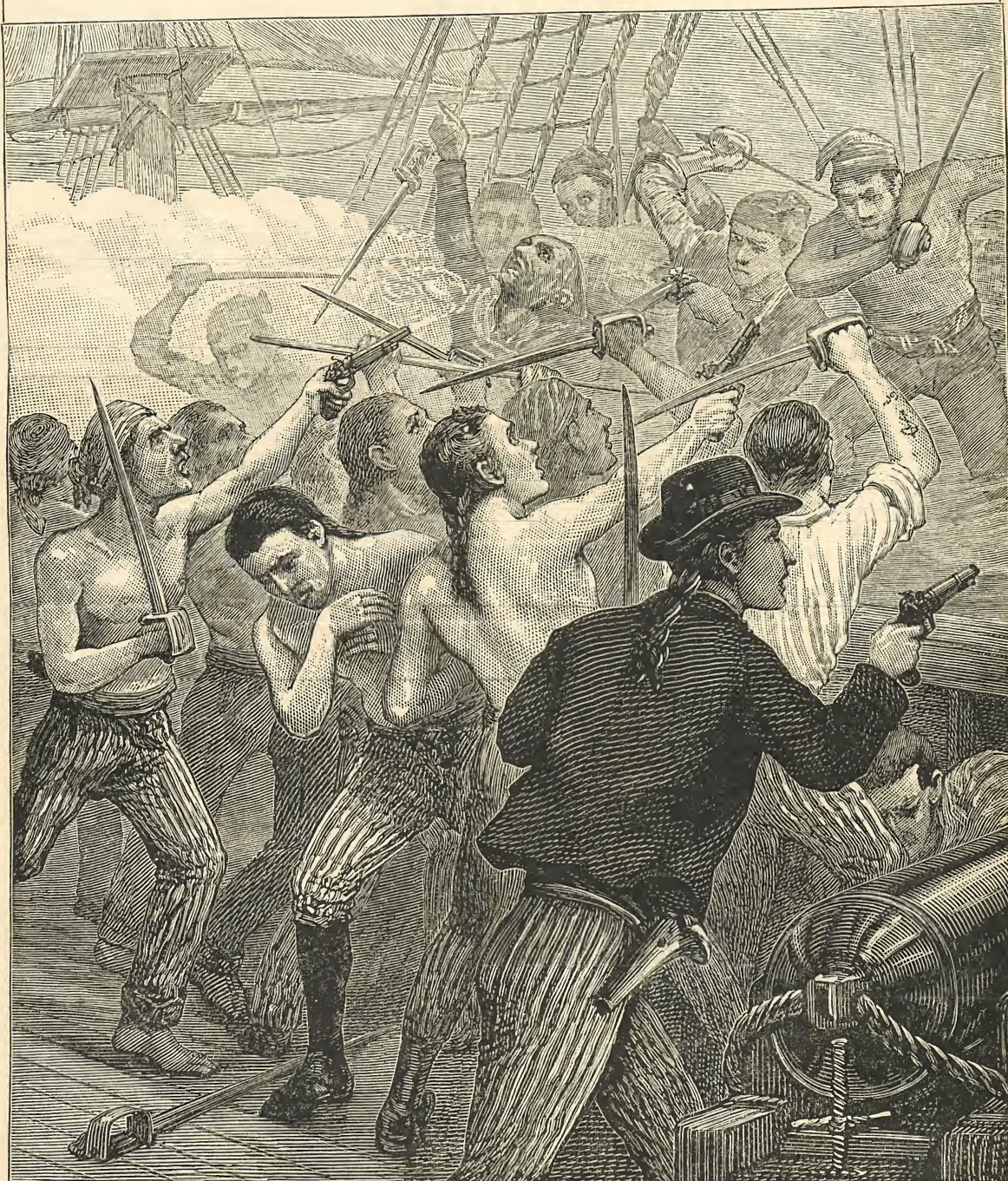
Fierce raged the desperate conflict, but Kerr—who had speedily recovered from the effect of the blow which he had received—fought like a tiger, and ably seconded by his Sowars, he fairly beat the enemy by a triumph of sheer valour over vastly superior numbers.

I think my readers will agree with me that if ever a man *earned* his Victoria Cross, that man was William Alexander Kerr.

F. R.



Victoria Cross Heroes: William Alexander Kerr.



A Sea Fight in 1793.

SEA POSTAL SERVICE IN 'THE GOOD OLD TIMES.'



PE, who witness the wonders done by the Penny Post of to-day, can hardly understand what the Postal Packet Service of a hundred years ago was like. The Government in those days was at first the owner of the packet-boats, but after a time it chose to pay a yearly grant to the different sailing-ship lines. In those troublous times, many an adventure was met with in the course of the postal service, and it is said that the instructions to the captains of the packets were, 'to run while they could, fight if they could no longer run, and heave the mails overboard when fighting was hopeless.'

In A.D. 1793, the *Antelope*, a small packet-boat carrying twenty-nine men, some passengers, and six guns, and commanded by Captain Curtis, sailed from Jamaica. All went well for a few days, but when they were approaching the isle of Cuba, those on board sighted a French privateer, which proved to be the *Atalanta*, carrying eight guns, and with a complement of sixty-five men. As soon as the two vessels got within range they opened fire, and after a sharp contest the English packet came off victorious, the Frenchman losing no less than half her crew killed and wounded.

Just one hundred years ago, one of our English packets was lying off the island of Guadeloupe, when the *Téméraire*, French privateer, bore down upon her. The French vessel was very much the larger of the two, and the captain of the packet, taking advantage of a light breeze which sprang up just at the time, headed his vessel out to the open sea. The privateer followed her throughout the night, but when day dawned had not succeeded in getting much nearer. During the morning, however, the Frenchman began to overhaul his opponent, and as soon as he got within range the packet opened on him. The *Téméraire* quickly ran down alongside the packet and tried to board it. Here a determined and desperate resistance was offered by the smaller ship, and, after a long fight, the French crew were beaten back with a loss of over forty men, and the *Téméraire* hauled down her colours.

Such were samples of the adventures of letter-carrying boats at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. None of them started on their voyages unarméd.

F. R.

FLOWER LEGENDS.

CROCUS.

A CRUEL enemy had driven forth from their beautiful castle, a king and queen with their only daughter, the lovely Chasgoldereine. In their hasty flight from the cruel despoiler, only one old retainer had been able to accompany them. When they reached the sea, raging like another enemy, the

poor fugitives were in despair. The old servant, however, had lived by the sea in his youth, and volunteered, as the 'trampling of armed men sounded nearer, to row them o'er the water.' There was no time to lose—they seized upon the only boat to be found and put to sea. Their cruel enemy himself arrived just in time to see the dark speck of a boat rising and falling on the terrible waves, with the lovely Princess Chasgoldereine, whom he wished to have for his bride, in danger of an even more cruel embrace than his own. She did not think so, however, and set herself with youthful hope to aid the old servant as well as she could. They neared the shore at last, and, lightly leaping from the boat, the princess turned to steady it whilst her old father and mother stepped on land. But it was not to be. A huge wave rushed upon the little boat, and king and queen and retainer perished in the waves. The princess shrieked with grief and horror, when suddenly three young knights appeared, to whom she related her terrible adventures. They took her to their home, and warmed and fed and comforted her as best they could. Her cruel enemy had, meanwhile, obtained a boat and followed on her track. Landing on the same shore, he was not long in finding where she had taken refuge. Her knights did not desert her, but prepared to meet the foe.

'For her pure, pale face, I shall fight to the death,' said the first one. 'For her long golden hair shall I defend her ever,' said the second one. 'For her heart's purple blood shall mine be spilt, and so it please the gods,' exclaimed the third. All rushed forth upon the foe, and, wielding their swords as only true knights can, they fought with a desperate courage.

Although superior in numbers, the cruel enemy and his followers soon lay weltering in their blood, but alas! the three brave knights lay also dead.

The Princess Chasgoldereine wept over their graves for many a weary day, till the gods, as a sign of comfort to her, caused three beautiful flowers to spring up—one of pure white, one of golden orange, and one of richest purple. There they stand to this day as straight as knights in battle array, each with a heart of gold and surrounded with sword-blade leaves.

Phœbus Apollo, pitying the fate of the poor princess, caught her up to live with him in his sunny home. When the sun sends beams of light down upon the crocuses, they open their petals wide to let them in, for they know that the princess is smiling upon them.

CONSTANCE M. MUIRHEAD.

THE VAGABOND.

THE funeral of old Sir Thomas Tighe was over, the bells had ceased tolling, and now his son, the new baronet, would reign in his stead. Being a soldier on service out at the Gold Coast, many weeks would yet have to elapse before he would be made aware of the change in his fortunes.

Old Sir Thomas had been a hard landlord, mean in his money dealings with all around, and estranged from his only son. When he died there was no one left to regret him—not a soul had ever known him to

do a kindly act or even speak a kindly word. Indeed, it was with a feeling of relief that his neighbours and tenantry heard that his life had at length come to its close.

When, some six months later, the heir, Sir Philip Tighe, arrived in England with his regiment, it was not known if he would come and take immediate possession of the Court or not. He had been abroad for over ten years, and, as the neighbours said to each other, he must have grown out of all knowledge. A brave, good soldier, he already wore three medals on his breast, whilst his face was tanned to a deep red-brown, which told of exposure to many a fiercer day of sun than stay-at-home people in England can ever experience. At last the time was fixed for the home-coming of the new Baronet, and the sleepy little village roused itself to try and remember the face of the boy who had left it ten years back, and to form some sort of idea as to what he would have changed into now.

About a week before the day settled on for the young Squire's arrival, the village at large became very much exercised in its mind at the unwelcome appearance in its midst of a rough, uncouth, gipsy-looking fellow, who seemed to spend at least half his time in loafing about the broad park and grounds surrounding the Court. His sharp eyes seemed to take in everything; nobody could find out anything about him, and the local constable was especially puzzled with his extraordinary conduct. The latter thereupon set to work diligently to watch the fellow's movements, and was rewarded, to a small extent, by finding that his whole attention seemed given to the Court and its surroundings. Was he a poacher? If so, he had never been detected with a rabbit-snare nor a gun. He did not even own a dog. Yet the keepers at the Court had on two or three occasions found him loitering about their preserves, and warned him off. The man had slunk away without answering, and with an evident desire to hide his features as much as possible from them. Was he—? And then a great thought struck Constable Towler. Was this mysterious ruffian loitering about to do mischief to the expected heir, Sir Philip? The idea took so strong a hold on his mind that he gave himself no peace, night or day, and spent many an hour, when not on duty, in keeping a sharp eye upon the gipsy.

One night, Towler's vigilance seemed about to be rewarded. He had caught a glimpse in the moonlight of the object of his mistrust, so he walked down a ride in some thick underwood. It was a famous pheasant covert, and the constable muttered to himself, as he prepared to follow, 'Ah-ha, my friend, so it is poaching you are after, is it? Well, we shall see if we can't join in this fun and show you the inside of the county gaol before you are many hours older.'

He followed as silently as he could for a hundred yards or more, and then he suddenly stopped as he heard the voices of two men just ahead of him in conversation. Listening intently, he overheard the following words, but not before he had recognised the tones of one of the gamekeepers of the Court. He was addressing the gipsy: 'Look here, my fine fellow, I have wanted to know what your game was

for a week past. I have warned you off this place twice, and now I find you in our best pheasant covert at past midnight. You will have to come along with me to the police-station.'

'Now, you know' (it was the gipsy vagrant speaking), 'what good would that do you? Much better that you and I should have a little arrangement about these pheasants, isn't it? You shall see what I get, and I will pay you—money down, mind, no tricks—so much, whatever we may agree, a head. Your new master will never miss them, and if he did—'

But here the keeper broke in hotly, 'What do you mean, you scamp, daring to try and make me a thief as bad as yourself? Why, no respectable man but would know you for a stealing rascal by the villainous look of your face—that alone would be enough to hang you! Now, just give up that pheasant to me, or I will—'

'I won't give it up.'

'Oh, you won't, won't you, Master Gipsy? Then I will very soon—'

'Will you fight me for it, *Mister Gamekeeper*?'

'If you will fight fair, I will.'

At this moment, unable to restrain his feelings, Constable Towler, from his hiding-place, gave vent to a loud sneeze. Seeing that after this further concealment was of no use, he stepped out of the shadow and confronted the pair.

'This is not fair—it is a trap!' cried the poacher.

'It shall be fair—a fair fight between you and me now. Towler here shall see fair play,' answered the keeper.

'Well, what about my duty as a constable? That is rather awkward, you know,' replied the policeman.

'You are not on duty, Towler, are you?' inquired the keeper.

'No; but, you see, a constable—'

'Then you are not a constable for the time being. That is all right.'

And without a minute's delay at it went the combatants with a hearty good-will.

* * * *

'Well, I own up you are the better man, Gipsy. I thought I could use my hands a bit, but you are uncommonly quick, and so hard it is like hitting a bag of nails,' exclaimed the keeper, slowly putting on his coat after the fight. 'I *could* have you locked up, but all the same I won't this time because you have acted fair and fought like a man. But don't let me see you on the estate again. This is young Sir Philip's place now, and if I catch you taking Sir Philip Tighe's pheasants—'

'Oh, you will find me taking lots of Sir Philip Tighe's pheasants!' said the vagrant airily.

The keeper and the constable stared at the impudent fellow aghast.

'You mean that?' said the former. 'You mean that you intend to take Sir Philip Tighe's pheasants?'

The gipsy fellow nodded coolly. 'You see,' he said, calmly striking a match and lighting his pipe, 'I am Sir Philip Tighe, and before appearing here in state I thought I would just run down and see for myself how things were being carried on. I am



"Will you fight me for it, Mr. Gamekeeper?"

delighted to find that I am being so faithfully served by you all, and you shall not regret this night's work. And it pleases me to know that I have a keeper who has the pluck to fight for his master's interests. But I must confess I didn't know until now that the villainous aspect of my face would be "enough to hang" me. I think you were a bit hard on me

there!' And with a hearty burst of laughter Sir Philip presented each of the men with a sovereign, and walked off back to the village.

'Well, I am bothered!' said the keeper to the constable.

'And so am I!' was the reply.

FOX RUSSELL.



Donkey and Foal.

THE DOMESTIC ASS.

NATURALISTS tell us that the British donkey of to-day is the tamed descendant of the African ass. The ordinary colour is grey, but it varies almost to white in one direction and to dark brown in the other. Look carefully at the colt in our illustration; you will observe a dark stripe running down the back, and another across the shoulder; there are also bars on the legs. These markings show some relationship exists between the donkey and the zebra, which, you know, is an animal with many stripes.

The ass was known to the ancient Egyptians long

before the horse, and was indeed, probably first domesticated in the valley of the Nile, whence it has spread over almost the whole of the habitable regions of the globe. In Europe the largest and finest asses are found in the more southern countries, such as Spain, Italy, and Malta; but there are others of still finer proportions in the United States, where they reach a height of fifteen or sixteen hands. In one district of Equatorial Africa large droves of these animals are kept for the sake of their milk.

The ass has a great dislike to cross the smallest stream of water; this aversion is doubtless a direct inheritance from its desert-haunting wild ancestors.

J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

40.—RHYMING PUZZLE.

THINK of a word which rhymes to *by*.

1. Is it sometimes very troublesome in the summer?
No, it is not a —
2. Is it a word meaning possession?
No, it is not —
3. Is it to exchange money for money's worth?
No, it is not to —
4. Is it a vehicle?
No, it is not a —
5. Is it what a dwelling should always be?
No, it is not —
6. Is it to look with curiosity?
No, it is not to —
7. Is it sometimes a token of sorrow?
No, it is not a —
8. Is it to exclaim; *to shed tears?
No, it is not to —
9. Is it a great sin?
No, it is not a —
10. Is it to hasten?
No, it is not to —
11. Is it not far?
No, it is not —
12. Is it the dwelling of an animal not noted for cleanliness?
No, it is not a —
13. Is it a mode of cooking?
No, it is not to —
14. Is it to recline?
No, it is not to —
15. Is it mean and artful?
No, it is not —
16. Is it the best way to succeed?
No, it is not to —
17. Is it awkwardly modest?
No, it is not —
18. Is it as the lark flies?
No, it is not —
19. Is it a kind of grain?
No, it is not —
20. Is it an inquisitive word?
Yes, it is —

[Answers at page 303.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|----------|----------|
| 38.—1. Me, thee, anew, dew. | | |
| 2. Care, air, oak-tree, me. | | |
| 3. Fly, sky, rain, again. | | |
| 4. Thee, sea, stay, way. | | |
| 5. Me, sea, air, everywhere. | | |
| 39.—1. Nine. | 2. Mine. | 3. Book. |
| Fine. | Mind. | Look. |
| Fire. | Mild. | Fool. |
| Fore. | Gild. | Loaf. |
| Four. | Gold. | Leaf. |
| 4. Goat. | 5. Cake. | 6. Cat. |
| Moat. | Cane. | Pat. |
| Mote. | Wane. | Pit. |
| Mole. | Wine. | Pig. |
| Mule. | | |

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 275.)



AT seven o'clock in the evening the show again opened to the public, and just beforehand the Lion-tamer started round the cages, prodding the wretched beasts into renewed activity, showing the hungry brutes hunks of raw meat, only to take them away again amid roars and howls. Then the people began streaming in, and, as at the afternoon performance, first crowded up to the cage containing the 'gorilla.' George had hard work to conceal his laughter as he heard some of the remarks made upon this extraordinary creature.

'It is very human, is it not?' observed an elderly gentleman to the friend standing next to him.

'It is,' thought George to himself.

'Yes,' was the reply; 'and yet the whole monkey tribe is so very distinct from the human race—the very actions of the animal are dissimilar in every way.'

'Ye-es,' said the first speaker, in a hesitating manner; 'and yet just now, when it gave a sort of laugh, I thought I had heard nothing more human in my life!'

'Quite likely, I guess,' murmured George.

But when, a reasonable time having been afforded to the visitors for the inspection of the several cages, a banging on the drum announced the more exciting part of the evening's entertainment, the performance of the African with the lions, the 'gorilla' was quickly deserted, and a general rush was made to secure good places in front of the den where it took place. The same wearisome leaping through hoops and firing off of pistols was gone through, to the delight of the assembled rustics, most of whom were probably looking at a wild beast of any description for the first time in their lives. When this exhibition was over, the people were cleared out of the centre of the arena for the purpose of fixing up the poles, backstays, and wires for the tight-rope feats of daring which (according to the placards and flaring posters outside) had been performed before all the crowned heads in Europe. The fixing of the rather complicated apparatus took some time, and then, with a bound, the Queen of the Rope came into the circle, and, bowing to the audience, at once proceeded to mount the rope. Her balancing pole—sandpapered according to order, by George—was handed up to her, and she at once began her performance. Truth to tell, it was not of a very dangerous or very exciting character. Even had she missed her footing, she would have fallen soft on the tan, thickly spread some twelve or fourteen feet only, beneath her. But it satisfied the yokel patrons of Mr. Moxey's Show, who, not having seen Blondin, or any of his imitators, were quite content to accept this as something really marvellous. The flare of the

C. C.

evil-smelling oil-lamps, the roaring of the hungry beasts, the trumpeting of the elephants, all served to heighten the illusion, and at the end of the performance, when the Queen of the Rope again descended, the applause was deafening.

And so the show went on to a late hour of the night. Outside, the fun of the fair was kept up until nearly eleven o'clock, but soon after that, the flares lighting the several booths began to flicker out, tents were closed, and it gradually became plain that Burnett Fair was over.

But there was no rest for the unfortunate workers of Moxey's Grand Menagerie. No sooner had the tired country people left the show, than the whole strength of the company was called out to strike the great tent, pull up the pegs, coil away the guy-ropes, uproot the poles, and prepare to get on the road again; for Mr. Moxey had determined upon being at Burstow before daybreak, so as to secure a choice 'pitch' before he could be forestalled by any other wandering showman. The horses were harnessed to the vans, painted with fancy sketches of tigers and elephants; great loads of canvas, ropes, and tent-poles were packed upon the mangy-coated camels and elephants, and within two hours from the exit of the last sightseer from the menagerie, that important and—more or less—world-famed show was once more on its travels.

All who could manage it went to sleep in the vans; others, whose duties required them to keep awake, dozed at short and uncertain intervals, waking with a start as the vans jolted over a rough country road. It is a hard life, this show and circus kind of existence: little time to eat, less to sleep, and not much to get by it, after all; a sorry thing, in its tinsel and make-believe, its wearisome monotony, and its thankless, never-ending work. Probably Mr. Moxey himself was about the only person who did not suffer by this constant rush from place to place. He, good man, took care to do none of the work, whilst he took all the profits of the show. Whoever else went short of sleep, it was not the excellent proprietor. Whoever else found hardly time to snatch even the hastiest of meals, that person was not Mr. Moxey. His wife was a good-natured, hard-working drudge, who did just what she was told to do, and looked after her husband in a way that he certainly did not deserve. So Mr. Moxey slept peacefully on, whilst his vans, his horses, his elephants and camels rumbled through the night.

The stay at Burstow—which only lasted one day and night—was productive of nothing bearing upon the history of either George or Bernard. The former found that, although it was rather hard work to satisfy his many masters (for every one in the caravan seemed to think that 'the boy' was meant for his or her particular use and benefit), still, it was work well within his compass, and for which his rough colonial experiences had well fitted him. He found, too, an immense interest in the collection of wild beasts, and lost no chance of easing their unhappy and hungry lot in life. Many a morsel was supplied them when no one was by to interfere, and the Lion-tamer—who, in private life, rejoiced in the name of Horatio Nelson Bung—was quite puzzled sometimes to account for their sleepy and contented

manner; the fact being that, properly fed, they were quite mild in their conduct, whilst, when half-starving, they became actually dangerous.

During the interval between the afternoon and evening performances at Burstow, Mr. Moxey, in somewhat troubled mood, was walking up and down the booth with his hands in his pocket, his chin resting on his chest. He had taken over the charge of Lord Brampton, as he had said, to serve his old acquaintance, Dan Lee, but really with quite another object in view. The idea was that by careful management he might extract a large sum of money from the young Viscount's friends before giving him up. But it was, as he well knew, a highly dangerous game to play. In truth, Lord Brampton was not made of the right stuff for adventurers of Mr. Moxey's class to trade on. Neither Dan Lee nor himself had been able to produce any effect upon the boy by threats, and that was where the whole machinery broke down, or, as the menagerie proprietor expressed it, that was 'what upset the apple-cart.' Had Lord Brampton been weak or frightened, the way to get a sum of money out of his connexions would have been an easy one. But, to Mr. Moxey's annoyance, the young Viscount had laughed at him when he proposed that he should write for a sum of money to be sent by his friends in return for restoring him his liberty—laughed at him, and coolly told him that he meant to escape whenever he got tired of the show. Well, thought the man, he shan't do that, anyhow. But what if he holds out? What if all his efforts proved unavailing to extract money for him? And Mr. Moxey waxed exceeding wrath as this view of the case forced itself upon his notice. 'I should like to punch his head, that I should,' muttered the man savagely, 'and yet I dare not do anything for fear of getting myself into trouble. It seems to me I am in a pretty big hole as it is. If I were to let him go, or he were to escape, or the police were to find him kept here against his will—well, I am just thinking it might look very awkward for poor John Moxey. As to Lee—well, I dare say he is safely on board some ship by now, and starting out of the country. Whether he is or no, he must look out for himself, I am not going to run any risks for him. I was a fool to ever take on this job, but I thought, the boy being a lord, that as soon as Dan's back was turned, I was sure to get something out of it. It is very hard, it really is.'

Mr. Moxey stopped suddenly in his tramping up and down, as an idea struck him. 'I will have another try at the little wretch—now, this minute, that I will. And if he don't give way and consent to either write to his friends, or promise to send me the money as soon as I let him go home—I will—' and he paused and shook his fist in the direction of Lord Brampton's little tent. 'I don't know what I won't do!'

'Good day, my Lord,' said Mr. Moxey; 'I suppose you are getting a bit tired of this sort of life?'

'Morning, Moxey,' nodded Bernard, contentedly munching a large piece of German sausage. 'No, I am not a bit tired of it at present, thanks. I should think you must be, though. Been at it a bit longer than me, you see.'

Moxey was put off his point again. However,



"Good day, my lord; I suppose you are getting a bit tired of this sort of life."

back he came to it at once, saying doggedly, 'Never mind whether I am, or whether I'm not. I came here to talk about you, not about myself: to talk about your future.'

'That is awfully good of you, Moxey, really. Well, all I can tell you about my future is that I am going into the army at the proper time—cavalry regiment,

you know,' and he leisurely munched the last slice of sausage.

The worthy proprietor again choked down his wrath. He knew the Viscount was making fun of him, and yet he hardly knew in what way to resent it.

(Continued at page 290.)



“Who’ll ye be wanting, boy?” — “Captain Calvert. I have a note for him.”

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 288.)

AFTER a brief interval of silence, Mr. Moxey said, 'You know perfectly well I am not talking about that sort of future. I mean, what are you going to do, now?'
 'Oh, nothing. Just lazy around, you know. Won't you sit down?'
 'No, I won't sit down! it is like your cool cheek, I don't think, to ask me to sit down on my own seat, in my own tent!' burst out Moxey savagely. 'Call yourself a nobleman, do you?'
 'Oh, dear, no. Never called myself anything of the sort in my life, I assure you.'

'Well, I always thought Lords and Viscounts and all that was—was—'

'Fools? Ah, I dare say you did. But they are not—not by a long way, Moxey. As far as I have been able to see they are human beings, very like the rest of the world.'

'Look here, I don't want any more of this, and what is more I am not going to have you loafing about my show all your life, I can tell you! Why should I be paying for your keep all this time, I should like to know?'

'Ah! Why, indeed?' said Bernard, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, which still further irritated the proprietor.

'Are you going to write to your friends for that five hundred pounds?'

'Rather not. The whole thing is too funny. Quite like playing at brigands with this ransom business, isn't it? Why don't you start now, as a full-blooded brigand, in the sunny south? Try Sicily or Macedonia. A sign-board with "Moxey & Co. Brigands. Mountain robberies carried out with promptitude and despatch" on it, would look splendid. Ha-ha-ha!' he laughed, as Moxey, in speechless rage, dashed out of the tent and disappeared from view.

The boys had ample chances of seeing each other alone that day, and they also contrived to write a note, between them, to send to Mr. Devenish, which George concealed in the breast of his waistcoat, awaiting an opportunity to slip away and post it. This, however, was a difficult matter, for he was continually wanted to do all sorts of odd jobs about the booth, and moreover he ascertained, through cautious inquiries, that they were nearly a mile and a half from the nearest post office. He would certainly be unable to get away unobserved, and, as their plan for deliverance was intended to be put in force on the morrow, they came to the conclusion that it would be better to risk nothing before that.

'I will write to my uncle, George, and you must manage to make a bolt of it some time to-morrow, after the caravan has arrived at Laindon, and find your way up to the barracks with it. Ask for Captain Calvert of the 192nd Highlanders, and give

the note into his hand. Leave it to him what to do: he is a sharp fellow, and will know best.'

And then Bernard wrote as under:—

'DEAR UNCLE ALAN,—Of course you've heard of my "mysterious disappearance." Well, it isn't so very mysterious, after all, but I'll tell you all about that when we meet. At present I am kept a sort of first-class prisoner in the tent of a fellow named Moxey (Moxey's Grand Menagerie, you know). The show is pitched here in Laindon, where a fair is going on, and I want you to come down during the evening performance, and take me away. Moxey is holding on to me until I either write for, or promise to pay him, five hundred pounds, by way of ransom. Don't tell the police, because I don't want Mrs. Moxey to suffer in the matter. You see, they—I mean the police, would be sure to collar Moxey, which would serve him right—and then he would get sent to prison, which, whilst also serving him right, would probably rob poor Mrs. Moxey of her living, and she has been awfully good to me. I don't know if Moxey will show fight when he sees you, but I should think not. He is a bullying, blustering kind of man, but I should fancy a bit of a funk, at heart. Anyhow, you are not afraid of him, I know. The boy who takes this letter up to you is a brick: you may trust him in anything: in fact, he found me out, where Sergeant Lobster (oh, George—that's the boy's name—George says it isn't Lobster, but Flobster) Flobster and the police quite failed. Anything I may have forgotten to tell you in this letter, George can tell if you ask him. You might send a telegram to Mr. Devenish telling him I've been found. I did write, but we haven't found a chance to post the letter.—Your affect. nephew, BRAMPTON.'

Laindon Fair was a poor affair. One steam roundabout with its organ giving forth its hideous din, and some half-dozen booths and tents, made up with gingerbread and apple-stalls, the total list of attractions. The arrival of Moxey's Grand Menagerie was something of an event, and caused quite a flutter of excitement in the little camp. The afternoon performance was fairly well patronised, prominent amongst the audience being several of the rank and file of the 192nd Highlanders in their picturesque kilts and scarlet tunics: then, after a two hours' interval, the doors were opened for the grand evening show. And within ten minutes of the opening George had slipped out at the back of the booth, and was speeding rapidly on his way to Carton barracks. Our young Canadian friend was feeling a trifle nervous for the success of his mission. So much depended on it, and he did not even know his way to the barracks. However, before he had got half a mile from the show with its glare of oil lights, evil-smelling beasts, and clash of brass music, he met two privates in the 192nd, of whom he inquired the way. 'Who'll ye be wanting, boy?' inquired the man he addressed.

'Captain Calvert. I have a note for him,' answered George.

'Oh, then ye'll find him in the officers' quarters, or—no, at this time ye'll find him at the mess-room. Go straight to the mess-room. Ask the sentry, and he will tell ye where it is. At present ye

go straight on on this road, tak' the first to the left, and that will lead ye to the barracks. It'll no be varra' far,' and they resumed their journey. They were going to patronise Mr. Moxey's Grand Menagerie themselves—whilst George sped silently on up the almost deserted road.

Soon after turning to the left, he passed another pair of soldiers tramping down the road, and a couple of hundred yards farther on he came in sight of a large square block of buildings, with lights in all the front windows. A sentry box stood beside a tall iron gate, in the railings which inclosed the entire mass of habitations, and a stalwart Highlander in bearskin bushy and long grey coat, reaching down to his white gaitered ankles, carrying a rifle and fixed bayonet, walked steadily up and down. George heaved a sigh of relief: for he had reached his goal without any attempt having been made to stop him. Probably he had not even been missed. Inquiring of the sentinel his way to the officers' mess-room, George passed through the tall iron gateway, and went straight to some windows which, unshuttered, shed a bright light on the gravel path of the parade-ground outside. Looking in, he could see the old grey-headed Colonel, seated at the head of the table, his back turned towards the window outside which the boy was standing; he saw the officers all in their uniform and scarlet mess jackets, looking smart, well set up, and clean cut. There was also a sprinkling of civilians whose black coats served as an admirable foil to set off the scarlet and gold of their hosts. For this was 'Guest night,' and the hospitable 192nd were entertaining several of their friends from the neighbourhood. And, before George Watt has been gazing in at the window more than a minute, the Colonel rises and instantly all conversation is hushed. In these few words, he records the loyalty of all present. Raising his glass, he says:—

'Gentlemen, the Queen!' and in a moment every man there is standing, raising his glass and repeating, 'The Queen!' whilst many, indeed most, add the words, with deeply earnest tone, 'God bless her!'

And not until the band has played the first part of the grand old National Anthem are seats resumed once more.

George, as he witnessed this (to him) novel sight, felt a little choking sensation in the throat.

'Well, I've heard a deal of the advantages of a free Republic, and a lot about the American Eagle—but give me something to love—give me a Queen!'

And he voiced many a man's half-defined wish in those simple words.

Then, suddenly remembering his mission, he sought the mess sergeant, and entrusted Bernard's note to him to give to Captain Calvert.

Within a space of two minutes that gentleman was out of the mess-room and confronting George.

Captain Calvert was a man of splendid build and proportions. He stood six feet two, and his chest looked even bigger than his height warranted. His face was tanned a deep brown by constant exposure to the weather, and his whole appearance gave that impression of 'hardness' which is so fitting and so pleasant to see in a soldier. 'I should think you might keep on hitting him for a week without making the slightest impression,' was George's unspoken

comment, as he looked up into the stern but kindly face.

'So you are "George,"' he said, glancing from him to the letter. 'Well, would you like to have anything before we start, or shall we be getting along at once? rather go at once, eh? All right then: just come in here, and amuse yourself with the newspapers, and I will be ready in a few minutes,' and so saying he motioned George into a small room where the papers, illustrated and otherwise, were lying about in disordered profusion, and himself quickly disappeared along a passage.

(Continued at page 298.)

A FIGHT WITH RATS.

DURING a flood on the marshes near Sittingbourne, a man was overtaken by the rush of tidal waters, and, for safety, he sought refuge in a tree. He had not been long here before he was horrified to find a number of rats swimming towards him. The rats were ferocious and excited by being driven from their haunts, and they made for the tree with a view of seeking the same shelter which the man enjoyed. Not caring to come to close quarters with the rats, the man took off one of his heavily nailed boots, and with it he prepared to give battle. As fast as the rats came to the tree they were beaten back into the water, and so the fight continued, until the creatures were either killed outright or compelled to seek a resting-place elsewhere. The victor then put on his boot, and, when the waters had subsided, he dropped from his perch and made the best of his way home.

THE DYING ROBIN.

FEW sights are more touching than that of the death of a caged robin, as shown in the illustration, since imprisonment is particularly painful to a bird so active and lively. Seldom does he live for any time: his eye dims, his feathers are ruffled, he is silent, or makes only a plaintive chirp. But in a large aviary, where a number of birds are kept, and there is room enough to fly about, robins will thrive, even becoming very tame and affectionate, only the trouble is that they do not agree with companions of any sort. Indeed, the best friends of the robin have to allow that he is a quarrelsome bird. They usually have, each of them, a district of their own. Should a stranger intrude, he is pounced upon by the robin guarding what he thinks is his rightful ground, so that battles are frequent, and two nests are rarely found near each other.

Robins have chosen sometimes odd sites for their nests—in a hollow place on the side of a sawpit, for instance, where the noise of sawing hour after hour did not seem to startle either parent. The top of a disused pump has been chosen, or an empty tin can by the wayside, which was half full of dead leaves. A corner of an old outhouse has served for a nest; now and then one is cleverly hidden amongst grass-grown or mossy roots. Oddest of all was when a

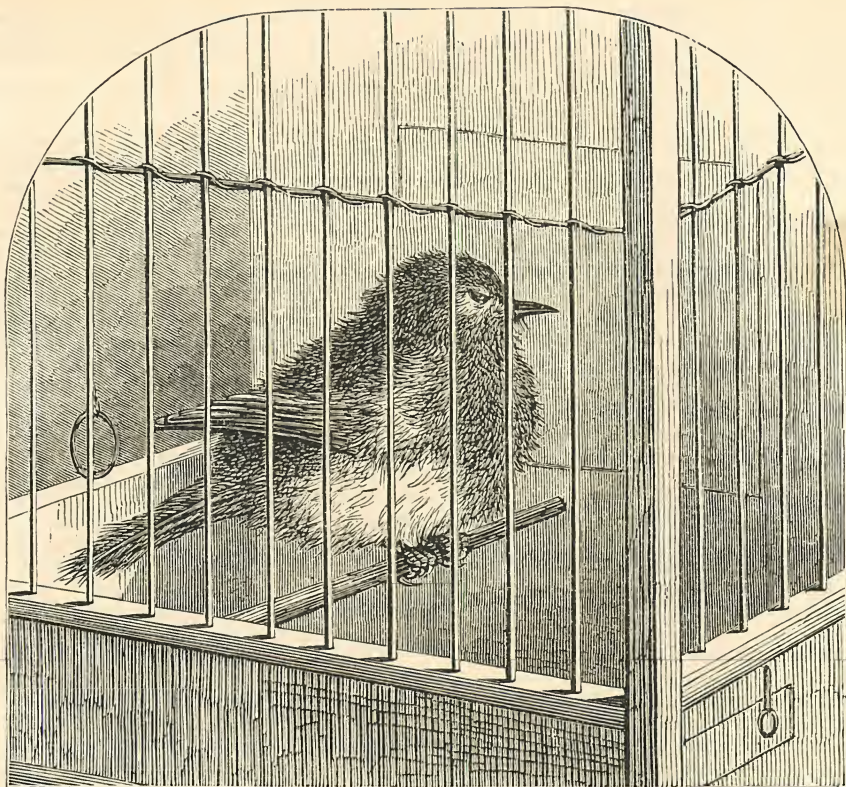


At Bay.

robin began to build between the open pulpit Bible and the cushion in a church. It is remarkable that robins appear to be fond of churches. Most village churches have their special robin, and a ruined mansion or ancient barn is likely to have one. Yet the robin does not often choose a high perch when he is giving a burst of bird-music; he likes the roof of a garden shed, a post, or a twig of some fruit-tree.

Many gardeners know the robin as one of their on-lookers in the work of digging or hoeing. Robin watches to see the earth turned over, and should a fat grub be turned up, he is alert to secure it. Possibly it was his habit of hopping upon newly made graves in churchyards that gave rise to the tale about *The Babes in the Wood*.

J. R. S. O.



The Dying Robin.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

KENNETH, SCOODRACH AND MAX.*

LOOK here, Scoodrach, if you call me *she* again, I'll kick you!' This sentence introduces us to Kenneth Mackhai, the son of the 'chief' of Dunroe, and Scoodrach his 'gillie' (servant).

A sun-browned, well-knit, handsome lad was Kenneth Mackhai, warm-hearted and daring even to fool-hardiness. He was the only son of The Mackhai, and the grand old chief was very proud of him.

Scoodrach, the gillie, was a red-headed, freckled-faced lad of seventeen, thoroughly devoted to the family of Mackhai, albeit half a savage in other ways. He would have fought tooth and limb for his young chief had necessity arisen, and was at all times willing to defend him even with his life. His love and loyalty to his master were admirable, and excite the admiration of all who follow the story from start to finish.

'Scood,' as he was always called, had acquired the habit common to the peasants of the Scotch Highlands, of using the pronoun '*she*' where '*you*' is commonly used. To Kenneth, this form of speech

was particularly annoying, and hence the threat recorded.

The young chief was called to breakfast by his father, and we follow him up the steep slope to the garden surrounding the ancient castle of Dunroe, which had been built as a strong-hold somewhere about the fourteenth century, and still stood solid on its rocky foundation. . . . The portion Kenneth Mackhai approached had for inhabitants only the jackdaws, which encumbered the broken stairs by the loop-holes with their nests; but, after passing a gloomy archway and crossing the open interior, he left the old keep by another arch-way, to enter the precincts of the modern castle of Dunroe—a commodious building, erected after the style of the old, and having a sound roof and floors, with large windows looking across the dazzling sea.

Kenneth entered a handsome dining-room, where the breakfast was spread, and where his father, The Mackhai—a tall, handsome man of fifty—was pacing angrily up and down. Not that he was angry with his son; nothing of the kind. He was deeply troubled by his thoughts, and his son feared that money-worries had a great deal to do with it. There was no sign of poverty about the place; the room was tastily furnished in good old style; the carpet was thick, a silver coffee-pot glistened upon the table, and around the walls were paintings of ancestral Mackhais, from the bare-armed, scale-armoured chief who fought the MacDougals of

* It is in the tale called by the author—G. Manville Fenn—'Three Boys,' that we are introduced to this interesting trio, and follow their fortunes through the story.

Lorne, down to Ronald Mackhai, who represented Ross-shire when King William sat upon the throne.

During breakfast The Mackhai opened a letter brought in by one of the gillies. It was evident that it did not please him, for he frowned a good deal over it. 'I can't help myself,' he muttered. 'Here, Ken,' turning to his son, 'what are you going to do to-day?'

'I was going up the river after a salmon.'

'Not to-day, my boy. Here, I have news for you. Mr. Blande, my solicitor in London, writes me word that his son is coming down—a boy about your age.'

'Son—coming down? Did you invite him, father?'

'Eh? No; never mind that,' said The Mackhai hastily. 'Coming down to stay with us a bit. Regular London boy. Not in very good health. You must be civil to him, Ken, and show him about a bit.'

'Yes, father,' said Kenneth, who felt from his father's manner that the coming guest was not welcome.

'He is coming by Glasgow, and then by the *Grenadier*. His father thinks that the sea will do him good. Go and meet him.'

'Yes, father.'

'Tell them to get a room ready for him.'

'Yes, father.'

'Be as civil to him as you can, and—Pah!'

That ejaculation '*pah!*' came like an angry outburst, as The Mackhai gave the table a sharp blow and rose and strode out of the room.

So it came about that Kenneth and Scood started out in a little boat to meet the 'London laddie'—Max Blande.

After some hours of sailing in their small craft, during which time there had been no use for the guns which they had brought with them, they sighted a red-funnelled steamer approaching. Getting as near to her as safety permitted, Kenneth stood up, gazing eagerly at the little crowd by the paddle-box.

'How are you, captain?' he shouted.

'How are you, squire?' came the answer.

'Any one for us?' asked Kenneth.

'Yes. Young gent for Dunroe,' said a man with a gold-braided cap, and after vain remonstrances Max Blande found himself, with his luggage, clinging with all his might to a seat in the little boat, which danced rapidly up and down, for, truth to tell, the young Londoner was not used to the 'danger' incurred by sitting in so frail a craft in the open sea. . . . It seemed, to Max, utter madness to be seated in such a frail cockle-shell, which kept on lying over from the pressure on the sail, and riding across the waves which hissed and rushed along the sides, and now and then sent a few drops flying over the sail.

'Is—there any danger?' faltered the poor fellow at last, as the boat seemed to fly through the water. Then, a few moments after receiving an assurance from Scood that 'she shall not go down just directly,' he said imploringly, 'Don't—go quite so fast.'

'Wouldn't the young gentleman like to see the Grey Mare's Tail?' asked Scood wickedly.

'Ah! to be sure,' cried Kenneth; 'you would like to see that.'

'Is—is the Grey Mare ashore?' faltered the visitor.

'Yes, just round that point—a mile ahead.'

'Yes, please; I should like to see that,' said the guest, with a sigh of relief, for he seemed to see safety in being nearer the shore.

The 'Grey Mare's Tail,' however, was a little further on than the Scots led their companion to believe. What the 'Grey Mare's Tail' really was Max had not the slightest suspicion, for he asked presently—eliciting roars of laughter from his companions—'Is it much further to the Grey Mare's stable?'

Hiss, roars, rush, and a spray of spattering drops of the beaten waves splashed over them as they raced on, between frowning rocks and crags, at a rate which made the City boy feel dizzy. Suddenly the boat made quite a leap, rose upright, the pressure on the sail ceased, the rush of wind seemed to be suddenly cut off, and they were gliding rapidly along in an almost waveless bay, with a deep, loud, thunderous roar booming into their ears.

'What do you think of that?' cried Kenneth, laughing in his guest's astonished face.

'I—I don't know. Is anything broken?'

'Broken? No. We are under the shelter of the great point.'

'Oh, I see. But what's that noise—thunder?'

'Thunder? No. That's the Grey Mare wagging her tail.'

'You are laughing at me,' said Max quietly. 'I can't help being so ignorant.'

'Never mind, we will show you. I say, Scood, there is wind enough to carry us by if we go close in.'

'No, there isn't; keep out.'

'Shan't! Get out the oars and help.'

'Best keep out,' grumbled Scood.

'You get out the oars—do you hear?'

Scood frowned, and slowly laid out the oars, as he took his place on the forward thwart, after a glance at the sail which barely filled now.

'She aren't safe to go near,' he said sulkily.

'Does she kick?' said Max eagerly.

Kenneth burst into a fresh roar of laughter.

'Oh, yes, sometimes,' he said, 'right into the boat.'

Scood sat with the oars balanced and a grim smile upon his face, while Max looked sharply from one to the other, and seeing that there was something which he did not grasp he sat watchful and silent, while the boat, in the full current which swept round the bay, glided rapidly out toward the farther point, from behind which the thunderous roar seemed to come.

In another minute they were close to the point, round which the tide flowed still and deep, and directly after Max held his breath, as the boat glided on, with the sail flapping, towards where in one wild leap a torrent of white water came clear out from a hundred feet above to plunge sullenly into the sea.

'That is the Grey Mare's Tail,' cried Kenneth, raising his voice so as to be heard above the heavy roar; and the fall was really somewhat like to the long, white, sweeping tail of some huge beast, reaching from the face of the precipice to the sea.

Max felt awe-stricken, for, saving on canvas, he had never seen anything of the kind before. It was grand, beautiful, and thrilling to see the white water coming foaming down, and seeming to make the sea boil; but the perspiration came out on the lad's brow as he understood the meaning of what had passed, and understood Scood's remonstrances, for it was evident that the boat was drawing rapidly toward the fall, and that in the shelter of the tremendous cliff there was not enough wind to counteract the set of the current.

It was owing to Ken's foolhardiness that for a brief and dreadful time death stared the lads full in the face. By dint of pulling hard and unitedly the danger was, at last, behind them, and the boat sailing on smooth water.

The Castle of Dunroe reached, a series of adventurous deeds are recorded in a thoroughly entertaining style by the author. In the chapter 'A Morning Bath,' Max's first experiences in sea-bathing are detailed. One cannot help feeling sorry for the boy, as he was quite unused to the free, open-air, daring life lived by the young Scottish chief. In spite, however, of the apparent cowardice of Max Blande, he had a good share of latent pluck, which served him well on several critical occasions, and once at least probably saved the lives of Kenneth and Scood. The chapters entitled 'Bird's-nesting under Difficulties,' 'A Brave Attempt,' 'A Terrible Journey,' and 'How Max fetched Help,' recount stirring stories of hairbreadth escapes.

Kenneth's rashness nearly cost him his life when, disregarding the admonitions of his companion, Scood, he attempted to leap the chasm and the waterfall.

For two or three weeks Kenneth lay between life and death in his room at Dunroe, and during that time Max was his devoted companion. He was gentle and tender as a sister in all his ways. Very trying was Ken; at times his peevishness was almost unbearable. Here is part of a conversation which took place between Max and his patient when that patient was progressing toward convalescence after his ugly tumble and immersion.

'Shall I read to you a bit, now?' asked Max.

'No! Bother your old books! Who wants to lie here and be read to about your jolly old Hentys, and Friths, and Percy Groves? I don't want books; I want to go out on the mountain, or in the boat, and have a rattling good sail. Here, I shall get up.'

Max seized him and pressed him back, for he was very weak.

'The doctor says if you get out of bed you will faint again, same as you did yesterday.'

'All right!' said Kenneth, struggling feebly; 'I want to faint the same as I did yesterday. It will be a change.'

'Nonsense! you shall not get up.'

Kenneth lay back panting.

'Oh, how I do hate you!' he cried. 'Just you wait till I get strong again. I will serve you out. Scoody and I will duck you, and get you on the pony, and—I know! Just you let me get a chance, and I will send you sailing down the falls the same as I did.'

'No, you will not.'

'Oh, won't I? You will see. If you knock me about again like this, I will wait my chance, and pepper you with grouse-shot, and see how you like that. I say!'

'Yes, Kenneth.'

'Don't say "Yes, Kenneth," say "Yes." Look here: why doesn't Long Shon come to ask how I am?'

'He does, every morning.'

'He doesn't!—a miserable old duck's legs!'

'But he does. I told you so.'

'That you didn't. You take advantage of my lying here, and—oh, I say, you might shut that window: it does make it so hot.'

Max rose to go and close the window; but Kenneth caught his hand and held it, looking up at him wet-eyed and wistful.

'Maxy, old chap,' he said softly.

'Yes.'

'I am such a beast!'

'Nonsense!'

'I am; don't take any notice of what I say. I feel as if I must be disagreeable and say all sorts of things I don't mean, and all the time I know what a good one you are, sitting in this nasty, stuffy old room, which smells of physis enough to knock you down.'

'I like sitting with you.'

'You can't when you might be out with Tavvy and Scood.' (Tavvy was a good-natured and powerful giant, and a faithful servant of the Mackhais.) 'I would give anything to go, and you must want to go; but you are such a good-hearted old chap, to sit there and read for hours, and talk to a poor miserable beggar who is never going to be well again.'

'I say, I am so dull and miserable, you might do one thing for me.'

'Yes; what shall I do?'

'Go and fetch the dogs. I want to see them.' (A trio of dogs plays quite an important part in the story. Their names are Dick, Bruce, and Sneeshing.)

Max nodded, and had reached the door when Kenneth called him back.

'What is it?' said Max, staring, as he saw Kenneth's thin white hands stretched out towards him, and a peculiar look on his face, which looked the more strange from its having a long strapping of plaster across his brow.

Kenneth made no reply, only held out his hand.

Max grasped his meaning and caught the hand in his, to hold it tightly, the two lads gazing in each other's eyes as a strong friendship was cemented between them, far more binding than Kenneth could have imagined in his wildest dreams.

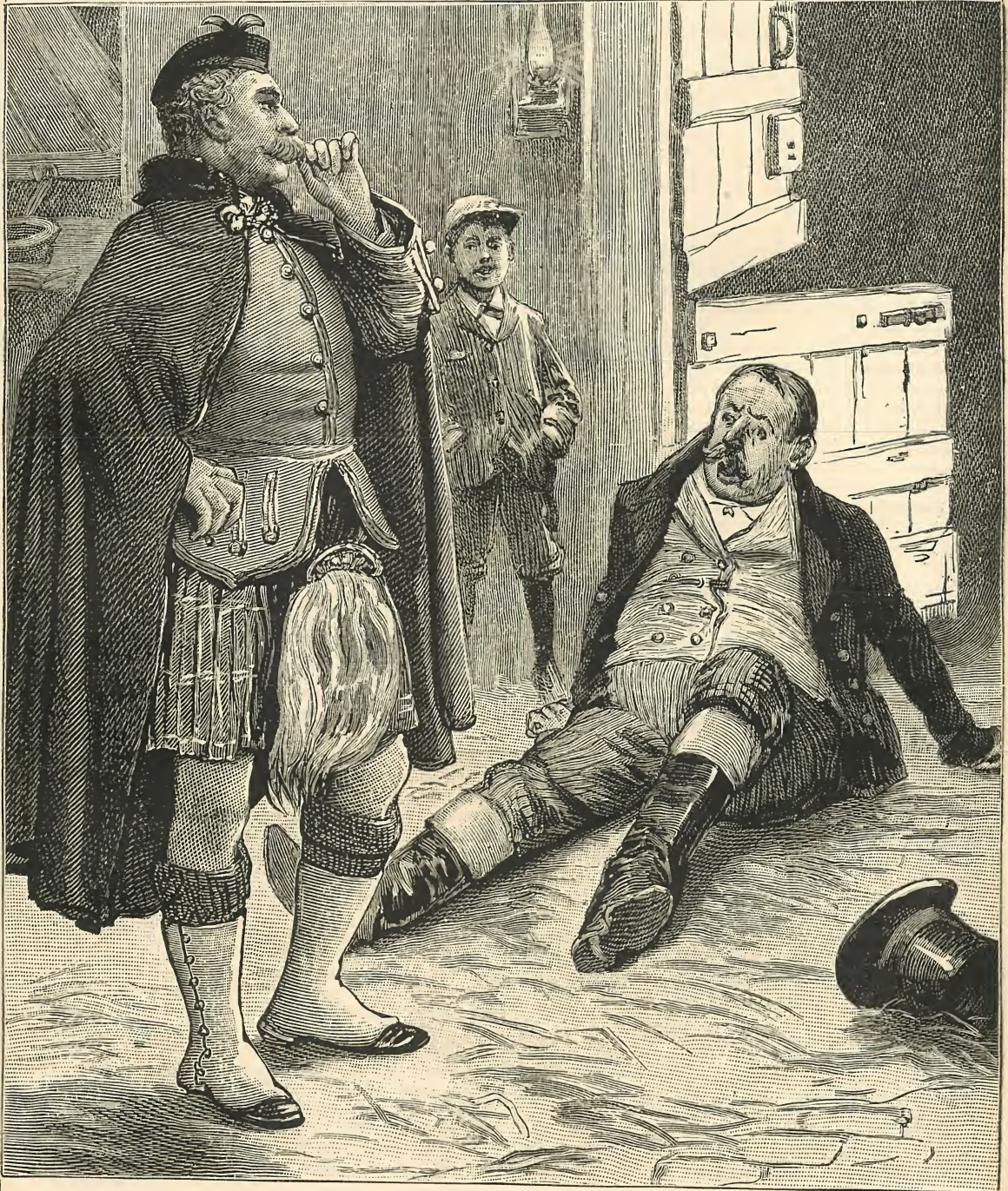
Perhaps the chapters which will claim the closest attention of those who read the story will be those which tell 'How Kenneth resists the Law,' 'How Donald' (the aged piper) 'played the "War-March,"' and 'Suit of Andrew Blande.'

The chapter which elicits from lovers of noble deeds, a hearty cheer is the last in the book, and is called 'Restitution;' but as Ken and Max are both young men when the restitution takes place there will be no account of it given here. Boys and girls who wish to know about it must go to Mr. Fenn's book for themselves.

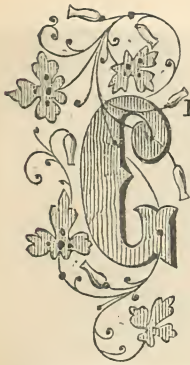
JAMES CASSIDY.



"Kenneth and Seod started out to meet the London laddie."



"Mr. Moxey deposited in a highly uncomfortable position on the floor."



'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 291.)

GEORGE had hardly looked through the pictures in the *Illustrated London News*, when Captain Calvert returned. He was enveloped in a long dark blue military cloak, fastened by a small chain at the throat. He looked, in this garment, bigger than ever.

To the boy's surprise, a cart, to which was harnessed a smart-looking polo pony, stood outside on the parade-ground awaiting them. He wondered how, at that time of night, it was possible to put a horse to and bring it round so quickly. But he did not know that Captain Calvert, big and good-humoured as he was, ruled with a rod of iron, and his men all knew, if he said a thing must be done within a certain time, it had got to be done somehow. Similarly his soldier servant would have carried out almost any command possible, however little reason he, personally, thought it contained. He was quite well aware that his master never gave an order unless he knew that order could be carried out in the time and in the way he desired; and that was reason enough for him.

Captain Calvert picked up the reins, stepped into the cart on one side, and signed to George to do so on the other. The servant jumped up behind, and away they went at a rapid pace towards the little fair. It took but a very short time to drive the distance, and, pulling up outside 'Moxey's Grand Menagerie,' they alighted, and leaving the pony-cart in charge of the man, the two walked up to the pay entrance of the booth.

Captain Calvert put down half-a-crown, ejaculated 'Two,' picked up his change, and went in. The Lion-tamer was shouting to his two wretched brutes to leap through the hoops he held on high for them, whilst the audience, with breathless attention, followed every movement of the supposed savage beasts.

'Where shall I find the proprietor, my boy, do you think?' asked the officer.

'I don't quite know, sir; but, if you will follow me to the stables at the back of the tent, I think we may very likely find him there,' and George led the way to the place he had just named without delay.

They passed out of the crowd, and went to the back. Just as the boy got to the wretched place, lighted by a solitary oil flare, where the camels and cart-horses were stabled, Moxey suddenly pounced upon him, and caught him by the ear.

'Where have you been to all this time, you wretched little imp?' he cried in a thick, husky voice. 'I'll teach you to take yourself off like that just when you're wanted. Now, tell the truth, or I'll skin you alive! did you post any letter for that young lor—that young gentleman, I mean, that is staying here? Did you—'

But at that moment Mr. Moxey, to his own intense surprise, found himself grasped by the back of his collar and the waistband of his trousers, and deposited in a highly uncomfortable sitting posture on the floor.

'Not quite so fast, Mr. Moxey; not quite so fast, please. The boy was engaged in bringing a letter to me at the barracks. I am Captain Alan Calvert.'

'The Earthquake!' exclaimed Mr. Moxey, in awed astonishment as he eyed the brawny Highlander in front of him.

Captain Calvert laughed slightly. 'The Earthquake' was the nickname by which he was known throughout the army for his extraordinary strength and prowess as a wrestler.

'Well, Captain, I don't want to have no arguments with you, you know,' began the proprietor, in whining tones. 'I don't know why you should have taken that liberty with me, but I will say no more about it. I was only just—'

'You were bullying the boy.'

'Well, he is my boy to bully, isn't he?'

'No, he is not. He is a friend of mine now, so I'll trouble you to treat him with proper respect. But I didn't come here to-night to talk about him. You've got a youngster here that you or some of your precious friends have kidnapped. Yes, sir, kidnapped: it's no good denying it.'

Mr. Moxey began to lose colour. 'Kidnapped is an awkward word to use, mister. I might have an action for defamation of character against you for saying that, and I will if you are not careful.'

'Listen to me, you idiot. Young Lord Brampton was carried away from his home, handed over to your precious care, and has been detained by you, in this show, ever since. Deny it if you can.'

Moxey thought over the situation for a minute. Then he said, 'Don't you believe it, Governor—beg pardon, Captain. Young Lord Brampton! not likely! I have got a young chap here, it's true, but he is a bit wrong in his head, you know—keeps on fancying he's a gorilla, you know—there, Captain, you know I wouldn't go for to deceive you, now, would I? Why, there, you can see him for yourself a setting in that cage over there, labelled "dangerous," and he pointed through the doorway to the cage where Bernard was engaged in his usual amusement of playing the big ape.'

The man had put on such an injured innocent air as he spoke these words, that Captain Calvert was, for the moment, somewhat shaken. He turned to George, and said quickly, 'I suppose you're quite sure this is no mistake?—that it really is Lord Brampton, and not some crazy fellow that imagines he is the missing boy?'

'Well, sir, he's more like the "missing link" at the present moment!' replied George, laughing, 'but there's not the slightest doubt, I can assure you. I have lived with him, so I ought to know. Don't you know his handwriting?'

'No, I don't. As a matter of fact, I don't remember his ever writing to me before. But the whole matter can be settled in a moment: let me see him, and then, if it is not he, by any chance, I have nothing more to say.'

But this arrangement did not at all fall in with Mr. Moxey's views. He was in a terrible fright, and knew that the game was up unless he could keep the gallant officer from seeing the boy.

'Now, look here, Captain, can't you take a gentleman's word—my word—for it, that this boy has nothing to do with young Lord Brampton? The boy is in that cage there—'

'Personating a gorilla and thereby deceiving the public, eh, Mr. Moxey? It would be rather an awkward thing for you if I were to announce that fact to them now, at this moment, wouldn't it? It is no good trying to deceive me—produce the boy. You know you have nothing to fear if you are right and I'm wrong.'

Moxey began to get desperate. He was like a rat which will not fight until it is driven into a corner. The burly proprietor of the show felt that his only chance now was to try and brazen the matter out.

'This is my tent, isn't it? What right have you got in here? If you think it's because you've paid for admittance, you can have your money back and clear out at once. What are you to Lord Brampton or what is he to you, I want to know?' and Mr. Moxey stuck his legs very wide apart and his arms akimbo, as he glared a sickly sort of defiance—which he did not feel—in his opponent's face.

'He is my nephew,' answered the officer calmly, although his fingers were itching to take the man by the neck and throw him out of the tent for his insolence. 'I call upon you to produce him.'

'And I won't produce him, and that's all about it! So now just you clear out of my show as quick as you can, or I'm blessed if I won't call some of my men and have you put out, so there now!' and Mr. Moxey slapped his valiant chest and tried to look very fierce indeed. 'I have got twenty men here, my gallant Captain, who will soon settle you.'

Captain Calvert's eye travelled quietly round the crowded arena; then he replied,—

'And I see at least twenty men of my own regiment here to-night, who would make very short work of your rascallions, Mr. Moxey, if I lifted a finger. And now, for the last time, will you give up the boy?' and the big Highlander took a stride in the showman's direction.

Mr. Moxey jumped back.

'Now, I don't want to have any arguments with you, Captain,' he exclaimed, once more relapsing into his former whining tones, as he remembered the way in which 'the Earthquake' had put him on his back some minutes beforehand. 'Can't you take my word for it that —'

'No, I can't. I will give you five minutes in which to produce the boy.'

'Look here, Captain,' exclaimed the showman in eager tones as a bright idea flashed into his brain. 'You shall see this boy—though you will find that what I have told you about him is all truth—you shall see him for yourself directly the show is over. That will be in less than ten minutes. Will you agree to this?'

Captain Calvert, without replying, drew a pocket-book out, pencilled a few words on a leaf, tore it out, and, handing it to George, whispered to him, 'Take this to that big Highlander you see in front of the

lions: the man with the great red moustache, Sergeant Mactavish; then come back to me here.'

George Watt took the note, and at once disappeared in the crowd, pushing and elbowing his way through, towards the stalwart Sergeant. As soon as he was gone, Captain Calvert turned to Moxey and said, 'Very well. I agree to that.'

The showman suppressed a chuckle. He thought he still saw a way of escape from a very awkward position, and he disappeared at once—leaving the officer leaning against one of the tent-poles—to make preparations for carrying out his scheme.

The people were already beginning to leave in a compact, steady stream, and Moxey was getting some of his men together in one corner of the stables, and giving them their instructions.

No sooner had the last of the audience disappeared, than Captain Calvert moved round in the direction of the sham gorilla. As he did so, Moxey called out loudly,—'Douse the lights!' and in an incredibly short space of time the whole place was in darkness. The wily showman's scheme was to take advantage of the confusion and the darkness to smuggle the boy away to a cart drawn by his fastest horse, and send it off in the opposite direction to that in which the show would be travelling. Wrenching open the door at the back of the gorilla cage, he cried,—'Come on, come out of this, sharp now. I have got a cart waiting for you to send you back to your friends. So hurry up!'

And Bernard, naturally connecting this with the note he had, that evening, sent by George, thought that Moxey had thrown up the sponge and was about to surrender him. The young Viscount slipped off his mask and skin, stepped out of the cage, and was seized from behind in the darkness, a sack thrown over his head, thereby muffling his cries for help, and hurried away to the outside of the tent.

(Continued at page 306.)

THE STICKLEBACK AND HIS HOME.

THERE is many a boy who will never forget the pleasure he felt when he captured his first stickleback. Fishing has a charm to the juvenile mind, and it is upon the stickleback that the beginning is often made, by means of net or line; then from this fish the boy may advance to a minnow or gudgeon; next perhaps he rejoices in bringing to land a perch or chub. In some London parks where the children are allowed to fish, it is amusing to watch a group of a dozen or more, standing on the bank of a lake, both boys and girls intent upon their pursuit, well provided, too, with bottles to hold the catch. Generally the talk and the splashing make noise enough to frighten off even the bold stickleback. What is rather touching is to see a boy patiently angling in a pond on one of the commons, which pond doesn't happen to contain any fish. Some Jack or Tom, who is a storyteller, has deceived him with a tale about the fish he once took there. Possibly, however, he may be rewarded for his patience by the capture of a water-insect, which he can put into his aquarium, if he has one.



The Stickleback and his Home.

People who have kept the stickleback in confinement have found that the fish is rather amusing. He will become very tame, and make himself quite at home within his glass abode, but he has no wish for the society of any of his brethren of the finny race. Sometimes, too, if he is affronted in any way, he will strike his nose so hard against the side of the aquarium, that you would think it must hurt him; but, when other fish are put with them, the sticklebacks will not let them alone. They nibble the fins and tails off any gold-fish, minnows, dace, and similar kinds, also they bite the toes of newts, when they have the chance. A gentleman who had some newts in company with a stickleback, noticed that the newts seemed almost afraid to move, lest this fish should dart at them. But the chief food of the stickleback is small worms, of which he will eat a number, one after another, and be as lively as before. When he gets excited, he raises his spines, which are sharp, and his silvery colour becomes brighter; should he be frightened, however, his usual colour fades, and he is changed to a light brown. Many fishes thus turn colour if alarmed. One of the curious facts about the stickleback is, that it makes a sort of nest, during the spring, of bits of weed and grass, which it weaves together with an elastic thread or cord. In this the eggs are deposited and the young fish hatched, the parent watching the nest day and night, driving off all intruders, as shown in our illustration.

J. R. S. O.

FORCED RHUBARB.



T was a cold, dismal thaw, and the two elderly Miss Craggletons were not enjoying their ride in a London omnibus. Just now it happened to be full. For quite five minutes there had been a lull in the out-goings and in-gettings of wet-footed passengers, most of whom at the farthest and

warmest end seemed to be getting drowsy.

The Miss Craggletons, however, were in no mood for dozing, neither was a lanky, red-haired lad in the farthest corner opposite. The ladies were much too unpleasantly conscious of the draughtiness of their seats next the door, and the boy was playing with a young, yellow-furred cat hid under his coat. Only his head and its paws were visible, and it showed not the least fear nor anxiety to get away.

'I'm terribly afraid for your neuralgia, Maria,' said one of the ladies. 'I've got some cotton-wool in my bag; put it in your ear.'

'And I'm so fearful of your chest, dearest,' replied the other. 'This draught is worse than the street.'

The lanky boy in the corner did not understand exactly what was going on, but he saw that somehow



"Miss Phoebe lay in the midst of the slushy road."

those ladies were not comfortable. He got up and came towards the door. 'There is room for one in that corner,' he said, bluntly.

'Oh, thank you!' said Miss Phoebe. 'Are you getting out?'

'No, mum, not at present. I will sit here, though, if one of you would like to go yonder.'

'You are very kind. Perhaps we can both squeeze down here.'

Which they did, interested naturally in the boy whose politeness had so improved matters for them. They watched him playing with the half-grown cat, noting how gently he kept it amused, and how it seemed to trust him.

'What a kind boy,' said the younger Miss Craggleton in an under tone. 'I wonder who and what he is. He would just do for us, with training, wouldn't he? So good to animals, I'll be bound! I wonder whether—'

'Now, Phœbe, what *is* the use of speculating? He will jump out soon and slip round a corner, and we shall see no more of him.'

The minutes flew by, but still the boy sat there with his cat. When the Misses Craggleton alighted he got out also, though they did not notice it. Just as the omnibus rolled away, Miss Phœbe stepped on a slippery stone. In the twinkling of an eye there she lay in the midst of the slushy road, her gold-rimmed spectacles flying, her bonnet nearly jerked off. Some one helped her up almost before either she or her sister knew that she had fallen. It was their lanky young friend, sprung from they knew not where. In his haste he had dropped the poor little cat, and it was galloping away as fast as it could.

'Go after it at once,' exclaimed both ladies, as he escorted them safely to the pavement. 'Never mind us.'

'She won't go far from me,' he said. 'I hope you are all right, mum.'

Miss Phœbe was not hurt, thanks to the soft slush, but dreadfully muddy.

'We must hail a cab at once,' they said; 'but first tell us your name and address, my good boy.'

'Forced Rhubarb, please mum, 15 Albert Street.'

'What?' cried both ladies at once.

'I—I mean Forbes Rupart,' he said, colouring, and trying to speak more distinctly.

'Spell it, boy,' said Miss Craggleton.

He did so.

'What did you say at first?'

'Please, mum, the master at the Board school once called me that, because he said my name was like it, and the other chaps took it up. I told mother and she laughed, and as often calls me "Forced Rhubarb," as Forbes.'

In spite of the deranged bonnet and muddy mantle, the Miss Craggletons laughed quietly.

'To be sure, it isn't half a bad name,' they said. 'You want filling out, and straightening, and polishing up. How would you like to live in the country?'

'Oh, mum, I should love it!' And the boy's eyes glistened. 'I am not a cockney born, and I get tired of London. But, mother, you see—I couldn't never leave *her*.'

'She and I live all alone,' he continued, in answer to further questions, 'and she takes in sewing. Father died last year; he was a bricklayer. I have just done my schooling. I help her as much as I can, but I am very likely going to be an errand-boy at Mr. Cripps', the grocer's, in our street. He knew father, and he has promised to give us a lift if he can.'

'And why are you travelling about in an omnibus with that cat?'

'Please, mum, there's mice in the house of the lady mother works for a good deal, and she hasn't a cat, and she asked mother if she knew of one. This cat came to us, but we can't very well afford to keep it, and it will have a good home there. It's a good

way off, please, mum, and so mother thought I had better take the 'bus.'

'You seem fond of each other,' said Miss Phœbe, as the boy petted the cat, which was rubbing against his legs and purring. It had stayed quite quietly within an area railing till he was ready to attend to it.

'Yes, mum, I am real fond of animals.'

'Very well. We will remember all about you,' said Miss Craggleton, putting half-a-crown into his hand.

One can imagine the delight with which Forbes hastened home to his mother that evening, and told her all that had happened.

Meantime Miss Phœbe Craggleton looked upon the incident as most fortunate. 'To think we should come to London to find a "buttons!"' she said when they got back to their lodgings that evening.

'There you are, Phœbe, speculating again,' said her sister. 'Perhaps he is only a thief or impostor.'

'I don't believe it,' returned Miss Phœbe. 'If that boy—so awkward, so blunt, so kind to a cat, so polite to old ladies—is an impostor, he is a very clever one.'

(Concluded at page 308.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

41.—SQUARED WORDS.

- 1.—1. Success or prosperity not always deserved.
2. The reverse of under.
3. A mathematical figure.
4. A joint in the body.
- 2.—1. A quarter of the seventeenth part of 340.
2. A strong, useful metal.
3. Empty.
4. Terminations.
- 3.—1. To endure; a savage animal.
2. A woman's Christian name.
3. A word expressing agreement with what has gone before.
4. To speak with uncalled-for violence.
- 4.—1. A noble animal.
2. Unemployed, worthless.
3. A mixture; a medley.
4. Not far off.
- 5.—1. A volcano in the south of Europe.
2. A row placed over or below another.
3. Orderly.
4. Branches of knowledge requiring skill.
- 6.—1. A river in Italy.
2. To gain instruction or amusement from the labours of others.
3. That by which a person is known.
4. Short poems.
- 7.—1. A river in Germany.
2. Usually heavy.
3. A company of musicians; a girdle.
4. A whirlpool.
- 8.—1. A sweet drink; a grassy plain.
2. An island in the Mediterranean.
3. To border upon; to meet.
4. A fruit; fixing a period.

C. C.

42.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. ROMAN dame. Helps to memory.
2. Held short. Often passed over.
3. Thy son E. The best policy.
4. Sue sins B. Should not be neglected.
5. Cows. A black look.
6. Her vats. The result of seed time.
7. Yon cart, R. The reverse.
8. Sip more. Not to be broken.

C. C.

[Answers at page 315.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | | |
|-------------|----------|-----------|-----------|
| 40.—1. Fly. | 6. Pry. | 11. Nigh. | 16. Try. |
| 2. My. | 7. Sigh. | 12. Sty. | 17. Shy. |
| 3. Buy. | 8. Cry. | 13. Fry. | 18. High. |
| 4. Fly. | 9. Lie. | 14. Lie. | 19. Rye. |
| 5. Dry. | 10. Hie. | 15. Sly. | 20. Why. |

FLOWER LEGENDS.

SCOTTISH BLUEBELLS.

IN a little cottage on the outskirts of a wide, bare heath, a thin little girl has been busy all day. Father and mother are at the big market-town, many miles off, and will not be home till late, so she has done her best to have 'everything ready against their coming home;' and now all her little brothers and sisters are snugly asleep in bed, and there is little else to do but to put the lamp in the window and await the home-coming of her parents. 'Father and mother are very late,' thinks the little girl; then, suddenly jumping up and peering through the window, 'It is a mist, I do believe!' she exclaims. The heath is wide and bare, but usually the faint gleam from the lamp guides all wanderers safely to the cottage-door. But to-night certainly no lamp can be seen, and the little girl gets very anxious as the night wears on. At last she remembers her mother had once told her to ring the bell outside the door should ever a mist come on, so that the sound would guide them through the mist in the proper direction. Little Belle, very sorry that she has forgotten this for so long, hastily runs out and begins to ring the bell as loudly as she can, going as far into the mist as she thinks she dare, so that it may sound nearer.

Meanwhile the father and mother have got back to the heath, very weary, cold, and wet, and laden with packets of all kinds. Their dismay is great when they find how thick a mist lies upon the heath; nevertheless, they set off for their cottage, pretty sure that they know where *that* is in spite of *any* mist.

A long, weary time goes by, till the poor mother is almost too exhausted to move, when tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, oh, so faintly, comes to their ears. The relief is so great that the mother is overcome and falls to the ground, packets and all, seeming quite unable to move again. On goes the bell—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle—and the father, taking off his great-coat, wraps his wife in it, so that she may be encouraged to rise and make a last effort to reach home. He dares not

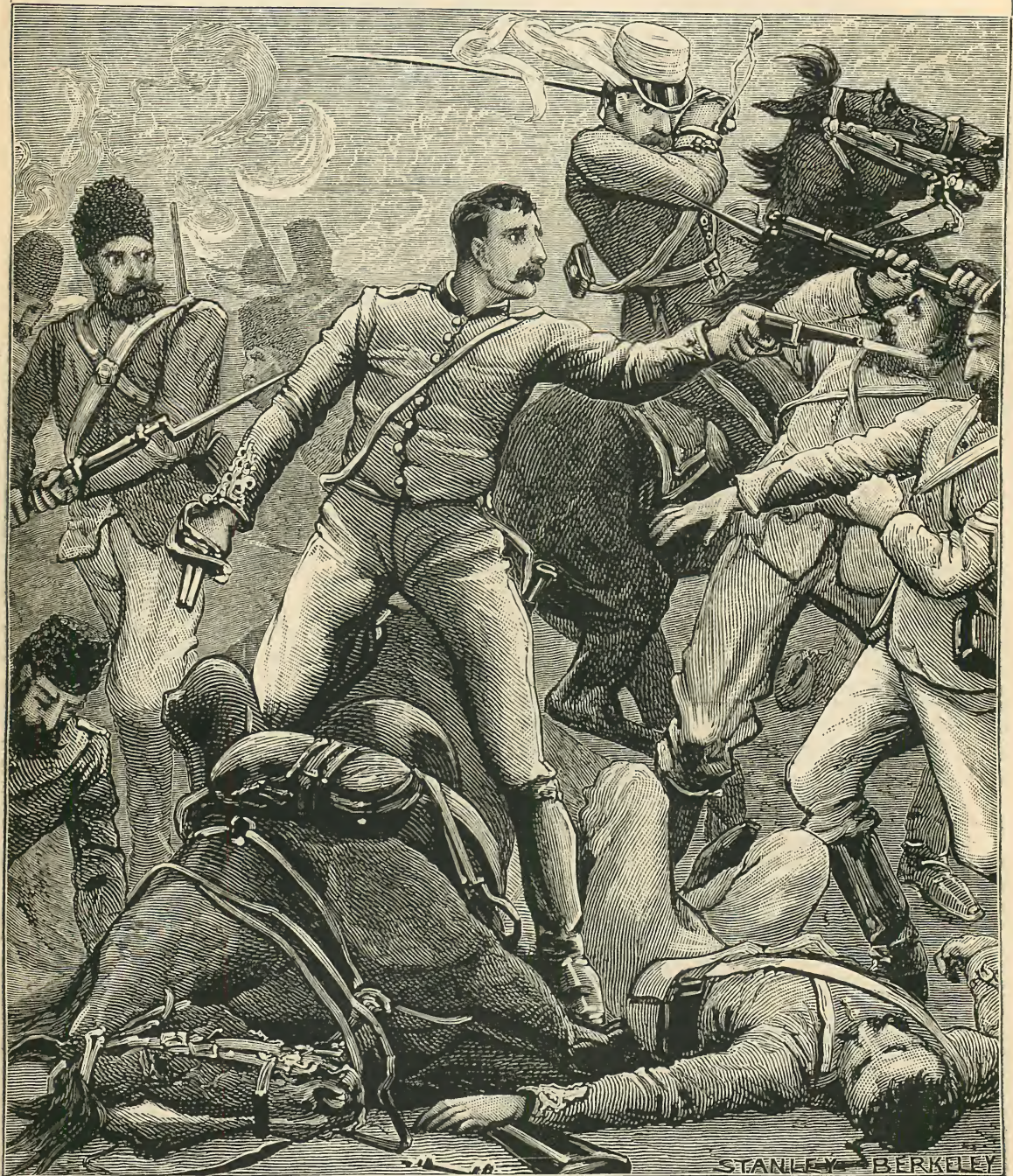
leave her, as he feels that he might never find her again. On goes the bell patiently—tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. At last the mother rises. 'It will be Belle, poor lamb—how frightened she will be!' and on the two trudge again wearily, straight for the sound of the bell. 'I do not hear the bell any longer, do you?' asks the mother. 'No, but we are just home,' exclaims the father, joyously, and sure enough the open cottage-door and the warm lamp-light were cheerily waiting for the poor travellers. 'Belle,' they called, 'here we are at last, safe and sound,' but no one answers. There was to be no rest for the weary yet. Towards morning the father finds her in her little blue dress, the bell lying beside her. They lift her tenderly, and all the little children whom she had put cosily to bed the night before look at her pale face, and her hands, blue with cold, still grasping the bell which had guided their father and mother safely home.

But, when the sun shone out again upon the moor where she had fallen, there were seen little bell-shaped flowers upon slender stems. When breezes go by, the bluebells shake their delicate little heads, and the children love to watch them, for it makes them think of their sweet, lost sister, Belle; and the mother has pointed out to them that some of the bells are white, to remind them that she is a little white angel now. CONSTANCE M. MUIRHEAD.

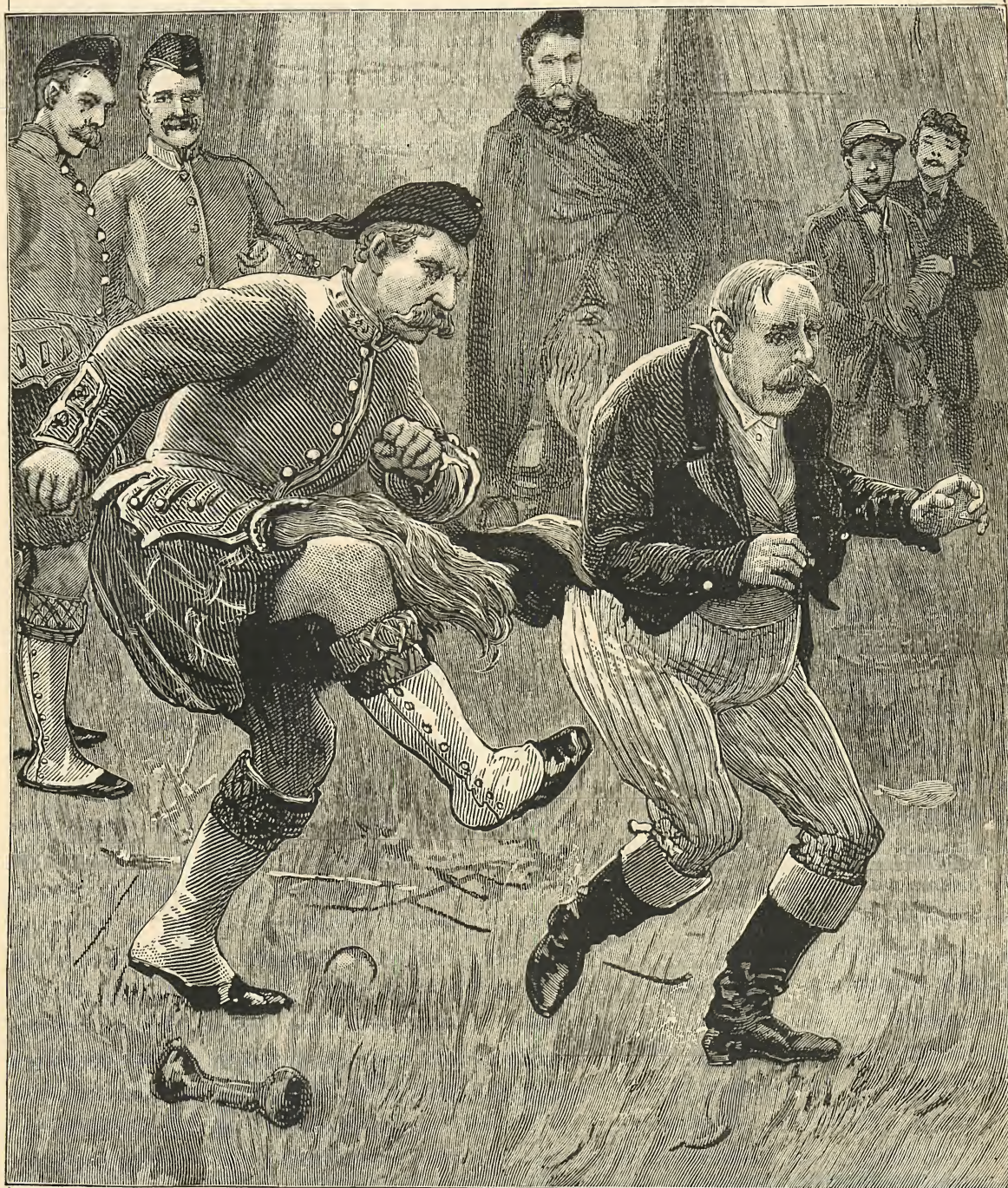
VICTORIA CROSS
HEROES.

ANY brave deeds were done in a war which has, to a certain extent, been forgotten in this country now—the Persian war of A.D. 1857. On the 5th of February a pitched battle was fought between the English and Persian forces, in the course of which the latter formed a square to receive cavalry. Led by Colonel Forbes, C.B., the British cavalry, consisting of a body of Irregular horse and some of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, made a brilliant charge. Lieutenant Moore (who was the Adjutant of his regiment) reached the Persian square about a length in front of his comrades in arms. He gallantly rode his horse at the front rank, and jumped into the square of the astonished foe, but his horse fell dead with him immediately, while his sword broke in his hand. Moore quickly extricated himself from the fallen horse and attempted to fight his way through the enemy with his broken sword. In this desperate plight he would certainly have lost his life but for the assistance of Lieutenant John Grant-Malcolmson, who, seeing the peril of his brother officer, hacked and hewed his way through the Persian ranks until he reached the sorely beset Moore, when, giving him a stirrup iron, he managed to carry him off to a place of safety. Both these gallant young fellows were afterwards decorated with the Victoria Cross for their conduct on this most trying occasion.

F. R.

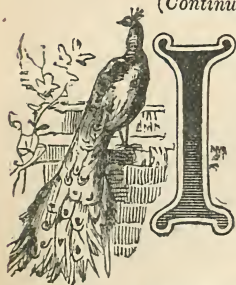


Victoria Cross Heroes : Lieutenant Malcolmson.



Mr. Moxey beats a Retreat.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 299.)

In a moment Captain Calvert saw that he was being tricked. Groping his way through the darkness to the back entrance of the booth, he rushed outside closely followed by George, and the very first man they encountered was Mr. Moxey himself. Springing upon him, the 'Earthquake' knocked him flat on his back, just as the 'Turkish Wrestler,' one of the attractions of the show, came up and aimed a blow at the officer which might have killed him, as the fellow had a dumb-bell in his hand. Luckily, young George saw him just in time to deal him such a blow as foiled his attempt.

At that moment, and just as things looked bad for Captain Calvert, struggling with three of Moxey's men, the voice of the Scotch Sergeant was heard shouting 'Forward!' and in a moment a dozen brawny Highlanders were on the scene. Then the scuffle was ended with as much suddenness as it had been begun. The men belonging to the show beat a hasty retreat, Bernard was quickly extricated from the sack which was almost smothering him, Mr. Moxey struggled on to his feet and rushed off after his men, greatly hastened in so doing by a vigorous 'lift' from Sergeant Mactavish's right boot, and once more all was peaceful, and the whole of the 192nd party started to return to barracks, Captain Calvert and the two boys driving ahead of them in the pony cart. Mr. Moxey, with all his cleverness, had not reckoned upon the soldiers: he had not thought to connect the note George took to the Sergeant, with any order for them to stay after the show was over. Reckoning then upon having the coast clear when the people had left, he thought it would be an easy matter to overpower the Captain standing alone, big and strong though he was. Some people, they say, reckon without their hosts: in this instance, the showman had reckoned without his guests!

Two small camp bedsteads were put up side by side that night, for the boys to sleep on. It was too late to telegraph to Mr. Devenish; too late, in fact, to do anything but sit down to supper in Captain Calvert's own room before going to bed, thoroughly tired out with the excitement of the day and evening. Whilst they ate, the boys related the whole of their adventures to their host, beginning with the young lord's wholly unexpected discovery of Gipsy Lee and Reddy, after they had broken into the house at Brampton, and Captain Calvert listened with the greatest interest and attention to the story. Then, having appeased their hunger, they said good-night, turned in, and slept soundly till the early morning, when the reveillé was sounded on the bugles, from the parade-ground, calling the 192nd Highlanders to the duties of another day.

The boys were so shabbily dressed that they could not appear at the mess breakfast table, so the morning meal was brought to them in Captain Calvert's own room. As soon as this was dispatched, and the gallant Captain's own immediate military duties had been attended to, he came up to the room, and throwing his cap and stick on the table, he said,— 'Well, you fellows, I have telegraphed to Mr. Devenish, and have just received his answer. He wishes you both to return at once. He also wishes to know if he should send Sergeant Flobster to make inquiries here, with a view to punishing the offenders.'

'I should think not, indeed!' exclaimed Bernard. 'A lot of use Sergeant Flobster, has been, hasn't he?—he with his "London gang" rubbish! As I said to you, for Mrs. Moxey's sake, I don't want the police to know anything about the matter. And if it were not so, Sergeant Flobster is just about the last person in the world I should ever think about employing, judging by what George has told me of him.'

'Yes,' remarked George, 'I should say that Sergeant Flobster would make a remarkably efficient man—to frighten crows out of a wheat-field!'

'Well then, my man shall drive you both down to the station to catch the 11.37 train. I will telegraph to Mr. Devenish—who I expect is in a flutter of pleasant excitement about you—to send something to the station to meet you at Brampton.'

In due course the boys found themselves in the train, and speeding in the direction of home again.

The way in which they talked, and what they talked of, may be better imagined than described: it is enough to say here, that long before they could have believed such a thing possible the train had run alongside the platform at Brampton, and Mr. Devenish was shaking hands with them over and over again. Then they got into the carriage awaiting them just outside the station, and drove off to the Castle.

'Our luggage you need not trouble about,' said Lord Brampton, with a lofty air to the porter, whilst he directed a fleet wink at George, which sent the young Canadian into a fit of laughter. In truth, the boys looked a sorry couple, for they were miserably clad. As they drove along, they told the whole history of their adventures to Mr. Devenish, whilst he, on his part, told them of all the fruitless efforts of the police, led by the redoubtable Sergeant Flobster.

The lads were heartily welcomed by all the servants, and an hour later, when, after a bath and thorough renovation of outfit, they came down to a hearty meal in the dining-room, they were certainly feeling not one bit the worse for their late rough experiences.

'And now, George, my boy,' said Mr. Devenish kindly, 'I have some great news for you. Your parents have been found. Your father saw one of my advertisements in a Canadian paper, and at once communicated with me, first by cable and then by letter. He and your mother had mourned for you as lost in the *Eagle*, and they are unwilling to waste a day before seeing you again. After you have been home to see them, you can return to England to complete your education, but they insist upon your going over to them at once, to stay for a short time. In the

same letter they express the greatest gratitude to us for keeping you: quite needless, I am sure. However, to cut a long story short, they send the warmest possible invitation to you, Bernard, and myself to accompany George to Canada, and stay at least three months with them at Pine Creek. Will you go?' These last words were addressed to Bernard.

'Will I not go!' cried he. 'Canada, where I shall see all the wonderful things that George has told me about! By the way, young man,' he said, turning to George, and using a pretended severe tone, 'I hope all these said wonders are strictly true, otherwise, when we get out there I shall make things very unpleasant for you, I can tell you! Yes, we will go: it will be just splendid. And you will go too, won't you?' he said, turning to the clergyman.

'Well, yes: I think I must to look after you. And I confess it has long been a wish of mine to see a little of the great snow-land.'

'We shan't get any snow yet awhile,' said George. 'But as soon as the fall is nearly through, then you will see the wonders of Canada. I am glad, though, that we shall get out there before the winter sets in. The fall is the most beautiful time of year, to my thinking. The trees and things all look lovely. I am longing to show you everything out there.'

And so it was arranged that Mr. Devenish should write out by the next mail to Mr. Watt, accepting the invitation. They would leave England in about a fortnight's time, via Liverpool and New York, travelling through America to Canada.

On board the great ocean-going steamship *Britannic*, the two boys leaned over the bulwarks, looking their last at the Fastnett lighthouse off the west coast of Ireland. It was a new and curious sensation, this, to the young lord, of leaving his country for the first time in his life. George, of course, being homeward bound, felt very differently to his friend. Before him lay his native country, his parents, his friends, the land of his birth: to Bernard, all was new and untried; and in the untried there always seems something of awe and wonderment.

From the time they had left the bar of the Mersey, until they had run into Queenstown's magnificent natural harbour, the two boys had not been in a position to take much interest in the voyage. Truth to tell, Neptune had taken a somewhat heavy toll of both of them.

But whilst lying at anchor in Queenstown harbour they had entirely recovered, and could take the liveliest interest in the wheeling and circling of the screeching gulls overhead, which, mingling with the straining of the cordage, creaking of blocks, and the sound of the wind whistling through the rigging, combined to form the strangest of weird music in the ears of inland lads. George was better acquainted with things nautical than the young lord from his former experience—an experience which had so nearly cost him his life; but he and Bernard, running about the ship as lively as squirrels, and talking to the 'hands,' soon became possessed of a mass of information which they made strong but not always successful efforts to digest. Some of the knowledge they acquired in this way, was, we are sorry to say, not of an entirely reliable nature, as for instance, when, in reply to

their inquiry as to 'what ship that was?' a youthful seaman replied that it was '*The Sudden Jerk*,' which had put into port with her main-yard sprung 'from hoisting a sausage aboard;' this and similar 'foremast' pleasantries they had to put up with, in appeasing their thirst for knowledge, but they both took a great and genuine liking for the character of most of the sailors aboard. As a race, the simplicity, good nature, and straightforwardness of those who 'go down to the sea in ships' is beyond all question, and there is no character more taking with English boys—and let us thank God for it—than this.

Fortunately for our young travellers, once they were over their terrible first day's qualms, there was no return of the dread malady, however rough the sea afterwards became. And it knows how to be rough on the North Atlantic! Few and far between, alas! are the fair-weather passages between us and the American continent.

(Continued at page 314.)

A TROUBLESOME DEBT.

NOT got one! Oh, I say, what a shame,' exclaimed Harry Grant in surprise when Howard Green confessed that he had not a watch.

'I know I ought to have one,' said Howard. 'I shall tell my mother that she really must get me one next half.'

'You need not be without one till then,' was the quick reply. 'No—happy thought! I can tell you where you can get one this week on easy terms. I know a fellow who has one to sell—a capital one. He asks only a pound for it, and he will let you have it by paying ten shillings down and giving a promise to pay the rest within two months.'

'But I have not got ten shillings, Grant,' answered Howard; 'I have only five and sixpence.'

There was a pause, then Harry asked—'Didn't I hear you say that your birthday will be in a fortnight's time, and that your old uncle will then send you a pound as usual for a birthday present?'

Howard nodded.

'Well, see here, I'll lend you five shillings till then, to put with *your* five, so that you can have the watch as soon as we can get at Newson—that is, if he hasn't sold it. This is Wednesday, and he told me about it on Saturday. I haven't seen him since. We can go and look him up this afternoon—half-holiday, you know.'

And although Harold's common sense told him that it was far better to be without a watch than to be in debt, he followed his companion's suggestion—he accepted the loan of five shillings and secured the watch on the terms mentioned.

'I say, Green,' began Henry, going up to him suddenly one evening a few days before his birthday, 'I'm in a bother. I was throwing at a rook and the stone fell on a greenhouse and smashed a pane of glass. I was caught and fined seven shillings. I handed over two—all I possessed—and if the other five isn't paid by Friday the old gentleman is coming to report the matter to the master. So I hope as soon as ever you get your sovereign on Thursday you will pay back what you owe me.'



"That letter was the bearer of much sorrow to Howard's mother."

'Yes, of course, Grant,' promised Harold, heartily wishing he could do so at once, and he was genuinely distressed and disappointed when on Thursday morning he found that the expected and longed-for present had not arrived, and his vexation increased on reading the letter which accompanied a handsome book from his mother, for she informed him that his uncle was seriously ill, and that he must not expect the usual birthday present for several weeks.

He guessed that Harry would get very angry on hearing the news, and he guessed correctly, and when they met in the playground they had a sad quarrel, and the result was that the affair of the watch, and the broken pane, became known to all their schoolfellows—also to their master who, on hearing the noise, went out and saw that a dispute was going on, and demanded an explanation.

He had a great horror of boys getting into debt; he knew well that by so doing they are often led into great misery, and he felt it his duty to write of the matter to Mrs. Green.

That letter was the bearer of much sorrow to Howard's mother. She had hoped that her son shared her hatred of debt, and she could not have suspected that he would get into it for the sake of possessing something for which there was no urgent need.

She at once sent fifteen shillings to the master, so that he might pay the five due to Harry, and the ten due to Newson, and she asked him to kindly forward

the watch, as she wished to have it for a time in her own keeping.

By the same post she sent a letter to Howard, a letter which made him see what a dangerous practice he had entered upon, and that 'Debt is the worst poverty.'

Since then whenever he has been persuaded to have anything on credit he has remembered that troublesome debt, and has steadily refused to have another.

U.

FORCED RHUBARB.

(Concluded from page 302.)



THE fact is, the two Misses Craggleton had come up to London for two or three weeks on a little private business with their dentist. They had left their pretty home down in Dorset in charge of old servants. Their domestic concerns were peaceable enough as a rule, but just lately they had been unfortunate as regards a 'buttons.' One boy had been idle, another impudent, and, worst offender of all, the last had played tricks on their favourite pet, Peggy, the pony.



"Little Peggy got to know him and follow him about the field like a dog "

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that young Forbes Rupart's evident kindness found favour in the eyes of the ladies, from whom Mrs. Rupart duly received a call according to promise, and, to make a long story short, they satisfied themselves as to Forbes's character and belongings, and, when their little business was over, they took him down with them to their home at Southcoates.

Needless to say, Forbes and his mother felt that separation keenly; but she knew it was a chance not to be despised, and believed that God had given it to her boy in answer to her prayers.

When the ladies got settled down again, their work of Forbes's 'training' began. Michael, the cat; Tyke, the terrier; and Peggy, a chestnut pony, with a long tail and a mane as tawny and as shaggy as a lion's,

took to him directly, which greatly pleased his mistresses. It must, however, be admitted he was dreadfully raw—"a diamond in the rough," Miss Phoebe called him. His mother had not had time to make him many new things, and, his clothes having become a size or two too small, his long arms and legs forced themselves through by a good many inches. His kind mistresses soon provided him with a smart 'buttons' suit, and he had lessons, twice a week, from the village school-master.

What happy days these were for Forbes! What glowing letters he wrote home to his mother, full of gratitude for his good fortune! How fond he grew of the old ladies; of Mary, the old servant, who mended him up so carefully; of Simpkins, the kind-hearted groom and gardener, though he was so strict and sometimes a trifle suspicious of 'the lad from London.'

And how fond he grew of Peggy! The little creature got to know him and follow him about the field like a dog. She would take carrots and apples from his hand, and whinny whenever he called her.

As a rule, he could quite easily catch her without any halter, and Simpkins allowed him, therefore, to take her up when required. One day he called to her as usual, and she came trotting to him. He took hold of her mane in his ordinary way, when, all at once, she tossed her head, suddenly veered round, kicking up her hind legs. It was only play, but one hoof struck into the poor boy's forehead, and, with a loud cry, he fell down insensible.

Miss Phoebe was looking for snowdrops in the garden, and heard the shriek. It was a great shock to her when she hurried to the field and saw what had happened. The blood was oozing from the wound in the lad's head, and, at first, she thought that he was killed; but, when she raised him, he groaned heavily. She called for Simpkins. Together they carried him into the house.

And now the ladies showed their skill and nerve in dressing the wound, and attended to the poor lad until the doctor could arrive. He said that everything had been done for him in the very best way, but the wound was a serious one. A quarter of an inch higher, and the blow must have killed him on the spot. It would be many days, perhaps weeks, before the boy could be well.

If he had been their very own, the ladies could not have attended to him more lovingly. For some days he was delirious, and kept calling for his mother, and at last they thought it best to send for her.

She came, anxious and careworn. For days her darling's life hung in the balance, but at last the crisis was over, and very, very slowly his recovery began.

About Mrs. Rupart's manner there was something very gentle and refined. The ladies took to her wonderfully, especially when they found out her skill as a needlewoman.

'Don't you miss your boy up there in London?' asked Miss Craggleton.

'Indeed I do, mum. Nobody knows how much. He is all I have.'

'Well, now, I have a plan,' said Miss Phoebe. 'Why not take a little cottage down here, so that you could live near each other? You would soon get plenty of work.'

'Up to now, mum, begging your pardon, I should have said I mustn't leave London on account of my customers, for I had some good ones there, and somehow it doesn't seem right to run away from old blessings in trying to seek new ones; but now, I am sorry to say, the lady who gave me most work—the one who took Forbes's cat—has left altogether for Scotland, and at present there is little enough work to be had.'

'We could find you plenty of customers down here, I dare say,' said Miss Craggleton. 'You just think about it.'

So somehow it came to pass that a cottage was taken for Mrs. Rupart, and to the weary Londoner it seemed a perfect paradise. Work was forthcoming; nothing could exceed the kindness of the two Miss Craggletons, and when Forbes would drop in of an evening, grown so straight and strong, and well dressed and smart, Mrs. Rupart felt herself to be the proudest and happiest mother in England.

E. J.

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

HER FIRST OFFENCE

(Founded on Fact.)



It was a perfect summer day, and the Guildford Flower Show was in full swing. The gay dresses of the ladies vied with the brilliancy of the flowers—though the flowers were not the ones to suffer by the comparison.

Sergeant Lundy, whom I chanced to meet there, confided to me that he greatly preferred to enjoy his own pet roses quietly at home. He said that he was tired of the crowd, and quite ready to withdraw from it. And so, for the matter of that, was I, and I and my old friend, the ex-policeman, soon had left the large marquee well behind us.

'Dear me,' began Lundy, in his slow, meditative way, 'and there was a time when I used to consider this flower show one of the chief events of the calendar year. But that was when the world was young, sir, and every goose a swan. And now, my memory calls to mind something which happened when I was stationed at the entrance, one afternoon—why it must be nigh thirty year agone.'

* * * * *

It was an incident in which my old woman played a part. For those were the days of my sweet-heating, you see, and of course, my thoughts were running on Molly, whom I made sure of seeing the same evening.

Well, presently as I stood there, half in a dream as it might be, up drives a carriage and pair, with a

fine collie springing alongside. There was only a young lady inside it, and will you believe me, sir, there was something in her winsome face that instantly struck me as being uncommon like my own bonny lass. Well, well, I suppose a man can hardly help his fancies at such a time. But anyhow, that was the reason why I woke up all of a sudden, and watched her more closely.

She had a lot of trouble with the dog, I remember, as he wanted to follow her into the grounds, so that the footman had to get down from the box and drag it away by main force.

Then I saw her take out a dainty purse, which seemed well filled, in order to pay the usual entrance money.

At the same moment, there came a most heart-rending howl from the collie, now inside the carriage, where it was held fast by the footman.

The young lady hastily laid down her purse on the small wooden table. She turned her head, and then went back a step or two, so that she could watch her pet dog as it was driven away.

Now she comes up again, and puts out her hand for her money; when, lo! the purse is gone.

'Look out, Bobby,' screamed one of those idle errand-boys that are always to be found where they are least wanted. 'Why don't ye do yer duty? There's the young woman, what got the lady's purse, a sneaking off with it under yer very eyes.'

'You had a deal better be off yourself, my young man,' I thundered out, 'before I lay my hands upon you.'

A strong voice and a burly frame, sir, stand an officer in good stead, as I've experienced often enough. So the lad was seized with a sudden panic, and took to his heels as if for dear life.

A young maid of not more than eighteen years, nice-looking and well dressed, was standing at a short distance from the entrance, while just behind her, on the dusty road, lay the missing purse.

Of course, I knew that she had dropped it there the very moment that she saw I had detected her. And never did I set eyes, sir, upon a more woeful, shame-stricken face than that of this respectable young female pickpocket.

The sweet young lady had stopped short, in amazement, and her cheeks had gone quite red, as if she could hardly believe that this girl would steal her purse. And there the pair remained, looking at one another, though not a word was said on either side. Yet something must have passed between those two—God only knows what. They do tell, sir, as how some eyes hold a rare power of speech, and that what they declare is often a deal more to the point than any spoken words. And so it must have been on this occasion. For what should the young lady do next, in spite of her satin, and laces, and fal-de-lals, but go, quite humble-like, and stoop down and pick up the purse.

'You've dropped your purse,' says she, in a voice that could be heard perfectly by us all. 'Here, my dear, will you take it from me?'

Whereupon she hands that well-filled purse to the other girl, who looked so sadly that I thought she would have swooned.

'May God bless you,' I caught her sobbing, with a great choke in the throat. 'It was the first time, Miss—it was, indeed. And I promise you it will be the last.'

Well, sir, there was a lump in my own throat that made me wonder if I could swallow any of the supper that night, as I felt pretty certain that Molly would prepare for me. No doubt, it was my duty to interfere. But there I stood rooted, watching and listening with all my eyes and ears, no better than a curious schoolboy.

The young lady gave her a nod and a smile—but the smile was full of tears. So those two separated, maybe never to meet again on earth.

However, all the same, that tender-hearted young lady lost no time in making inquiries concerning the girl that she had been the saving of, so to speak. And the next day, what must she do but come and pay me a visit at my diggings.

Then she told me that Mary Evans, when she snatched at the purse, lying so temptingly afore her, was drove quite desperate, owing to the misdeeds of a ne'er-do-weel brother. He was up to his ears in debt, and it seems that she would have done almost anything, just to keep him out of the lock-up.

'Thank God, Mr. Lundy,' says my visitor, 'that you waited a few minutes before charging her with the theft. I shall always feel grateful to you for giving me that golden chance. Why, if you had arrested the poor girl at once, it might have ruined her character for life.'

And now that I look back, sir, calm and quiet, I am of the same opinion myself. Thankful I am, as I stand here to-day, that for once, in the way of business, I failed to do my duty. For I think I can honestly say, sir, that it was the only time.

Well, I did hear later on that Mary Evans was married to a well-to-do farmer, and had gone down into Sussex to live.

As for the young lady—and may God bless her, say I—though young no longer, she is single still. And a queer thing, too, as I have often thought—only that there is no accounting, sir, for the whys and wherefores of the women-folk. Anyhow, she continues to be the good angel of these parts. Oh, yes, sir, that is so—for Miss Ronald still lives at the old home, in a certain village, which is not more than a dozen miles away from this very spot. And should you ever chance to meet her, sir, I am pretty sure you will soon discover that strange likeness to Molly which partly, as you may remember, upset my calculations.

It is a particular expression about the eyes and the mouth—though there is no denying as her's is a softer face than my old woman's. And Molly says as how it is a deal handsomer as well. But I am no judge of that, not I. For the face that lives with us, sir, and that we have learnt to love the best, must always be the handsomest, according to my way of thinking.

And now, sir, if I have wearied you with my talk—why, you have only got to blame yourself. For, as I often remark to Molly, you completely spoil the old Sergeant by your patient listening.

FLORA SCHMALZ.



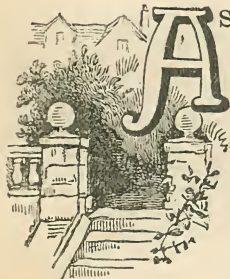
"You've dropped your purse. Here, my dear, will you take it from me?"



The White Star Liner nearing New York.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 307.)



AS, day by day, they got nearer and nearer to their port of debarkation, New York, George became more and more excited at the idea of again seeing the land of his birth, his parents, and his old home. He told Bernard of the shooting and fishing they would have together, of the strange, wild country they would explore.

'I don't a bit know how we get to Pine Creek from New York, but I suppose Mr. Devenish does,' said the young Canadian. 'But I am certain of one thing, and that is that we shall have to do the last thirty miles or so of the journey either on horse-back or in buckboards, and buckboards are not pleasant, I can tell you.'

'What is a buckboard?' asked Bernard.

'Oh, it is a sort of conveyance made out of a plank with four wheels and no springs, you know. And as it has no springs your backbone and shoulder-blades ache till you cry after jolting over a few miles of the rough country; there are no roads to speak of near my father's homestead. I wonder how poor Mr. Devenish will like it? He is not used to roughing it, is he?'

'No, he is not. Could we not go by river, though?'

'We do go by river as far as the river goes. But even Americans cannot very well manage to take a boat across a clover-field, unless it is a *very* dewy morning!' replied George.

'Don't be a donkey. I didn't mean that, of course: I meant, let us go by water as far as we can.'

'Well, of course, that is just what we shall do. And we could certainly get all the way there by boat as far as the log cabin which my father has on the borders of the St. Lawrence. He keeps it for shipping purposes, you know. But there is a solid thirty miles of rough country away back from the cabin to where my people live—the farm. That we must get over, buckboarding or riding.'

'I say, it is rather fun though, this buckboarding, isn't it? I mean you get a fair chance of tumbling off every now and then, don't you, and —'

'Oh, lots of fun that way! Why, the last time I did the journey I got shunted flat on my back four times in the thirty miles!'

'That is all right, then. We will go by buckboard!' and so the conversation ended.

Greatly did the party enjoy the journey up from Sandy Hook to New York. The varied crowds of shipping of all nations and flying every flag under the sun, the colossal statue of Liberty, the beauty of the shore, the hideous little steam and ferry boats with their beam engines out of all proportion to their size; the three-decked saloon steamers, together with innumerable other craft moving upon the face of the waters, all these had an absorbing interest for both

boys; and even Mr. Devenish, looking a shade stronger and less fragile than when they had started from Liverpool, some ten days beforehand, even he took in a mild amount of amusement from standing on the hurricane deck, and watching these wonders of a new world.

At last, with many a strange order and hoarse shout, the great liner was brought alongside the White Star docks and landing-stage, and warped slowly up to the station which had been assigned to her. Then began the debarkation of what seemed to be an endless stream of passengers from the vessel's side. Porters swarmed on board, luggage was seized and carried off, *volens volens*, as far as the passengers were concerned, and 'shot into the depôt,' as the Yankee porters called it. In other words, taken into the Custom-house, there to be thoroughly searched for contraband articles, of which, as may be guessed, our little party of three had none. The next step was to call a cab, and be driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the Broadway, where they were soon established in the most comfortable of rooms. The lads made up their minds that later on that day they would explore the huge building; and they did, after a fashion—but they soon found that a place of that size took a good deal of exploration.

Two or three days were spent in wandering about, seeing the wonders of New York, the great bridge at Brooklyn, the wharves and docks, the many-storied business houses, the overhead railways—they all came as something of a revelation to the visitors. They strolled about the Central Park, the only pretty oasis in a desert of business-like ugliness, and watched the spidery-looking single and pair horse buggies, made of the two lightest and strongest materials known in coach-building, hickory and steel. After making a few purchases at the splendid-looking shops in the Broadway—or 'on' Broadway as Americans call it—purchases which cost just about four times what they would have done in England—they turned their attention to their onward journey.

'We must not miss such a wonder of the world as the Falls of Niagara,' said Mr. Devenish. New York had tired him, with its ceaseless rush and rattle, and he longed for the quiet of a journey up the beautiful Hudson River, and to gaze on one of Nature's grandest pieces of handiwork, those marvellous clouds of spray and rushing water, which have fallen with their thunderous roar, through countless ages in the past. If man wants to know how little, how insignificant he is, let him stand at the foot of the Falls of Niagara and 'look up.'

And so, one bright autumn morning, they took themselves and their belongings down to the quays, and on board the big river steamboat with its tiers of decks and white-painted sides, and in due time they found the shores of the Hudson flying past them as though in a beautiful panorama. West Point, where the American military training school for young officers is situate, at a beautiful bend of the river; Kingston; the far-famed Catskill mountains, wild and eerie, the supposed scene of Rip van Winkle's twenty years' sleep. All these and many more attractions held the lads absorbed until Albany was at length reached. Here they passed the night at a comfortable hotel, waited on by the staff of negro

waiters—by far the best servants in America. White waiters throughout the great Republic are far too important in their own eyes to do their duty properly. They seem to have no idea that the dignity of labour is best preserved by doing that which comes to your hand to do, *well*; and the foreign traveller in America must be equally disgusted with their want of manners and their incompetence. Our boys took to the 'niggers' at once: they were smart in their duties, bright and cheerful, a laughter-loving race, but always respecting themselves by respecting those with whom they were brought in contact.

The following day our travellers started early in the morning on the next stage of their journey—not a very interesting one, and which, therefore, we will not chronicle here. They were filled with anticipations of the coming sight of Niagara Falls: everything seemed flat beside that.

As they stood at last upon the long spidery suspension bridge, and gazed in awe-struck wonderment at that vast green mass of rushing waters, listened to the roar of the torrent as it hurled itself over the rocks into the seething cauldron below, watched the clouds of spray leap mountains high into the air, they were amazed. No one spoke: in such cases silence is 'the better part,' and words are weak indeed.

For nearly a week they stayed on, within sound of the mighty Falls, living at the hotel on the Canadian side of the bridge, which affords from its balconies so grand a view of the majestic torrent. They explored Goat Island, the Whirlpool rapids, that terrible cave wherein all the winds of heaven seem to gather, driving the spray of the Falls in furious gusts against those who adventure therein, and all the other extraordinary places in and about the Falls. It was truly a new life for both of the boys, and for the hitherto quiet, stay-at-home clergyman an even more strange experience than it was to his young charges.

It was at this place that Mr. Watt, George's father, was to meet the party, and conduct them the rest of the way to his lonely settlement at Pine Creek. Unfortunately a badly sprained ankle kept him at home, and he wrote explaining that although he hoped to be about again in a week or ten days, at present he was quite unable to come and meet his son, and welcome his unknown guests. At the same time he gave the fullest instructions as to how they were to proceed on the journey after the region of railway-lines had been left behind them. Finally, he begged them to lose no time in coming on to his farm: not only were he and his wife most anxious to again see the boy they had both mourned for as lost, but they were also eager to make the acquaintance of those who had shown themselves such 'friends in need.'

So the little party did not delay longer at the wondrous Falls. They took steamer down the Lake of Ontario, passed from that inland sea—truly it more resembles that than their notions of a lake—through the 'Lake of a Thousand Islands,' a charming piece of scenery where tiny islets, most of which seem about big enough to hold one little marine villa or summer-house each, abound on every side. They made only a few hours' stay at Montreal,

passing thence to the old, half French town of Quebec. They all enjoyed the novel sensation of shooting the rapids in the steamer, though, truth to tell, it is not half so exciting a performance as most people seem to believe: for a moment or two it gives the sensation of the boat sinking with you, but the feeling passes almost as soon as it is experienced. From Quebec they took boat again for Tadousac, a quaint little fishing station at the mouth of the dark, mysterious Saguenay River, and at this point they seemed to leave civilisation behind them.

(Continued at page 322.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICS.

43.—ONE of the northern provinces of Spain; also a bay of the same name, partly dividing that country from another. The language spoken in this province is unlike that of the rest of Spain.

1. An inland sea in the north of Europe; it receives several rivers, but has no tide.

2. A title borne by the sovereigns of Peru.

3. A county in the south-east of England which at one time gave the title of Duke to a royal Prince.

4. The ancient name of one of the British Isles; also a district in the State of Vermont, U.S., and a seaport of Columbia.

5. A city in European Turkey, formerly the capital.

6. A town in Norfolk famed for the preparation of a savoury fish; also a town in Massachusetts, U.S.

44.—AN island in the Indian Ocean, one of the largest in the known world. It contains extensive and valuable gold mines, and also produces diamonds. It is subject to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, and the climate is very unhealthy. The Equator passes exactly through it.

1. A town in Leicestershire, near which a battle was fought in the fifteenth century, at which a usurping King of England was killed.

2. A fertile spot in a desert.

3. An island in the Archipelago, once famed for a colossal statue which stood on a part of the harbour, but was thrown down by an earthquake fifty-six years after its erection.

4. A city in Italy esteemed for its very genial climate.

5. A city in Asia Minor once famed for its very beautiful buildings, now in ruins.

6. A city and seaport in Russia in the province of Khersan. C. C.

[Answers at page 335.]

ANSWERS.

41.—1. LUCK	2. FIVE	3. BEAR	4. LION
UPON	IRON	EMMA	IDLE
CONE	VOID	AMEN	OLLA
KNEE	ENDS	RANT	NEAR
5. ETNA	6. ARNO	7. ELBE	8. MEAD
TIER	READ	LOAD	ELBA
NEAT	NAME	BAND	ABUT
ARTS	ODES	EDDY	DATE

42.—1. Memoranda.

2. Threshold.

3. Honesty.

4. Business.

5. Scowl.

6. Harvest.

7. Contrary.

8. Promise.



ATTACKED BY AN EAGLE.

A GALASHIELS tradesman had a strange adventure with an eagle on the hills between Steele Road Station and Riccarton Junction. It happened between twelve and one o'clock, when the sun was shining in a cloudless sky. The man was startled by a dark shadow passing over him, and almost on the instant he was struck on the head and his hat was knocked off.

On looking up, he saw an eagle hovering over him and poising for another swoop. Fortunately he had an umbrella in his hand, and with it he managed to defend himself. The eagle swooped upon him nine or ten times, but he always succeeded in driving it off. The express train from the North passed along about this time, when the eagle flew away.



"Double the fare if you catch the express."

A TELEGRAM FROM HOME.



It was nine o'clock on a bitterly cold night in September. Outside, on the wind-swept London street, the passers-by were hurrying along, each one intent on getting to his own home as quickly as possible; while inside the 'Hare and Hounds,' a party of young men had gathered round the supper-table, and were shouting with laughter, and drinking much more wine than was good for them. In the party there was a young man evidently of a higher class in life, but wild and dissipated in appearance, whose jests and songs were received by his companions with roars of laughter and applause.

In the midst of the revelry, a waiter entered the

room and presented to this customer a telegram just received. The young man, whose name was Charles Fenton, seemed sobered in a moment by the sight of the orange-coloured envelope, with which we are all so familiar. He read it hastily, then crushed it in his hand, and rose from the table.

'You are not going yet, Charlie?' cried the others. 'Wait a bit, and we will all go together.'

But Fenton did not reply. He left the room, and speedily packed his portmanteau, and told the waiter to call a cab.

But his boon companions were not disposed to let him break up their fun like this. One of them followed him to the street-door, and, taking him by the arm, tried to detain him, reproving him at the same time for leaving them so suddenly. But Fenton, with a scowl on his face, threw him off, jumped into the cab, and drove hastily away to King's Cross.

'We have scarce time to catch the express,' said the cabman, in a grumbling tone of voice.

'Well, double fare if we do catch it,' cried the young man, and in another minute they were rattling along at a great speed to the station.

And now, what were the contents of the telegram, and who had sent it to Charles Fenton? Ah! it was a sad message, and had been sent by his sister, the playmate of his boyish days. It ran as follows:— 'Dear Charlie, do come home at once; mother is dying, and has asked for you.'

These words seemed still to be ringing in Fenton's ears as he arrived at King's Cross, and took his ticket for Edinburgh. Ah! they had moved his heart, and that very deeply; for, though not what one would call a thoroughly bad lad, he had been a careless son, an indifferent brother, and had squandered far more of his widowed mother's means than he could bear to think of now. At length he had left home altogether, and for six years he had never revisited it; scarcely even had he written to those who loved him so dearly, nor had he ever done one thing to make life easier for them. He had never thought of these things before, but when the telegram had come—like a flash of lightning from Heaven, his selfish, evil ways had been shown to him. Oh! if his poor mother could but live, how much he would do for her comfort; his whole life would be spent in trying to make her happy! But—it was not to be.

When he arrived in Edinburgh, and drove to the well-remembered cottage in the suburbs, with a heart torn with fear and anxiety, the painful truth was told to him by his weeping sister: their mother had quietly passed away from this life only two hours before!

Boys and girls who read this short story, I hope you may never feel the remorseful anguish which filled Charles Fenton's heart at this sad news. His repentance had come too late—at least, as far as his mother was concerned; but, happily for him, his young sister still remained, and in ministering to her comfort, and in striving to make her happy, he resolved to devote the whole of his after life. And he kept this resolution; and he became himself a far happier man than he had ever been in the days of his wild and reckless folly. .

D. B. M.

THE SQUAW'S REVENGE.



T is now many years ago since a North American trapper, a hardy, weather-beaten man, a crack shot, and in every respect well adapted for a hunter's life, astonished every one who knew him by settling down in a log shanty which he had built himself, with a pretty

young wife as his sole companion. Many of his old cronies pitied the young girl who had united her fate with his, for Tom was known to be a restless fellow, not over-fond of civilised life, and certain to weary very soon of his grand log

cabin, which, moreover, was three miles distant from the nearest squatter's farm.

'The wife will have a pretty hard time of it,' said one of Tom's mates, as they sat smoking round the bivouac fire. 'Tom is not exactly a man for polite society.'

'Well, she shouldn't have took him,' said another; 'besides, Tom is a real handsome chap, and women think a heap of that, you know.'

'So he is! so he is!' said a third; 'but, in my opinion, handsome is as handsome does, and we must just wait and see how they get on.'

However, in spite of all evil predictions, Tom stayed at home for a time, and busied himself in arranging his house as comfortably as he could for his young wife; but at length the inevitable restlessness seized on him, and he told Mary that he must leave her for three or four weeks in order to replenish the larder.

Mary was not quite so dismayed on hearing this as a town-bred girl would have been, for she was a trapper's daughter, and quite used to brave at times the various hardships of a forest life. But when Tom had actually gone, taking two of his dogs with him, but leaving Hector, a noble Scottish deer-hound, with her, she could scarcely keep back her tears; she felt sad and solitary, and ready to count the days and hours till her husband returned.

Now, there were bears in the forest, and wolves too, but in summer-time these unpleasant creatures were not likely to come near her forest home, so she did not care much about them; but there were other creatures of whom she did feel afraid—there were wandering Indians, though they seldom showed themselves, and were, as a rule, on friendly terms with the white men, unless any special offence was given to them, when they were only too ready to seek a swift revenge.

It was of these men that Mary felt rather afraid, although she knew that in Hector she had a powerful protector, as he had a trace of the blood-hound in him, and so long as he was alive, no Indian would dare approach her door. But still, you would be afraid—would you not?—you girls who read this story, yes, and you boys too! Therefore you will not be surprised to know that when Mary had barricaded her door at night and crept into bed, with Hector lying on the floor beside her, she thought with a trembling heart of every possible danger that might occur before morning; and very often, poor lonely girl, she wept herself to sleep, and, indeed, the time was coming, and all too soon, when Mary's courage was to be severely tried, as we shall presently show. It happened thus. One morning, very early, indeed before day had dawned, the young wife was suddenly roused from sleep by a deep growl from Hector, who soon afterwards went crashing through the window, which he broke to pieces, having seemingly scented some solitary wolf or bear, which had been prowling around the cabin.

Mary sat up in bed and listened with a beating heart, but for a few minutes could hear nothing. At length, however, there came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold, for the cry was strangely human, evidently the cry of a woman or a child.

To spring from bed, throw on her clothes, and rush

from the hut, calling wildly on Hector to return, was the work of a moment, for she no longer doubted what the hound was in pursuit of. But now she sees him dashing through the thick underwood, and carrying in his mouth some dark, heavy burden, which he dropped at her feet. Alas! alas! as Mary feared, it was the body of a little Indian boy, perhaps about four years of age. Her brain seemed to reel at the sight, she felt a cold shudder pass through her frame, and for a few moments she scarcely knew what had happened. With a powerful effort, however, she recovered herself, and lifting the little body gently in her arms, she carried it to the hut, and laid it upon her own bed. Alas! the little one had ceased to breathe; there could be no doubt of that, and after a little while she buried the unfortunate child close to the hut, for she could not bear the thought that if buried at a distance, some wolf or bear might rifle the grave of its little occupant.

After this mournful burial, Mary sat down to think, to ponder on her own position, which was certainly full of danger. Who had been with the child when he came by his death?—for so young a boy could not have been alone. Was the mother lurking near? Were there red men about? Who could say? but, oh! if her husband would only return, so long as the sun was shining, and everything looking full of peace, for the poor young woman was beginning to feel that she could not pass another night alone without losing her reason.

But now another noise aroused her to her present position, a heavy step among the brushwood caused her to leap to her feet, just as Tom appeared at the door, and clasped her in his arms.

‘Mary,’ said her husband, when, with a troubled expression of face, he had listened to her sad story. ‘Mary, I wish you had left the boy where the dog pulled him down. I’m sorry for his death, but now that you have lifted the body, his tribe will think that the whole affair was planned by us, and I don’t want to provoke them just now, as I must leave home again very soon. Were there no footprints near where you found the child?’

‘Yes,’ said poor Mary, faintly, for she was still terribly agitated, ‘yes, I saw the marks of a small moccasined foot.’

‘Of course!’ said Tom, gloomily, and with a strange shadow creeping over his face, ‘the mother’s foot, and when these squaws are provoked, they are more revengeful even than the men. Get me something to eat, Mary, and don’t talk to me just now. I must think it all over.’

Then Tom sat down to clean his gun, with a heavy frown upon his face, while Mary attended to his request about the food in perfect silence.

If she could have read her husband’s thoughts at this time, her alarm as to what had happened would have been greatly increased, for Tom had not told her that on his last hunting expedition, when he was hiding some skins which he could not carry away with him at the time, he had observed an Indian watching him, and had shot him dead with as little mercy as he would have shown to a wolf.

The following day, when he had returned to fetch the skins, to his surprise, the man’s body was gone, while in the soft, damp soil, he could see the mark of

an Indian woman’s foot, and by its side the footprints of a child.

Tom had felt vexed when he saw this, for he felt sure the wife of the slain man had either carried away or buried the body; and to think that he had so thoughtlessly killed her protector and the father of her child vexed him not a little—rough and careless fellow as he was—and now to think that this same squaw with her child was lurking about his home, of course watching for a chance of revenging herself, almost made him shudder. His poor harmless Mary! Would she be the victim? Who could say? Ought he not to stay at home and protect her? But how could he do so? He lived by hunting and shooting, and must often be from home.

When Tom’s reflections had reached this point, he got up and shook himself—these thoughts were too much for his untutored brain, and our readers need not be astonished to know that in a few days he was away again on his travels, while poor Mary was once more alone.

Only three days after Tom’s departure, as Mary was sitting at work in her cabin, she heard something scratching and whining at the door. With a beating heart she glanced at Hector, but he did not growl—on the contrary, he rose and walked to the door, wagging his tail, and looking pleased. Then she undid the bolt with a sudden hope that Tom had returned, but it was only her husband’s two dogs, both of them looking weary and soiled, as though they had rolled in mud.

At first she thought that Tom might be only a little way behind, but when she realised that the dogs had come home alone, she rushed from the hut in a panic of terror, and sped on foot through the forest till she reached the squatter’s farm, which, as we have already said, was three miles distant from her home.

Here she found the old man and his three sons just sitting down to supper, after a long day’s work felling timber. They all started up upon Mary’s appearance, for as yet they scarcely knew her, but on hearing her story, and her request that they would at once go with her in search of her husband, they explained how impossible it would be, even with Hector’s assistance, to follow any trail till daylight. Mary was obliged to yield, but when morning dawned she was ready even before the men; and, mounted on a sure-footed pony, she and two of the young men set out, Hector having first been shown a woollen neckerchief which had belonged to his master.

The party rode first to poor Tom’s log-house, and there having dismounted, they led their horses all about, till a joyful bark from Hector showed that he had found the trail.

All day they rode, hour after hour, almost in silence, till on the afternoon of the second day, a melancholy whine from the poor dog, who had run on ahead of them, caused them to quicken their pace. Alas! it was a sad sight that met their gaze, for on a tiny mound of dried leaves lay poor Tom, stretched on his back, with an Indian arrow driven into his heart, while here and there in the immediate neighbourhood were the same marks that had been seen before—the marks of a small moccasined foot.

(Concluded at page 323.)



"Hector dropped his burden at her feet."



THE GARDENER'S FAVOURITE.



George makes anxious inquiries of the Helmsman about Home.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 315.)

R. WATT had undertaken to send one of his small sailing-boats up the St. Lawrence to Tadousac, to bring down the party to Saulte de Mouton; but on inquiring for this boat, it was found that she had not yet arrived. A strong wind was, and had been for nearly a week beforehand, blowing straight down the

St. Lawrence River, and under these circumstances it was useless to expect the craft for at least two or three days.

Before they had been twelve hours at Tadousac's tiny hostelry, the old landlord came into the room where our three travellers sat, with the news that a small launch was starting up the Saguenay to the Indian village at the head of that river—about a hundred miles up—laden with provisions: if the English gentlemen would like the somewhat rare chance of exploring that curious freak of Nature—for Saguenay is supposed from its conformation to be merely a volcanic split in the mountainous land around, a fissure through which the dark, still waters flow silently, and in unknown depths, with masses of grand rock, rising sheer, in many places, to a height of eighteen hundred feet from the water below—here was a chance.

After a brief consultation it was decided that they should go. They would have to sleep the night at Chicoutimi—the Indian village just spoken of—and could be back on the following day, and it was, as the landlord had said, a rare chance.

'We don't send a boat up there once in two months. And as to the boat you are expecting up the river—Mr Watt's—well, it is quite certain that she can't be here as long as this wind lasts.'

An hour later saw the three English travellers down at the river-side, and embarking on a shakyl-looking old steam launch, deeply laden with necessities for the small fishing community at the head of the Saguenay.

The little launch puffed and snorted her way through the inky-looking waters, and soon got between the towering banks rising high and sheer above her. No river that ever any of them had seen was like this. A cañon, a cleft in the great rocks, it seemed: not in the least like an ordinary river. From time to time they steamed past a small knot of Indians mending their nets upon the shore; here and there, when they got a little higher up, they passed a canoe or 'dug-out,' whose occupants were fishing in stolid silence, and who would hardly even raise their heads to give a grunt of salutation to the voyagers' greeting. Then, for many miles they would go puffing along up the silent stream, a group of birds here and there, rising in a flock at their approach, with shrill cries protesting against the unwonted disturbance of their solitude caused by the visitors.

'Tree thousand foots deep!' exclaimed the little French Canadian who acted as captain, chief officer and crew of the launch, to Mr. Devenish, as he pointed downward to the still, dark waters, over which they were gliding. 'And two thousand fots up to ze top,' indicating the frowning heights above their heads.

'It is precious gloomy, George, isn't it?' said Bernard, after a long look around him. 'I hope all your rivers—the ones where we are to fish—are not like this.'

'Oh, no!' was the answer, 'the Saguenay is quite one by itself.'

'It looks to me as though some awful tragedy must have taken place here in years gone by, and that the spirit of the waters was always brooding over it. The Saguenay is certainly a place for sad thoughts,' said Mr. Devenish.

A regular 'down east' Yankee, who was the only other passenger on the launch, sat up from the coil of ropes on which he had been lying, at this juncture, and stared gravely at the clergyman.

'Gives you the regular hump, sir, I guess, don't it?' said this individual, helping himself to a large 'chaw' of tobacco. 'Well, it takes me the same way, always. I have been up here about six times. And now, what might you and your two sons be going up this low-down river for?'

Mr. Devenish laughed gently. 'These boys are not my sons: we are going up here by way of amusing ourselves whilst we are waiting for a boat to take us to Mr. Watt's place at Pine Creek.'

'Oh, I reckon I know Watt. A very straight man that, although he is not an American. Still, there are some men on this globe who are honest, even though they don't own the Stars and Stripes for their native flag. Oh, yes, sir, I'm a real liberal-minded man, I am: nothing mean about me! I can quite imagine now, that you, a Britisher, might be honest—I can, I assure you. And you will always find me ready to trade with anybody. Want to sell your umbrell, now? No? Oh, well, just as you like, of course. What would you take for your satchel? Don't want to sell that, hey? Ah, well, what do you want to sell?'

But on being assured that Mr. Devenish had nothing to sell, the Yankee commercial traveller gradually subsided into silence, rather to the relief of the rest of the party.

They passed the night uncomfortably on board, and next day arrived at Chicoutimi, and the little launch was run ashore—there being neither pier nor other landing stage—and very soon a small crowd of Indians and half-breeds gathered on the beach round her, and began 'dickering' as the Yankee called it for the stores on board. After listening for a few minutes to the curious medley of languages in which the haggling was conducted, Mr. Devenish and the boys jumped ashore, and started off to explore the little Indian village.

The sense of smell soon guided them to their destination, and they passed along the somewhat squalid wood huts, outside which a few long-legged, greyhound-looking pigs were gambolling about, very much startled at the aspect of the strangers. They entered one hut at the invitation of a squaw, who

wished to sell them some rudely fashioned models of Canadian canoes, and some Indian moccasins, really beautifully worked in various coloured threads and beads. To make out what was the price asked was at first a matter of some difficulty, but at last, this having been overcome, they struck a bargain for half a dozen of the articles.

'I like their manufactures, but not their odour,' exclaimed George as he escaped from the stifling and not altogether savoury atmosphere of the hut.

'Yes,' answered Bernard; 'I could love them more if I could smell them less!'

There was nothing remarkable in the country around, and they merely gathered a few of the flowers and berries, strolled around the place, and then returned to the launch. The return journey was accomplished in safety on the following day, the party sleeping on board, and without anything worth chronicling occurring, they once more reached Tadousac.

Next evening, Mr. Watt's boat arrived. The men who had brought her up from Saulte de Mouton, informed Mr. Devenish that they would sleep the night at Tadousac, and would prefer to start back as soon as day broke, so that if possible they might land in the daylight, as there were a good many rocks about Saulte de Mouton, and it was an awkward place to get into by night.

Mr. Devenish promised to have his party aboard as soon as it was light next morning.

'I feel as if I really was home at last,' exclaimed George, as he stepped from the shore into his father's boat. 'The boat seems like a piece of my home come out to meet me. Bernard, Mr. Devenish, allow me to welcome you on board my ship!'

The 'ship' in question was a little half-decked boat, about thirty feet long, and carrying a very small mainsail and jib. There was just room for them to move about in her and that was all. By way of communicating with the shore, they carried—or, to speak accurately, towed behind them—a small canoe.

Of the two men forming her crew, one was a French Canadian, the other a half-breed Indian. The latter at once began to hoist the mainsail—the jib was already set—whilst the Frenchman took the tiller.

George, of course, bombarded the helmsman with questions about his father, mother, home, horses, and a hundred other things, so anxious was he now that home loomed so near.

After a few dull hours, 'George,' said Bernard, 'this wind has dropped so light that we are hardly moving through the water. Let us get into the canoe, and paddle over to the shore. It will be rather fun.'

No sooner said than done, and dropping into the canoe drifting astern of them, the two boys each seized a paddle and made for the left-hand shore. Beautifully wooded almost down to the water's edge, and with what looked like a dense forest for a background, the scene was indeed a lovely one, on this peerless day in early autumn, when the foliage had only just begun to lose its summer glory, and put on those nameless shades of russet brown, which perhaps even eclipse the bright green of the spring. The

lads were true lovers of nature, and they drank in, in silence, all the beauty around. Then a flight of wild birds suddenly rose, and put an end to their musings.

'Ah, if we had had a gun!' exclaimed Bernard; 'we might have——'

'Missed them,' interjected George solemnly; 'they are miles out of range, my dear boy—you have no idea how deceptive distances are to the eye on the St. Lawrence.'

'How is that? I mean why do things seem so much closer than they really are?'

'Because of the air being so rarified. You will see when we get to my father's river house—it is thirty miles wide there, the river, and yet you can nearly always see across to the other side. I suppose it is that same bright, clear air which always makes one feel so well—and eat such an awful lot—when you are living here!'

'Well, we may as well paddle back again. Hullo! look, the breeze has come up again, and the boat is beginning to travel through the water. Ah, they are going to lower the sail. What a pity: I should just like a race to get alongside them, shouldn't you? Yes?—well, we will signal them to keep it up then.'

Which they did, and as the breeze freshened still more, a merry race ensued down the river, but after going somewhat less than a mile, the boys brought their canoe up alongside, and got hold of the tow-rope. They spun quickly down stream for about an hour, and then once more the air dropped light, and the boat made hardly any progress through the calm water.

(Continued at page 330.)

THE SQUAW'S REVENGE.

(Concluded from page 319.)



FROM that sad day Mary never returned to her desolate log cabin; her friends at the squatter's farm were kind enough to have her conveyed to her childhood's home, where her old father and mother, and her favourite brother Edward, did everything in their power by their kindness to bring back the roses to her cheek and the smiles to her still youthful face. But Mary remained very still and quiet, helping her mother as well as she could, but evidently with a heavy burden weighing upon her heart—a burden which no one could reach, and about which she never spoke—the mystery which attended her husband's fate.

One day, however, an incident occurred which put the clue into her hands.

Her father and brother having observed the tracks of a large bear, went off one morning at early dawn into the depths of the forest to secure this animal, whose flesh, as well as fur, is very useful in the back

woods. They were long of returning—so long, indeed, that Mary and her mother began to feel a little anxious.

At last the welcome sound was heard of horses' hoofs, and, going to the door, Mary saw the two men approaching, her father riding, while Edward walked beside his horse, on which there lay a large dark bundle. Could this be the bear? Surely not; but an explanation was soon given. The men, after riding many weary miles, had lost all traces of the bear, and were just about to return home, when Edward pointed to a tree, among the thick branches of which a dark object could be seen. Believing it to be the animal they were in quest of, the old man fired, when with a cry of pain there fell to the ground a young Indian woman! She looked up in their faces with her dark eyes full of terror and tried to rise, but could not do so, as her neck was bleeding from the gun-shot wound, while in the fall from the tree her arm had been broken.

Shocked at what they had accidentally done, the two men—who would not have cared much had the victim been of the other sex—immediately endeavoured to soothe her fears, and speaking to her in the Iroquois language, which they pretty well understood, told her that they would take her to their own home, where womanly hands would attend to her wants, and she would be in no danger; but the poor young creature did not seem quite to understand them—she murmured something about revenge, and then seemed to fall into a kind of swoon, during which they gently placed her on Edward's horse, and then walked slowly home.

Well, it was somewhat difficult to know what to do with the wounded prisoner, but as Mary was evidently the one most fitted to cope with the difficulty, the girl was carried to her room, and laid on a bed on the floor. Then Mary sponged her bleeding neck, and tied up the fractured arm, while she could not help observing that the poor creature never took her eyes off her face, but moaned in a very distressing manner, evidently more from mental pain than from bodily suffering.

At length Mary thought she would speak, and try to bring peace to the suffering soul. She knew the Iroquois language in some slight degree, though not nearly so well as her brother Edward did. Taking the stranger's hand in hers she said, 'Do not be afraid of me; I am your friend. Tell me what you would like me to do.'

'Kill me!' cried the poor creature, wildly. 'Let me die! Do not be so kind to me; it cuts me to the heart!'

These strange words caused Mary much perplexity. Who was this woman? Why should she say such words as these? But the Indian girl was speaking again.

'I killed your husband,' she said. 'Yes, it was I who dogged his footsteps, and killed him with a poisoned arrow; but he had killed mine first! I dare say you never knew it, but it is true; he shot down the light of my eyes as though he had been a wolf or a bear, and, more than that,' she cried out excitedly, 'it was his dog that tore down my little one—the joy of my life! It was your husband who emptied my wigwam, and crushed my poor heart!'

Oh, can you wonder that I sought revenge? And I got it. Yes, I had my revenge, but,' she added, mournfully, 'it has not made me happy; no, it has not made me happy, for my revenge has made you sorrowful, and you are good. Oh, I did not mean to injure you.'

Here the speaker paused, overcome with her emotion, while strange thoughts were surging through Mary's brain.

Yes, she could see it all now; her husband—poor Tom—had been the first offender. He had not told her of it, but she could easily believe it, for she knew too well with what unconcern the white men could shoot down a red-skin. And this poor woman had been made a widow by his hand. She was also the mother of the little boy who lay buried close by her forsaken shanty. Poor creature, what she must have suffered! When Mary thought of it, she almost forgot her own grief in the deeper sorrow of her dark-skinned sister.

Thinking these thoughts, she took the poor hand in hers, and said gently: 'I forgive you the injury you have done to me. Will you not try to forgive what my poor husband did to you? To be able to forgive makes us much happier than to revenge ourselves.' Then, after a pause, she added: 'You buried your husband's body, did you not, after my husband had shot him down?'

'Yes, I did,' was the reply. 'I buried him in the wild wood—the wood he loved so well. But oh, my little one! I suppose he was left to be devoured by wolves—my only little one, the joy of my life. It breaks my heart to think of it.'

'Then don't think of it, poor dear,' said Mary, gently, 'for it was not so. I buried your little boy. I dug his grave with my own hands close by my home, so as to prevent any wild beast from coming near it, and before I laid him there I wrapped him up in a soft bear-skin, and kissed his little face, then laid him to his rest.'

For a little time the Indian woman seemed to be struggling with her emotion, then she said, 'You are good. You are kind, and I love you.'

Then Mary left her, that she might try to sleep.

A week after this, the poor woman being nearly well again, she begged that she might be allowed to go, saying that she could not live away from her own people. She went with Mary and her brother Edward as far as the tree where they had found her, and from whence she said that she could steer her way to her tribe.

Before they parted Mary gave her a new blanket and a bag full of provisions, which were gladly accepted. Laden thus, the Indian woman went on her way, and for a few minutes Mary and Edward watched her in silence. At length she reached the border of the forest, when, turning round, she waved her hand in mute farewell, and disappeared among the trees. They never saw her more!

* * * * *

Ere we bring this story to a close, perhaps our young readers may wish to know what became of Mary. Her future can be told in few words.

Her parents both having died, she remained with her brother Edward until a sad accident befell him.



"With a cry of pain there fell to the ground a young Indian woman."

He was much injured one day by a falling tree, and his right arm became useless. As he was unable to carry on his forest work, he left the wild wood, and gladly accepted an offer made to him to become manager of one of the training schools for native children, which have been established by the United States Government. Mary went with him, and

willingly took her share in this good work, for ever since her adventure with the poor Indian woman she had always felt the deepest interest in the native races, who, although many crimes can be laid to their charge, have yet good qualities which are brought out by kindness and sympathy.

D. B. MCKEAN.

THE WONDERFUL RECIPE.



IN the beginning of the last century a gentleman, named Matthews, was living in a country town near Canterbury. Mr. Matthews had an only son, fifteen years of age, who had set his heart upon studying for the medical profession. In accordance with his wishes, the lad became the apprentice of a noted apothecary and surgeon of the same town, named Thompson, and before he had ended his time he was thought to be almost as skilful as his master.

When the term of apprenticeship had expired, Mr. Matthews, senior, sought an interview with Dr. Thompson, in the course of which he remarked: 'I trust that my son has learned everything that is necessary? I should much regret the omission of anything which might tend to his perfect qualification in your art.'

The apothecary replied: 'Sir, I believe him to be as fully competent as myself, except, of course, that he has not had the same amount of experience. I have given him all my knowledge, except on a single point. That is a secret which I discovered for myself, and which, having amply proved its value, I do not choose to impart to another without a large fee.'

Mr. Matthews inquired the price of this precious secret.

'Sir,' replied Mr. Thompson, 'the secret is such that, if your son makes a proper use of it, it will bring him in thousands of pounds. In consideration, however, of the fact that he has been my apprentice, and has behaved well and studied diligently, I am willing to put him in possession of this most excellent nostrum for the trifling sum of thirty guineas.'

Mr. Matthews demurred to this, but after some haggling he consented to give—and Mr. Thompson consented to receive—twenty guineas for the recipe. The money was paid at once, and the doctor handed to Mr. Matthews a slip of paper, on which were written seven words.

Upon reading the recipe the old man was furious, protesting that he had been swindled and would appeal to the law.

The surgeon endured his abuse with perfect calmness, and, when his passion had exhausted itself, he remarked quietly, 'Although you scorn my secret now that you know it, it has nevertheless put hundreds of pounds into my pocket, and will doubtless do the same for your son, if he has the sense to use it wisely.'

Mr. Matthews, however, refused to be soothed by anything the doctor might say. At length his son interposed. 'Father,' said he, 'do not let this trifling matter trouble you further. During the period of my apprenticeship my master has always behaved kindly and justly towards me, and I cannot think he means to cheat us now. I have no doubt

whatever that I shall be able—as Mr. Thompson says—to profit by the use of this nostrum. Leave the matter to me; I will take care that the money shall not be wasted!'

The father listened to the words of his son, and, although far from convinced, he said no more upon the subject.

In a few days' time the young medical student started for Paris, where he hoped to acquire further experience in the healing art. For a year he attended the hospitals of that city. After that he travelled through Germany and Italy. In seven or eight years' time he returned to England, and made a tour as a mountebank doctor, a practice held then in greater respect than at the present day.

In the course of this tour he visited the small town in which he had served his apprenticeship. So great a change had taken place in his appearance during his long absence, that no one in the town knew him. He called himself the Baron von Heisterberg, and under this name advertised his intention of practising for some time in Canterbury and its neighbourhood. In order to attract further notice, he surrounded himself with servants, and drove out in a chariot of the newest and most expensive kind.

The 'Baron,' who was really clever, performed some genuine and remarkable cures. One day, as he was holding forth on the stage, which had been erected in the principal street of the little town, he saw amongst the crowd the face of his old master.

A mischievous idea entered the young doctor's head. He began to address his audience as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen! I have learned from an eminent professor a valuable accomplishment, that of reading in the face of a man the symptoms of any approaching disease. This is a most useful gift, because it enables the physician who possesses it to treat the disease in time—to nip it, as it were, in the bud. By this means many a death, many a serious illness has been averted. I will now try to give you a practical illustration of my meaning.'

Fixing a steady, solemn gaze upon the throng, the mountebank at last singled out his old master. 'There,' said he, with extended forefinger, 'stands a gentleman who, I feel convinced, will—without proper assistance—in ten days' time be no longer living; and no other person in the kingdom except myself is competent to save him. And, to show you how exactly I know the nature of the distemper which is invading his system, I venture to predict that, at about seven or eight o'clock this evening he will become extremely depressed in spirits, that he will pass a restless night, that to-morrow he will have completely lost his appetite, and that very shortly he will be seized by a fever, which will quickly carry him off.'

After advising the old doctor to seek advice and help while time yet remained to him for doing so, the 'Baron' went on to harangue the crowd upon other subjects.

He had made a great impression. The people were devoured with curiosity to see whether this strange prediction concerning their own old doctor was correct, while the poor man himself felt most

uncomfortable. He went home at once, and told what he had heard about himself to his wife. She sympathised with his distress, but was not to be shaken in her opinion that her husband was the wisest doctor in the world, and more likely to know what was the matter with himself than any one else.

However, the doctor grew more and more anxious as the time specified by the mountebank drew on. At eight o'clock he was very low-spirited, and soon after he felt himself too ill to sit up longer. He went to bed, passed a restless night, and—as the foreign doctor had foretold—had no appetite the next day. The report of his illness spread through the town, and every one was deeply impressed with the wonderful sagacity of the Baron von Heisterberg.

Mr. Thompson was very unwilling to send for the 'Baron,' fearing that thereby he might injure his own reputation; but, by the time he had fretted himself into a fever, his anxiety overcame his pride, and he sent for the only man who—as he imagined—could help him.

When Doctor von Heisterberg arrived, he said nothing of having seen his patient before. He felt his pulse, asked a few questions, and pronounced his malady one of a very dangerous nature. He had found no physician in England, said the 'Baron,' able to cure this disease; nevertheless, *he* guaranteed to do so for a fee of forty guineas, and, should he not succeed, he declared himself willing to forfeit a thousand.

To these terms the old doctor assented, and the other went home to prepare some medicine for him. Some simple liquid was sent—it matters not what, for the remedy in this case lay not in the medicine, as the 'Baron' very well knew.

From that moment the patient began to recover. In the course of four or five days his cure was complete, and the foreign doctor received not only his stipulated fee, but also the admiration and honour of the whole neighbourhood.

When Mr. Thompson was quite well again, he was extremely anxious to learn the marvellous secret whereby an incipient malady could be detected, and either forestalled or cured. He begged the 'Baron' to sell the secret to him, and the other said at last that he would sell it for a hundred guineas. When, to the old apothecary's great joy, the bargain was concluded and the money paid down, the mountebank handed him a folded and sealed paper, which, said he, contained the whole mystery.

The apothecary eagerly broke the seal, and beheld the identical recipe, in his own writing, which he had long ago sold to Mr. Matthews. The seven words were these: '*Fancy can kill, and fancy can cure.*'

He stood dumfounded, and the other doctor burst into a hearty laugh, as he exclaimed: 'Do you not now know who I am, and have I not turned your nostrum to good account?'

Thus Doctor Matthews—*alias* the Baron von Heisterberg—by strictly following his master's advice, not only recovered the price of the secret, but four times as much in addition, besides his fee.

E. D

A VILLAGE FLOOD.

HERE is an account of a village flood by one who witnessed it:—

'It was the second week in September. . . . It was past midnight, and the rain was beating heavily against the window, driven with fitful force by the rushing loud-moaning wind. There had been a sudden change in the weather; the heat and drought had given way to cold, variable winds, and heavy falls of rain at intervals. For the last two days the rain had been incessant, so that the old men had shaken their heads and talked of sixty years ago, when the same sort of weather happening about the equinox, brought on the great floods which swept the bridge away and brought the town to great misery.'

A woman was kneeling at prayer in a house by the river-side, when she felt 'a startling sensation of sudden cold about her knees and feet: it was water flowing under her. She started up; the stream was flowing under the door which led into the passage. She knew that it was the flood! While she was looking, something came with a tremendous crash against the window, and sent the leaded panes and the old wooden frame-work inward in shivers—the water pouring in after it.' That something turned out to be a boat, and offered a way of escape to the woman, and into it she scrambled. The boat was swept along by the rushing, muddy current. The brave rower could see that the bridge was broken down. As the swift tide carried her along below the bridge, she could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. Far away, across the watery fields, the trees lay deep in the water. She could see the poor dumb beasts crowding piteously on a mound where they had taken refuge.

But we will not follow farther the woman in the boat, but turn to our picture and see what our artist has depicted. The picture shows us a corner of a quiet hamlet or village, by which usually runs a quiet and pretty stream. The heavy rains have swollen the stream and the river has overflowed its bank, flooding all the country for miles around. The poor beasts, not knowing where the water is shallowest, have floundered into deep places, and are making desperate efforts to reach their would-be rescuers. The dwellers in the wayside cottages are thankfully clambering down a ladder from the upper windows into the rescue-cart; the waters having flooded all the lower part of the houses. The farmers' ricks of hay are still standing, but in a very short time the hay will be floating with the stream, or swirled hither and thither upon the waters. The gateway by the old stone wall is down and the wall itself is in imminent danger of being demolished.

Sometimes those who are responsible for the condition of the river-banks are indifferent to the duty of keeping them in good order, and then others suffer through their neglect, and they themselves are covered with shame.

JAMES CASSIDY.



A Village Flood.



"A terribly bad road through a cutting in the forest."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 323.)



ABOUT three in the afternoon, a curious sight to the English travellers, though one familiar enough on the lower part of the St. Lawrence, presented itself. What looked like a low-lying line of rocks, stretching out for over half a mile across the river, turned out on near inspection to be a huge school of seals. They came close to the boat before making any deviation in their course: in fact, their dog-like heads were plainly seen before they turned, and made themselves scarce. It is very rarely that a seal will approach to within gunshot range of human beings, but numbers, in this instance, appeared to give them confidence.

'We make our moccasins—those high boots you see this ugly little Frenchy—yes, you, I mean,' nodding at the steersman, who grinned back like a monkey, only half understanding what was said—'is wearing, out of those seals' skins—just raw as they are, and not a bit like what you, in England, know as sealskin—the raw article is a dull, dirty-looking yellowish-grey with black spots all over it. If we can manage to kill a seal whilst you are staying with us, I will get Macara—that is one of our Indians—to make you up a pair of them. They are just splendid for comfort and keeping out the wet and cold.'

After a good meal from bear ham and cold turkey the boys got out lines and tried for a fish. The afternoon drew rapidly to its close, without much progress being made on the journey: they continued to drift gently along, but at so slow a rate that it soon became plain that they would have to be sailing many hours after dark.

'You know all the rocks, I suppose?' asked George of the French-Canadian.

'Oui, oui, j'ais,' answered the latter with a grin.

'Well, I hope you do—but knowing what I do know of the average "hand" in these parts—I mean to keep my own eyes pretty smartly skinned as well, my good friend!' said George.

'You don't seem to put much faith in these men,' smiled Mr. Devenish.

'No. They are all very well as far as carrying out orders. But directly they are called upon to use their brains, they get all abroad. I have often heard my father say that the best of them can only be trusted as long as there is an Englishman to keep them right, always within hailing distance.'

Presently the sun began to set, and a glorious sight it was, as the great orb of day slowly sank below the sky line, reddening with purple, orange and gold the shimmering waters, and the great dense woods which fringed them down to the edge. The twilight was shortly succeeded by a somewhat dark night. The breeze, which had dropped entirely with the sun, now began to blow again in gentle whispers

from off the shore, and the ripple at their bows showed that they were again travelling through the water at a fairly good rate.

George lay out on the little decked bows peering through the blackness ahead, for the rocks, which he knew could not be far ahead now. These rocks lay some distance from the little inlet near Saulte de Mouton into which they desired to run their boat, and of course it would have been a somewhat serious affair, if they had in the darkness of the night gone foul of any of them. Every now and then a gleam of light would appear in the northern sky and show everything around them with the greatest clearness; again it disappeared and the night looked blacker than before. A heavy dew was falling, and coats and mackintoshes were needed. It grew rapidly colder, and all on board felt rather sleepy; but every few minutes a warning shout from George of 'Port!' or 'Star-board!' as the case might be, kept every one more or less on the alert. Then was witnessed one of those glories of the heavens which for ever dwells in the mind of him who sees it.

Spreading from east to west, opening and shutting, and opening again like some gigantic fan, the Northern lights illumined the whole of the darkling waters around. Glorious in every sense, this manifestation of the omnipotent power over skies and earth was witnessed with breathless interest by Mr. Devenish and the two lads. Never before had the English clergyman and his young relative seen anything more grand, more stupendous, than this. The rocks ahead could now be plainly seen and avoided by the helmsman, so George, rising from his cramped position, came aft again, and sat, gazing skywards, with his friends.

Thus they glided silently onwards, over the gently rippling waters, far through the night, until suddenly the half-breed uttered a cry and pointed over the port bow to a tiny, twinkling light, some mile or two ahead of them.

'Saulte de Mouton!' he exclaimed, and the French-Canadian, after looking for a moment in order to satisfy himself, nodded and repeated, '*Si, si, Messieurs, c'est Saulte de Mouton. They have left de lumière for to guide us. Now we can see to go in there.*'

'Hurrah!' exclaimed George, 'this looks like the end of the journey at last! I don't suppose that we shall be more than half an hour before getting ashore, now.'

The boat was held on her course for another twenty minutes, and then with the greatest care taken, in order to give a wide berth to sundry dangerous rocks, she was steered in shore. As they approached within a couple of hundred yards or so, the half-breed gave a shout, and two minutes afterwards, three or four swinging lanterns could be seen issuing from the door of the log hut, whose outlines could now be plainly discerned. The sail was quickly run down, oars were got out, and the boat was slowly paddled up to an inlet formed by two slabs of rock, one on either side. Into this she was gently brought, and then three dark figures sprang on to the rock and grasped the gunnel of the boat whilst the travellers stepped ashore, very cold and very cramped from their eighteen hours' journey in such a confined space.

'Come right along with me, gentlemen,' said a tall thin man, who seemed to be the head man of the station. 'Mr. Watt has had everything prepared, beds ready, supper kept ready, me and the two boys here' (they were both grizzled men of over fifty years of age) 'waiting for hours expecting you. He has been down here himself (the Boss) early this morning, but got so powerful uneasy in his mind—sort of jumpy-jerky, you know—that he couldn't stand the excitement of waiting, hour by hour, and seeing no boat come. So he allowed at last, that if she didn't come in sight within an hour from that time—which was two o'clock—that he would either have to slant for home or bust! And I said to him, I reckoned it would be less expensive to return to his roof-tree of the two. And he allowed he would—and he did.'

By this time the boat had been moored, and the whole party were walking up to the cheerfully lighted log cabin. It had been roughly furnished and fitted up with shelves, instead of bedsteads, but the buffalo rugs looked inviting and warm, and a rough deal table ran down the middle of the one long room laden with good things. A fire had been kept up in the stove, and soon a basin of steaming soup was standing before each of the travellers. It put new life into them, and also had the effect of loosening George's tongue.

The American overseer was able to tell him all that he wished to know about his parents, and also about his own particular pet animals; then, after having thoroughly satisfied their hunger, they slipped off their boots and outer garments, wrapped themselves about in the buffalo robes, and in ten minutes were, most of them, fast asleep.

Next morning, a run down to the river, and a refreshing plunge and swim, gave the lads an appetite for a hearty meal of eggs and fresh caught trout. At nine o'clock, three rough, shaggy-looking horses, drawing three still rougher-looking 'buck-boards,' were led round to the door, and the trio from England, the overseer (whose name was Hiram R. Madox, and he laid especial stress upon the 'R'), and some of the luggage were got on, and a start made over a terribly bad road, through a cutting in the forest. After going a mile, Mr. Hiram R. Madox, driving the foremost conveyance, failed to keep his near wheel out of a huge rut, and the buck-board promptly slipped down at such an angle that he slid off his perch, and sat with violence on the ground. A small trunk also tumbled out, and fell partly on him. But it did not in the least perturb him: he was well used to Canadian forest roads, and emerging from behind the portmanteau he calmly continued his conversation with Bernard.

'But as I was saying, them sort of critturs—hello! where are you gone to?'

For Bernard was no longer on his seat: he was lying more or less gracefully on his back, in an enormous rut in the track, quite unhurt, but much astonished. Rising, he said to the overseer, as that worthy was struggling with the trunk to get it on the buck-board again:—

'Do you do this sort of thing very often, here? Because, if so, I will keep a look-out for the proper moment to jump, you know!'

'Oh, fairly so, fairly so. It is a bit upsetting to conversation, but the great thing to do is never mind where you are going: just hang on in your own mind to the last thing you were saying: try to recollect where the conversation broke off, you know. Then you are all right.'

'Oh,' said Bernard, but there was a certain amount of doubtfulness in his tone, and thenceforth he kept a pretty smart look-out for ruts, and when, half an hour later, they were jolted over a great stone, he 'took time by the forelock' and alighted somewhat hastily. Again was the buck-board placed at such an angle that the trunk slid off into the road; but this time the Yankee caught hold of the board he was sitting on just in time to avoid following it. The horses seemed to make nothing of these little interruptions: when anything went wrong with the buck-board, they merely stood still and waited till the vehicle was righted again.

The jolting became more and more trying as the track got even worse than before, and the travellers were glad enough to alight and walk from time to time, in order to ease their aching backs and limbs. At midday a halt was called, the horses were taken out and tethered so that they could crop the grass near some shady trees; a rough repast was spread upon the ground, and they all fell to with a will.

(Continued at page 342.)

AN AID TO MEMORY.

AN old blind beggar used to live at Stirling. He was called Blind Alick, and he had a most wonderful memory. You might repeat any verse in the Bible, and he would tell you where it occurred; or you might call out the chapter and verse of any part of Scripture, and he would repeat the passage, word for word. A gentleman once asked him for the ninetyeth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Blind Alick considered a moment, and then said, 'You are fooling me, sir; there is no such verse—that chapter has only eighty-nine verses.' Whenever he left his humble room he locked the door, and carried the old-fashioned key with him in his hands. While answering the questions so often put to him, to try his memory, he used to rub the key in his hands, or shift it from one to the other. A curious discovery was made by accident, that by taking the key from him his memory became confused, and its wonderful current stopped. A gentleman took the key, as if to examine it, and continued to question Alick as to different passages of Scripture. Alick's answers came more and more slowly, and then incorrectly, until he begged the gentleman to return him his key, for he could not command his memory without having it in his hands.

G. S. O.

EVENING.

HUSHED are the din and strife of day,
The heat and glare have passed away;
Now all is peaceful, quiet, still,
The birds' late notes with rapture thrill.



"Hushed are the din and strife of day,
The heat and glare have passed away."

The sinking sun with slanting rays
Draws o'er the hill a golden haze ;
A mellow glory o'er the scene
Where weary toil so late has been.

Thus, with the man who spends his life
Toiling for God 'mid heat and strife,
Peace and sweet joy his age attend,
And Heaven's own glory gilds his end.



A FARM-HOUSE ON FIRE.

THE most appalling of all cries is that of Fire! It falls on the startled ear with terrible meaning; but its full significance can only be appreciated when both ears and eyes are made aware of it.

Appalling as the outbreak of fire is to man, it is even more alarming to the dumb animals, who invariably become panic-stricken at the sight and smell of the smoke and flames. Our illustration shows us

a fire which has broken out in a farm-house in the country, and spread to the stables, cow-sheds, and out-buildings. It is early morning, and the farm labourers have been aroused by the dwellers in the farm-house to come to the rescue of the poor dumb beasts shut up within the sheds.

Fortunately a band of villagers accustomed to fire-drill once or twice a week are soon on the spot, and

after hurriedly opening the doors to let the animals free, they seize the hand hose and vigorously apply the quenching water. The chief fear of the men is that within the cow-house, which, in the words of the firemen, is said to be 'well alight,' one or two animals may still be imprisoned. The farmer himself is about to tear down some of the battens to ascertain whether the house is empty. It is quite likely that he may find a few prisoners inside, rendered insensible by the smoke and heat, or paralysed with fear. There is not a moment to be lost, as already the flames are bursting through the roof.

Notice the different effects of the alarm upon the various animals. The horses are more panic-stricken than their neighbours, the cows. As they tear frantically forward from the scene of the fire, with heads up, manes almost erect, and eyes starting from their sockets, one is reminded of the attitudes of the war-horse as he answers the charge to the battle. The battle-steed is, however, long and carefully trained. He learns to become accustomed to the smell of powder, the shock of cannonading, and the sight of fire.

The cattle are in sore straits. Behind them is the milking-shed, into which they have been accustomed to be driven morning and evening. Now, although it is milking hour, the flames forbid their approach, and they are driven in an opposite direction.

The sheep-dog has never been called upon for such a morning's work. He usually finds it as much as he can do to keep the sheep together, but now quite unexpectedly the whole world of the farmyard is turned out, and each member of it seems mad. In the distance the dog can see the sheep rushing wildly their separate ways.

As for the pigs, nothing has before been known to cause them to move so hastily, not even excepting the replenishing of their troughs.

The various cries of the animals under a spell of terror are quite distinct from the sounds they make on ordinary occasions. They are almost human, and those who have heard them say that they are heart-rending.

J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

45.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. RAIL, gloat. An amphibious animal found in America.
2. Flight, duel. Very agreeable.
3. Fit, fads. An ancient implement of industry.
4. Crest, year. One who writes for another.
5. Rich, gap. Described very accurately; a daily paper.
6. Race, fun. Extremely hot.
7. Mica, chest. A form of instruction.
8. Bit, lyre. A much-valued privilege, sometimes abused.
9. Ant, ivy. A form of self-love.
10. Sleet, men. The first principles or smallest parts of anything.
11. Rife, shy. A source of valuable food.
12. Mace, day. A place of education.

C. C.

46.—ARITHMOGRAPH.

A VERY learned Englishman, who was born in the early part of the eighteenth century. He wrote several very valuable works, and was particularly successful in his lives of eminent writers. His works are still greatly esteemed, both for their literary merit and the high tone of religion and morality which they inculcate.

- 1.—7, 2, 3, 5, 1. A name borne by several kings of Scotland.
- 2.—3, 4, 6, 5. An animal usually considered to be of an obstinate disposition.
- 3.—3, 8, 12, 13. Our nearest celestial companion.
- 4.—11, 9, 4, 10. To avoid.
- 5.—3, 8, 6, 5. A small animal living chiefly underground.
- 6.—9, 12, 4, 1, 5. A habitation.
- 7.—8, 4, 11, 5. Four rivers in England.
- 8.—6, 5, 12, 13. A province in Spain.
- 9.—1, 5, 2, 11, 12, 13. One of four.
- 10.—3, 5, 2, 6, 1. Breakfast, dinner, supper.
- 11.—10, 8, 4, 13. A part of speech.
- 12.—9, 12, 6, 5. That which is made larger the more it is cut.
- 13.—1, 2, 3, 8, 11. An island in the Archipelago.
- 14.—7, 4, 10, 5. One of twelve.

C. C.

47.—BURIED NAMES.

FIND the Christian names of men buried in the following sentences.

1. Look at that curious cloud, half red and half yellow.
2. Most children like jam, especially strawberry.
3. He has been very fortunate, and has met with a right royal berth.
4. Does the swallow build a larger nest than the sparrow?
5. He fell from a high cart, hurting his head very seriously.
6. You must either use your old carriage, or get a new one this season.
7. No one believes how ill I am.
8. Can you see a damask rose in that garden?
9. It is not very easy to darn old lace neatly.
10. Have you seen my father? I cannot find him.
11. A violent gust of wind blew Isabel's hat into the river.
12. After the first false step he never recovered.

C. C.

48.—WORD PUZZLES.

SUPPLY the blanks in each sentence by words spelt with the same letters.

1. If you will take a — under this tree, you will be sheltered from the — wind.
2. It is a — pity that the — in that large room is so small.
3. Do you — the cry of the dogs that are chasing the —?
4. My — child, you must not — to go so near the water.
5. Although that tree looks so — now, it may in the autumn — a good crop of fruit.
6. He has found a rich vein of — on his estate, but it will take a great — of money to work it.
7. It is a sin to — even the — thing.
8. 'When the — is white with blossom,'
'The — wind doth blow and we shall have snow.'

C. C.

[Answers at page 347.]

ANSWERS.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 43.— <i>Biscay.</i> | 44.— <i>Borneo.</i> |
| 1. Baltic. | 1. Bosworth. |
| 2. Inca. | 2. Oasis. |
| 3. Sussex. | 3. Rhodes. |
| 4. Caledonia. | 4. Nice. |
| 5. Adrianople. | 5. Ephesus. |
| 6. Yarmouth. | 6. Odessa. |



MODERN GIANTS.

WE are accustomed to think of giants as living only in past ages. We say, with a sigh and a shake of the head, 'There were giants in those days.' We go back, at the mention of the word, to the lessons of our childhood, to stories of Og, king of Bashan, and his wonderful bed, or the Philistine Goliath with his vast stature.

Jack the Giant-killer, and that other Jack of Beanstalk fame, with the terrible monsters whom they encountered, come next to mind; but we do not think of the giant as living in modern days.

Nevertheless, some genuine giants have lived and moved and had their being in very recent times. One of the best known of these was M. Joseph Brice, a Frenchman of great stature, who came to London some years ago, and for a while had much success.

This amiable young French giant was twenty-two years of age, at least seven feet seven inches high, and is said to have been of very pleasing appearance and agreeable manners.

Almost at the same time the celebrated Chinese giant, Chang, arrived in England for exhibition. The magnificent Chang was even younger than his French rival, being only nineteen years old. He appeared in state, with his wife—a Chinese lady, with the tiny feet of her nation, a dwarf, and two attendants.

Chang was arrayed for display in beautiful white satin garments, richly embroidered. He made fluent speeches in his native language, and altogether he behaved with the utmost propriety and politeness.

Another noted giant was the Irish giant, Charles Byrne, whose end was singularly unfortunate. The poor fellow, having made a good deal of money by exhibiting himself, invested the whole of his savings in a 700*l.* Bank of England note. He placed this for safety, as it was summer-time, in a fireplace amongst some shavings. Somebody, ignorant of the precious contents of the grate, lighted a fire therein, and the whole of the giant's fortune was destroyed. The loss so preyed upon Byrne's mind that grief hastened his death.

Female giants, or giantesses, are still more scarce than men of unusual stature. There is an account, however, of a Polish giantess, the Countess Lodoiska, who was seven feet high, and weighed 270 pounds—a fair record for a woman.

Stories of giants whose height is said to have exceeded seven and a half, or, at the utmost, eight feet, should not be believed.

C. J. B.

AUTUMN.

THE sun is now rising above the old trees,
His beams on the silver dew play;
The gossamer tenderly waves in the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling away.

Let us leave the warm bed, and the pillow of down;
The morning fair bids us arise;
Little boy, for the shadows of midnight are flown,
And the sunbeams peep into our eyes.

Last night the glad reapers their harvest-home sang,
And stored the full garner with grain:
The woods and the echoes with merry sounds rang,
As they bore the last sheaf from the plain.

But hark! from the woodlands the sound of a gun,
The wounded bird flutters and dies;
Where can be the pleasure, for nothing but fun,
To shoot the poor thing as it flies?

The timid hare, too, in fright and dismay,
Runs swift through the brushwood and grass,
She turns and she winds to get out of their way,
But the cruel dogs won't let her pass.

Ah! poor little partridge and pheasant and hare,
I wish they would leave you to live!
For my part, I wonder how people can bear
To see the distress which they give.

When Reynard at midnight steals down to the farm,
And kills the poor chickens and cocks;
Then rise, Father Goodman—there can be no harm
In chasing a thief of a fox.

Or you, Mr. Butcher, and Fisherman, you
May follow your trades, I must own:
So chimneys are swept, when they want it—but who
Would sweep them for pleasure alone?

If men would but think of the torture they give
To creatures that cannot complain,
They surely would let the poor animals live,
And not make a sport of their pain!

THE STORY OF DARGAI.

A WOUNDED GORDON PIPER.

A GREAT heroic touch comes from the Punjab frontier concerning the climbing rush at Dargai of the Gordon Highlanders. One of the pipers who were blaring away to inspirit the men, as other regiments make a charge with drums beating and bugles blowing—even at Aldershot it stirs the blood rarely—was shot through both ankles, and of course fell. But he at once set up and continued his piping 'amid a perfect hail of bullets' while his comrades crossed the fire-zone. Bravo the 'gay Gordons!' they have modernised for us the story of the Squire of Chevy Chase, who fought, as the piper played, upon his stumps.



A Wounded Gordon Piper.



"Captain Peter scans and criticises everything with the eye of a sailor."

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

COLIN McLEOD.*

WHEN we are first introduced to Colin McLeod he is lying on the grass, at full length, his head on his half-raised arm 'because he does not wish the creepie-creepies to get inside the collar of his shirt.'

Colin was twelve years old, and a sunny-hearted, sunny-minded laddie. He was the younger son of a Scottish laird, one of the chiefs of a branch of a noble clan, the McLeods of Glenthora; his elder brother, Roland, was his father's favourite, and though not much over fifteen, followed him, gun on shoulder, over moor and mountain, often from three o'clock on a summer's morning until seven at night, neither father nor son being easily tired. The two brothers were a striking contrast in appearance. Roland was strong and hardy, and big for his age—he was Colin's senior by three years; whereas Colin was neither a big boy for his years, nor a very robust one, nor was there any likelihood that he would develop into a very tall or very strong man. Roland, as he was the elder son, would some day be laird; he would never leave the Glen, but in good time marry and settle down in it, as the former lairds of Glenthora had done; but the world was all before Colin. 'He had his fortune to make, his career to cut and carve. The gentle lady mother of these boys, whom both of them loved more than life itself, had laid her plans for Colin. She possessed that pride of birth or ancestry which is so common to this day among many Highland families, and, rightly or wrongly, she despised what is called "business." No doubt Colin could succeed in business if he tried, but the very idea of his entering an office, or standing anywhere near a counter, was distasteful to her in the extreme. Well, then, there were the four professions—the Kirk, medicine, the law, and the sword. Of these, Mrs. McLeod preferred the first-mentioned—mother-like; and her brother, Captain Peter, preferred the last—sailor-like.'

But all this time, while we have been setting forth Colin's standing, and his prospects, we have left the lad himself lying on the grass, in company with his two books: one Arnold's *Latin Grammar*, the other *Tom Cringle's Log*. It was Friday afternoon, and on the morrow Dominie Clayton would examine the school in the week's work, and woe betide the boy who should fall short of the standard set up by the dominie.

A dreamy, drowsy spot was that selected by our hero; he loved it for this very reason. It was on the banks of a stream which meandered through a wood, a good mile from the village, and a good mile from a house of any kind, except the keeper's little cottage in the clearing. The murmuring stream, the humming insects, and the singing birds, with the help of the shining sun lulled the young Latin student to sleep. In this condition he was entertained by a capital dream, in which the gerund in 'dum' and the gerund in 'do,'

the gerund in 'di,' the preterites, active verbs, and prepositions, and other parts of speech mingled in a lively dance, wheeling and whirling and waltzing in an amazing manner.

Startled from his slumbers by the sound of a gun, he is greeted by a strong, wiry young Highlander, some sixteen summers old, wearing the kilt, and with his face sun-burnt till his brow glows like a marigold, and his cheeks have the hue of russet apples. Duncan Robb is his name, and he is the foster-brother and sworn friend of Colin. Down sits Duncan on the grass beside his friend and listens to a recital of the 'silly dream.' Behind the lads stands a noble-looking pure white goat, with hair of immense length, and a beard that, tall as he is, almost touches the ground, and his horns are arching over his back almost to his loins. This goat is the constant companion of Duncan, and follows him like a dog over hills and woods. He has been in possession of his young master since quite a kid. Soon the lads are busy playing draughts, with round and square 'men' cut from four carrots. But they can neither of them lend their minds to the game, and so the draughtsmen are pitched into the burn, and they fall to talking. Very earnest in tone is the conversation, turning mainly upon the question of what Colin is to be when he leaves school. The merits and demerits, as they strike the boys, of the various professions are discussed, and at last Colin says musingly, 'But then there is my uncle, Captain Peter, you know; he would have me be nothing else but a soldier—or rather a sailor, a real man-o'-war's-man, you know, just as he has been himself.'

'That is what you *will* be!' cried Duncan; 'that is what you are *born* to be. Heigho, man! poor Duncan's heart will break with sorrow the day you leave the Glen. I have known and loved you all your life, and you are to me a brother—the only brother ever I had.'

The tears were in good Duncan's eyes. Colin crept up closer to him and placed his arm on his shoulders.

'My dear brother,' he said, 'whatever betides I won't forget you, so cheer up. I feel that I am born to be a sailor, but is that any reason we should part? Couldn't you come with me? My uncle has lots of influence.'

'Eh? What? How?' cried Duncan.

'Join the Marines. You are strong and hardy; with my uncle's help and your own good conduct you would soon get your promotion and be a sergeant.'

Duncan laughed aloud with very joy.

'Hurrah!' he cried, 'that will be splendid. Yes, I will go like a shot. How clever you are to think of it! You have made me happy for once. Good-bye. Come on, Billy'—to the goat.

A period of many months elapses after this conversation. Again it is a beautiful summer's day, when, making a bundle of their clothes and strapping them on their shoulders, the foster-brothers swim out to an island some distance from the shore. They fished for some hours, then went into the interior to eat their lunch of bread and cheese, and enjoy themselves. And so happily passed the time, as Colin read aloud from one of Kingston's stories, that when they next looked about them the sun had gone down and the wind got up. They had quite a long way to swim,

* Colin McLeod is the hero of Gordon Stables' capital book, *On Special Service*, a tale of life at sea.

and the surface of the lake was very rough indeed, and the shore looked a long, long distance off.

'I will never be able to do it,' Colin said to Duncan.

'You never know,' replied Duncan, 'what you can do till you try.'

'Come on,' cried Colin; 'I mean to try.'

'Spoken like a McLeod,' said Duncan; and next moment they were both together, shoulder to shoulder, buffeting the waves.

The water felt terribly cold at first, but they soon warmed to their work, only the water constantly broke over their heads, and prevented their breathing or seeing with freedom. There was no talking, the work was too serious, only Duncan found time now and then to splutter out a word or two of encouragement.

But it got nearly dark before the distance was much more than half accomplished.

'I don't believe I *can* do it,' said Colin, at last.

Duncan's reply was very brief. It consisted of but one word—'Fiddlesticks!'

Presently, however, he turned towards his foster-brother and said, kindly—'If you really are getting tired, you know, lean a hand on my shoulder.'

But Colin McLeod said, 'No, not for all the world.'

Ten minutes after they were both dressed and laughing at the danger they had just come through.

Not long after this Colin's uncle succeeds in procuring for his nephew a cadetship. A warm-hearted old sailor is Captain Peter, and we watch him excitedly stumping up and down the floor of the parlour as though it had been the deck of the old *Bellona*, the battle-ship on which he lost his leg, 'for the sake of Queen and country.' He would not have exchanged that wooden limb for a modern cork one. 'Shams, madam! shams! shams!' he had exclaimed one day to his sister, as she ventured to suggest the propriety of his investing in one of the new-fashioned flexible not-to-be-detected limbs. 'Shams, madam. I am not ashamed of my timber toe.'

Let us look at uncle and nephew now, as they together board the training-ship. Colin duly reports himself, and all the usual office preliminaries are gone through; then, after a chat with one of the officers in the ward-room, his uncle, followed at some little distance by Colin himself, is shown round the ship. Captain Peter scans and criticises everything with the eye of a sailor. Colin notices, with a blush of shame for their insolent behaviour, that the peculiarities of his uncle afford a deal of amusement to several of the cadets, and that they are merry at his expense, even under his very eye. In his passage round the ship good Captain Peter makes frequent use of the words, 'When I commanded the old *Furore*.'

Perhaps there is a slight ring of pride in them, excusable in so aged a sailor; and one too who has lost a leg in his country's cause. But the words and the tone also are duly remembered by more than one cadet.

Early the next morning as the cadets are dressing—Colin among the rest—a wet sponge strikes him on the chest, entirely spoiling the breast of his white shirt.

'I threw that sponge,' says Bully Burgess cheekily. 'Did you?' responds Colin, quietly taking his measure. 'I thought as much. Well, I accept your apology before you speak. Go away and learn to behave better in future.'

There is a general roar of laughter at Colin's coolness, amid which Master Burgess, or Bully Burgess, as the smaller cadets call him among themselves, retires discomfited. Not for long, though. The shouts of laughter are soon renewed, and there is young Burgess strutting about the deck with an improvised wooden leg, and a top coat on.

'When I commanded the old *Furore*,' he says. 'When I commanded the old *Furore*!'

He brushes past Colin as he speaks the second time. The result may be imagined.

Both are wounded in the tussle; neither eyes nor noses are improved, but the bully is worsted. Colin would never have fought on his own account, but he feels he could die sooner than have his dear old uncle made the butt of unseemly jokes.

Both belligerents are reported, and by order of the first lieutenant are told to consider themselves under arrest.

Under arrest! What a blow to all Colin's hopes!

The story goes on to tell how for once, at any rate, the right horse is saddled, thanks to a young cadet, by name Quentin Steele, who speaks up for Colin before the commander, when the two lads are brought before him the following day. 'Bully Burgess' is not allowed to leave the ship for a fortnight.

Great interest attaches to the time when Colin, through the efforts of his uncle, is appointed to the ship *Theodora*, ordered off on special service, but not until he had passed successfully his Training-ship Examination and roughed it round the coast in a gunboat for twelve months.

Of the many adventures which befall Colin and his shipmates, perhaps none is more exciting than that told in Chapter X., entitled 'Capture of a Portuguese Slaver—making it comfortable for the crew.'

One morning, when the stern old Highland chieftain, McLeod, the father of Colin, opened his paper and read therein his son's name, specially mentioned, with that of other officers, in a brief article under the somewhat sensational headings of—'Chase and Capture of a Piratical Slaver—Release of 500 Slaves—Gallant Conduct of British Officers'—then it must be confessed that it was with some degree of pardonable pride that he handed the paper across the table to Captain Peter, and it is not difficult to guess how elated every member of the home-circle was, each in his or her own way, over Colin's distinction.

'Life on the Ocean Wave—A Year's Cruise in Indian Waters,' is a chapter relating many strange adventures which befell our hero and others; but our readers should go to the book for themselves if they would follow Colin and Duncan, his foster-brother, through a series of spirited engagements and hair-breadth escapes, which set forth that 'honour and glory' are hard to win even by such brave-hearted lads as these two.

JAMES CASSIDY.



George Stephenson.

ROBIN HOOD'S RACE.



THIS was the curious name given to a sort of maze, yet not made like most mazes, with paths running between hedges, planned so that persons have difficulty in getting to the middle of it. Robin Hood's Race was cut in the ground, and some folk think that it was a plan of the Romans when they ruled over Britain, meant to give exercise to boys or young men, who tried to see who could run through all the windings in the shortest time. It was also called the Shepherd's Race, being upon a Common near the town of Nottingham, where flocks were turned out to graze; and it was said that the shepherds exercised themselves upon it while they were looking after their sheep. This maze was about twenty yards square, made of numerous turf paths going in circles, and between these were narrow trenches, along which people could not run, but they might have gone along them on bicycles, if they had had such articles then. At each corner were oval

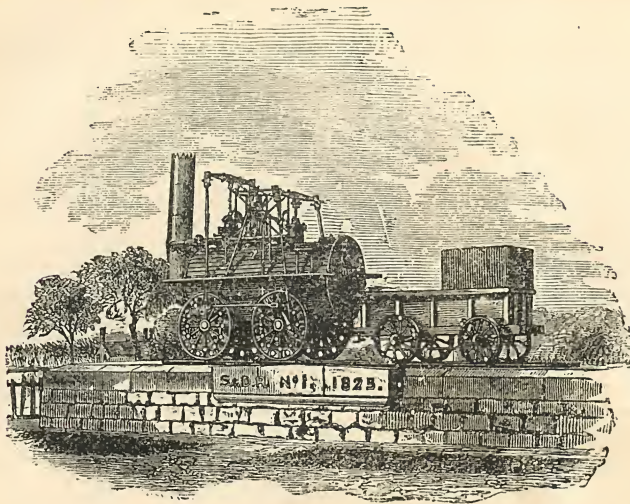
projections, each of which had a cross formed in the turf. There were no hedges, but a tree in the middle.

Just about a hundred years ago, in A.D. 1797, Robin Hood's Race was ploughed up and disappeared. Not far from this was St. Ann's or Robin Hood's Well. No doubt both maze and well had the name which belonged to the noted forester of the olden time, because Sherwood Forest, and other woods where he used to hunt, are in the same part of Nottinghamshire. Close to Robin Hood's Well there used to be an old wooden house, where people could rest, and in which they used to show an old wicker chair, supposed to have belonged to Robin Hood. Many holiday-makers visited this well, and amongst others who went there, we read that King James I. with his courtiers once did, and tasted the water.

J. R. S. C.

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

THE man whose name in connexion with the invention of the mighty steam locomotive has been on the lips of every man for over half a century



The Engine that first travelled upon the first Public Railway, now on a Pedestal in front of the Station at Darlington.

past, was born near Newcastle-on-Tyne in A.D. 1781. He became the assistant of his father, who was fireman to a pumping engine at Wylam Colliery, and at the age of seventeen he took a higher place than his sire, although only making twelve shillings a week for twelve hours' work per day; yet he found time in which to take his engine to pieces and make himself master of all its intricacies. The young fellow at eighteen was ignorant even of reading and writing; but he wished to read all about machinery in engineering books, and pluckily began going to a night school to learn. George Stephenson made light of his twelve hours' work, and after the day's labour was over he went to school all his evenings! At twenty he became brakesman at one pound a week, and, instead of spending his spare time and spare cash in public-houses, he employed his leisure in mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen.

He soon saved enough to furnish a house, and then he married in A.D. 1802, but he lost his young wife two years later.

Stephenson was appointed in A.D. 1812 engine-wright at Killingworth, and whilst there he diligently studied the locomotive engine. All attempts to produce a practical one had hitherto been failures; but at last Stephenson completed the building of an engine, which, when tested, succeeded in drawing eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight at about the rate of four miles an hour. This was in A.D. 1814. It was this engine which headed the railway procession in A.D. 1846 on the opening of the Middlesborough and

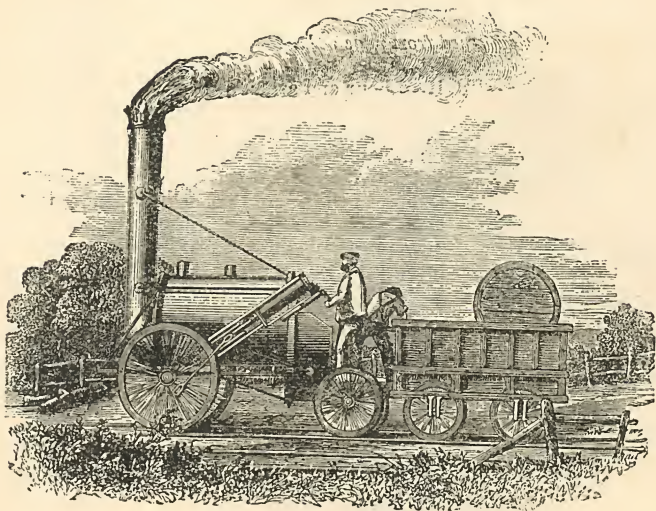
Redcar Railway. This locomotive was afterwards placed upon a pedestal in front of Darlington Railway station. Our readers will see our (No. 1) picture of it.

The Rocket (A.D. 1830) was the next notable advance in the then infant art of locomotive building, and of this engine we also give a sketch. Twelve miles an hour was then looked upon as a fair rate of speed to expect. What would those early travellers have said could they have seen one of our giant modern locomotives travelling, say, on the North-Western or Great Western line, and keeping up a regulation speed of sixty miles an hour! And it is hardly needful to say here that a much greater rate is maintained for short distances on occasions.

George Stephenson was employed in the construction of railways all over the kingdom after he had demonstrated the immense possibilities of his discovery, and quickly he became a very rich man. In A.D. 1840

he leased the Clay Cross Colliery, near Chesterfield, but less than eight years afterwards he died, at the age of sixty-seven, a hard worker to the last. Most becoming were the words which he addressed to his hearers at one of the last public meetings which he lived to attend; he said, 'I stand before you but as a humble mechanic. I have risen from a lower standing than the meanest person here, and all that I have been enabled to do in the course of my life has been done through perseverance.' Any man he considered could have done what he did, had he been gifted with tenacity of purpose and firm resolve not to be daunted by difficulties.

F. R.



The Rocket—1830.

MOTHS.

MANY years ago, when some of our common British insects were having names given to them, people noticed a moth which was often to be seen on a summer evening in a lonely churchyard, or perhaps in a sheltered corner of a field. People called it the Ghost Moth.

The male moths are silvery white, and they have a peculiar way of flying a few feet above the ground. They go steadily backwards and forwards, reminding us of the swing of a pendulum; now and then darting away sharply for a minute, but returning to take up the same movements again. They keep on thus for a time, though sometimes they fly a good distance, the wings being powerful, as they belong to the family of the Swift Moths. Their female companions are different, brown in colour, marked with lines and spots; they are seldom seen on the wing, being shy.

Very different is the Ghost Moth while it is in caterpillar form, yet active even then. At the roots of nettles, and plants of waste places, we may dig up this caterpillar. It is smooth and glossy, with a horny head, which helps the insect to make burrows under the soil. Along these burrows it travels when it chooses, going head first or tail, as may suit. When it has become a chrysalis, should you find one, and open its earth cell, you would see, by its wriggling, that it disliked being meddled with.

Less in size is the Golden Swift, not quite so common as the Ghost Moth. It is remarkable for wings of golden brown, with paler spots. The flight of this moth is in the same pendulum style. Its caterpillar lives upon the roots of the bracken. There is another handsome one called the Beautiful Swift, which appears in August, and is not easy to catch.

J. R. S. C.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 331.)



AFTER an hour and a half's delay, the party resumed their journey, and had hardly gone a mile when George gave a jump which tumbled him right over the tail of the buckboard. He was up again in a moment crying out, 'There is father! look! over the top of that big hill, on horseback. I know it is father! I am certain of it!' and setting off running as hard as his legs could carry him, he soon out-ran the buckboards, now being dragged up a long hill, and rushing on, he was quickly clasped in his father's arms.

Mr. Watt used to say afterwards that he never remembered even getting off his horse at that supreme moment, when he beheld again his only child, the son whom he had thought swallowed up in the cruel seas which beat upon the English shore.

'Perhaps I did not get off, my son. Perhaps I—I just fell off!' he said.

It is hardly necessary to say how hearty was the welcome which the Canadian farmer extended to Mr. Devenish and the young Lord Brampton.

'When I think that you—you, a mere slip of a lad—rushed into the sea to save my son, a little piece of humanity you did not even know, at the time—I—I feel like——' but the honest tears choked his further utterance for a moment, and then he ended hastily, 'I feel—like an old fool!'

'Whatever service I did for George, he has more than paid me back, Mr. Watt, I can tell you. We have had some strange times together, he and I, since you last parted with him, I can tell you!'

The journey was shortly resumed, and after climbing slowly to the top of the succeeding hill, they stood for a few minutes on the summit, gazing down at the Watts' farm and homestead, in the valley beneath them. A little river, with a dam built across it, lay at their feet, and the farmer pointed it out to his guests.

'There lies my principal source of wealth,' he said; 'it gives me my power for the saw-mills, access for my boats, salmon and trout for my table in lavish plenty. It brings the wild fowl down, too, and they are very acceptable eating in the hard weather. Yes, the river means a great deal to me, I assure you. But let us hurry on: I know you will understand how anxious my good wife is to see our boy again.'

And in less than an hour from that time they were all snugly ensconced in the roomy, timber-built farmhouse.

George and his mother had disappeared for a few minutes, and then came into the room again with eyes suspiciously red.

A little later, and they were all assembled around a well-spread table. After full justice had been done to the meal, plans for the amusement of the thrice-welcome guests were brought forward for discussion, and in spite of the fatigues of travelling over a very rough country, talk upon this interesting subject was kept up till a late hour. Then, thoroughly tired out, the little party retired for the night.

Next morning, whilst the boys were revelling in a bathe before breakfast in the bright, clear running stream, George, spluttering the water out of his mouth as he came to the surface after a plunge, exclaimed, 'Bernard, old boy! let us start an expedition all by ourselves! Wouldn't it be fun? There is a little river about ten miles from here, which they say has never been explored properly yet. In fact, no white man has ever taken the trouble to go up it, so I have been told, and you never can believe what the Indians tell you about it—or about anything else, for that matter! We might be able to pick up a bear cub or two, and bring them home with us!'

'That would be splendid!' assented his companion. 'How should we go—by boat?'

'We would take a light canoe; but I dare say many parts of the little river are too shallow for even that to float in—so we would have to carry the canoe—ah, well, we would take just one man to do that part of the business for us, and——I say, I am getting cold, talking here in the water! Let us get ashore

and dry, and have a trot up home: we can talk as we go.

They waded ashore, and were soon into their rough flannel suits and jogging along up towards the farmstead. The morning was gloriously fine, with that touch of crispness in the autumn air which is, perhaps, of all weather, the most enjoyable.

At breakfast the boys broached George's plan to Mr. Watt, who tried at first to laugh them out of it.

'Suppose you get caught by the Indians and scalded?' he cried, laughing.

'Oh father, you know there are no Indians—none of that sort, anyway, about these parts. If we did meet any Indians the worst that could very well happen to us would be that they would either try to cheat us in a deal, or steal our guns while we slept. Besides, I thought you said there were no people of any sort living in that direction?'

'Well, my boy, I only told you what others tell me. I know nothing of my own personal knowledge. They say no white man has ever yet been up that bit of a river, and I have heard Indians say that the underwood is so thick along the banks, that you have to cut a way through it with an axe before you can pass. No—speaking seriously, I don't suppose you would meet anything dangerous. Indians are a wandering race, and you might come across a small party of them any time,—but that wouldn't matter, they are harmless enough, these Hurons and half-breeds. But I reckon that your young friend would hardly like to sleep out at night on pine-wood branches—though I think it is the cleanest, sweetest-smelling bed that ever a man took his rest on, myself.'

'Don't think that of me, Mr. Watt!' exclaimed Bernard. 'I did some roughish sleeping, both in the gipsy-van and in Mr. Moxey's select establishment! And I should like to sleep out in a Canadian forest; it must feel so free and jolly!'

Mr. Watt coughed drily.

'It is free—there is no gainsaying *that*. Whether you would find it "jolly" as you call it, I don't quite know. But you shall have Pete to go with you: he is a thoroughly trustworthy fellow, and knows how to speak to the Indians in their own lingo, if you should happen to meet any of them. I don't think it likely, but you may. It seems funny that I have never all these years been up that bit of a river: they say it is not much more than twenty miles to its source—but a Canadian farmer's work is never done—at all events not until the frost and snow come, and then you don't want to go camping out, you know! By the side of a good blazing log fire is the place for me then! Pete is away down at the log-cabin at Saulte de Mouton just at present, but if you youngsters can restrain your ardour for about a week, he will be back then, and delighted to get the chance to go with you, I have no doubt.'

So the matter was left, and for the ensuing week the new-comers, conducted by George and his father, were taken all over the farm, either riding or walking—for Mr. Devenish respectfully, but firmly, declined to get on to a buck-board any more!—they inspected the flocks and herds, the land all around, the growing timber all destined for the saw-mills, the great dam in the river, of the construction of which Mr. Watt was justly very proud; they shot,

and fished and boated, and altogether found time hanging by no means heavily on their hands. At the end of this period, the anxiously expected negro, Pete, arrived on the scene.

Pete was somewhat of a curiosity. Like most of his race, he was a laughing, good-tempered fellow, with none of that half-sullen, half-cowed temper which marks the half-breed Indians. He was a kind of natural genius, too: could cook a dinner; sail, aye, or if necessary build a boat; shoot, fish, and trap with any one. He had been nearly all his life with Mr. Watt, whom he regarded as quite the finest man in the world and equally competent to shoot a bear, or command an army. When Pete was informed of the proposed expedition, and told by his master that he would be placed in sole charge, he laughed gaily, delighted at the idea.

'Choose a light canoe, Pete,' said Mr. Watt, 'one that you can carry easily on your own shoulders through the woods, for I expect that you will find a lot of shallows, where you will have to get out and do the journey on foot. Each of you must take a good sharp axe to clear your way if it is necessary. We will put you up a big ham, some cold fowls and biscuit, tea and a small kettle. So if you like, boys, you can be off to-morrow, as soon as you have had breakfast.'

Delighted with the novelty of the promised expedition, the two boys went to bed at nine o'clock, and lay awake half the night in eager expectation of the early morning start. Before eight o'clock, Pete came up to the house to tell them that the canoe was all ready, and away they started for the river, waving their hands to those standing on the verandah of the house, watching them, in farewell.

The five miles of stream which led to the mouth of the small unknown river were quickly traversed, the boys sitting back to back, each nursing his gun, whilst Pete paddled them swiftly along. They swept round into the mouth of the little estuary and worked slowly against stream, up between its densely wooded banks.

'Hope we don't get much shore: lots of cutty down tree, dere,' grinned Pete, pointing with his paddle-blade to the verdure on the right-hand side of him. 'Better in canoe for Indian man!'

George laughed and nodded. 'Lots of chop, chop, for Pete, eh? and lots of carry canoe! Well, it seems all right here. The water is plenty deep enough still.'

They pushed on slowly up the stream, which proved to be a very pretty one in its picturesque surroundings. At mid-day, they ran the canoe into the left-hand bank, got out and stamped the stiffness out of their cramped legs and feet. Then Pete, having hauled the frail little craft high up out of the water, straightway began to make a fire and put the kettle on to boil.

'No do anything without you tea!' said the half-breed, laughing. 'Mas'r George set line catchy trout, and a couple of lines were quickly run out: a couple of beautiful fish were captured in less than a quarter of an hour. They were quickly cooked, and when they were eaten, both boys thought they had never before tasted such a delicious dish.'

(Continued at page 350.)



George meeting his Father.



"George, can you explain this?"

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

FOUND OUT.

(Founded on Fact.)



SOME folk will tell you, sir, that there is no such thing as a broken heart,' began Sergeant Lundy, as we passed through the churchyard on our walk. 'Well, now, instead of argufying upon the matter I would just like to take those folk over yonder, and inform them quite politely that they are wrong.' Here he pointed to a newly-made grave under the ancient yew-tree. 'Then I would relate to them the story of the old Squire who was buried there yesterday, and ask them to take back their words. For, if ever a man died of a broken heart, sir, it was old Squire Weatherby, a country gentleman of the good old school, and one of the straightest riders across country, the kind of J.P. to make a rascal tremble on Bench day, and yet full of a rare tenderness for the widow and orphan.'

* * * *

But to begin at the beginning of what I have got to tell, I must go back to a certain summer day, not more than some half-dozen years ago, for I had not long left the force, I remember, and the hours used to drag heavily enough. So that the habit grew upon me of making the railway station my beat, where I found entertainment in watching the trains come and go, and I happened to be loitering there as usual, and looking about me, when up trips one of the prettiest young ladies that ever you set eyes upon, sir.

'How do you do, Sergeant Lundy?' says she. 'And how is Molly?'

Then, of course, I knew her in a jiffy. For, you see, my old woman had lived in the Egerton family afore Miss Rosie was born; and real friendly they have behaved to her ever since. But being as how they had removed to another part of the county, I was a bit taken by surprise at first.

'Yes,' Miss Egerton went on to explain, 'I am here on a visit to the Squire. But, oh, dear, Sergeant, how sadly changed he is! I should hardly have known the dear old gentleman again,' says she.

'Why, there is a reason for that, miss, as there is for most things,' says I, looking uncommon wise, no doubt. 'Do you happen to be acquainted with the Squire's second son?'

'We met lately in Rome,' says she, half hesitating.

'Ah, well,' says I, quite comfortably, 'then I reckon you are little more than strangers, you and Master George. So, you see, I don't mind telling you what has turned the Squire that bent and grey.'

'This is very dreadful,' murmurs Miss Rosie, under her breath. 'Oh, do tell me all about it, Sergeant. I am quite sure I shall find it interesting.'

'Well, I made certain that everybody had heard,' says I, 'of the mischance that broke Squire Weatherby's spirit, together with his fortune. The

forgery was committed—let me see, it must be four years ago this July. There were some queer rumours flying about at the time, I recollect, concerning Master George's goings-on, who had been a long while away in London. Not that I lent a willing ear to any such gossip, for now that the young man was quietly at home again, and I saw him regular at church on Sundays, there could not be much wrong with him, thought I to myself. It was only later that I knew as how he had been tackled by the world, the flesh, and the devil, and how, instead of closing with them like a man, he had caved in to them at once.

However, not many weeks had gone by afore it came out that some one had been signing the Squire's name to bills for any amount. The sum total of the money embezzled was something alarming, so that it was all the Squire and his lawyer could do to save the Hall and estates; and, would you believe it, Miss Rosie, that the only earthly comfort the old gentleman could lay hold of just then was the apparent sympathy of Master George, for he it was who helped to draw up plans for the future, and who contrived everything possible to save his father from further trouble. But that was just what made the blow the harder when it fell at last.

Well, the Squire has a habit, you must know, of getting through most of his letter-writing afore breakfast. He was always a man of clockwork regularity. But there came a particular morning when a strange thing happened, for it was the first time, according to anybody's remembrance, that Squire Weatherby had been late for breakfast.

Now, the Squire's wife had died many years before, and his elder son was married and lived some miles away. But Master George and his sisters were already half through that meal when the old gentleman enters the room, and totters up to the table. In his stretched-out fist he was grasping a fair-sized sheet of blotting-paper.

'I found this,' says he, in a shaking voice, 'between some papers that were put away in my bureau. George, can you explain to me why a name that I had no need to practise signing, should have been blotted here so repeatedly?'

Then the Squire's second son, taken off his guard, turned ghastly pale, and stammered a lame reply. But it was not the least use to dissemble, for the young man was no actor, and his own guilty manner had at once convicted him. Besides, the evidence against him was well-nigh conclusive.

Well, well, the matter was hushed up, but though the case had been wrapped so far in mystery, sooner or later, as is the way with most secrets, the truth leaked out. Nearly every one knows now why Master George bides so long abroad, an exile from old England and his own people. But I understand from Molly as how you have been away yourself, Miss Rosie, for a goodish spell.'

'Yes,' says she, in a queer, strained way, 'and I never heard a word of this story. But I am very grateful to you, Sergeant Lundy; I am, indeed!'

Then I noticed that the poor thing had gone all white and shivery, and a suspicion dawned upon me quite sudden-like.

'What an old fool I am!' says I. 'It seems to me

as this is a tale I had better have been hanged first than have told to you, Miss Egerton. Let me see: there was some talk in the village about Master George being on his way home again. And—why, surely folk did say as how he had found a sweetheart in one of those foreign parts.’

‘You are quite right, Sergeant,’ says Miss Rosie, in a sobbing voice. ‘Mr. George Weatherby is expected back to-morrow, and I—I was to have been his wife.’

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What was I to do, sir? Here was a pretty kettle of fish.

‘They do say,’ I began very cautiously, ‘that Master George is quite a reformed character. Maybe he has repented of what he did, Miss Rosie. We must forgive, as we hope to be forgiven.’

But she turned upon me in a flash. ‘Can one ever restore a shattered idol, Sergeant Lundy? I will never marry a man whom I cannot trust.’

And Miss Rosie kept her word, sir—she did, indeed. The engagement was broken off directly. Home she went that very same day, and there she still remains, unmarried, up to the present date.

As for Master George, he became more reckless than ever, and soon went from bad to worse. In the end he was arrested for shooting at a friend, with intent to kill him, in some fray at cards.

Of course, this last affair was common talk, and he sent for me, did the old Squire, just afore the trial came on, to ask me what the chances were, for and against. I tried to soften matters down a bit, though I knew that it would be but cruel kindness not to prepare him for the worst. And so it turned out, for Master George got ten years’ penal servitude, poor chap!

But now you will understand the reason, sir, why I am so sure that the brave old Squire passed away because of a broken heart, for he never held up his head again after that discovery of the forgery. Then when Miss Egerton threw his son over, it crushed him still lower. So that when the sentence was pronounced—why, it just put the finishing stroke, and killed him outright.

Many is the time, I can assure you, sir, that I have bitterly regretted my own share in that miserable concern. Why, it was only yesterday, when I got back from the funeral, that I was lamenting to Molly what it is to be wanting in proper reserve.

‘Nonsense,’ says she, in her kindly way. ‘If it had not been you as told Miss Rosie, it would for certain have been some other body. It is just a living testimony to the words spoken by Moses: “Be sure your sin will find you out.” All the same, I cannot think so highly of Miss Rosie as you would have me do. Now, if you had been Master George’—and here Molly looked as I best like to see her look—‘why, I believe I would have stuck to you, Lundy, through sin and all.’

FLORA SCHMALZ.

FORTRESS MONROE is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the American Government over 3,000,000 dollars. The water battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

49.—METAGRAMS.

(A.)—1. CHANGE the head of a delicious fruit, and you will see the following transformations.

2. ‘By the sad sea waves.’
3. To inform, to instruct.
4. To arrive at, to touch by extending the hand.

(B.)—1. A Church dignitary.

2. Wanting generosity; to intend.
3. To deviate from a straight line.
4. A vegetable; a name for different kinds of pulse.
5. To detach from.

(C.)—1. An artificial division of time.

2. The fifty-ninth part of two hundred and thirty-six.
3. Needing sweetening.
4. A journey, usually for pleasure.
5. To empty from one vessel to another.

(D.)—1. A favourite animal.

2. All sides and corners disappear.
3. Something raised as a defence or fortification.
4. We will hope it is not dangerous.
5. Sometimes divided into sixteen, sometimes into twelve.
6. Anything audible; a narrow passage of water.
7. The lost restored.
8. To move forward by leaps.

C. C.

[Answers at page 366.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|---------------|
| 45.—1. Alligator. | 5. Graphic. | 9. Vanity. |
| 2. Delightful. | 6. Furnace. | 10. Elements. |
| 3. Distaff. | 7. Catechism. | 11. Fishery. |
| 4. Secretary. | 8. Liberty. | 12. Academy. |

46.—Samuel Johnson.

- | | | |
|-----------|------------|------------|
| 1. James. | 6. House. | 11. Noun. |
| 2. Mule. | 7. Ouse. | 12. Hole. |
| 3. Moon. | 8. Leon. | 13. Samos. |
| 4. Shun. | 9. Season. | 14. June. |
| 5. Mole. | 10. Meals. | |

- | | | |
|----------------|-------------|--------------|
| 47.—1. Alfred. | 5. Arthur. | 9. Arnold. |
| 2. James. | 6. George. | 10. Eric. |
| 3. Albert. | 7. William. | 11. Lewis. |
| 4. Ernest. | 8. Adam. | 12. Stephen. |

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 48.—1. Seat, east. | 5. Bare, bear. |
| 2. Great, grate. | 6. Lead, deal. |
| 3. Hear, hare. | 7. Steal, least. |
| 4. Dear, dare. | 8. Thorn, north. |

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER ROBERT DUNN, of the 11th Hussars, was one of the heroes who rode in the never-to-be-forgotten charge of the Light Brigade, of which Alfred Tennyson sang in deathless verse. Sergeant Bentley of the same regiment had been suddenly assailed from the



Victoria Cross Heroes : Lieutenant Dunn.

rear by three Russian Lancers. When Lieutenant Dunn saw the plight of his inferior officer, he at once turned his horse and rode back, cutting down two of the three, whilst the third Russian took refuge in flight. He afterwards perceived that another man of the 11th Hussars, Private Levett, was in trouble with a Russian Hussar who was furiously cutting

and thrusting at him, and who was decidedly getting the better of the fight. Dunn galloped at his foe, and ran him right through the body, thus undoubtedly saving Levett's life. For these deeds, performed upon the ever-memorable field of Balaclava, Lieutenant Dunn was awarded the Victoria Cross.

F. R.



THE LAST LOOK AT HOME.

IN a tiny cottage close by the sea, on the west coast of Scotland, there lived some years ago a fisherman with his wife, two sons and two daughters. They were a happy and industrious family; the young sons were beginning to follow their father's calling, while the elder girl, Jenny, was her mother's right hand in all household matters. Like the daughters

of all Scottish fisher-folk, she helped to gather mussels for bait, and to bait the long lines for deep-sea fishing. The younger daughter, Elspie, was as yet only four years old, the pet and darling of the fisherman's home.

But sad trouble was coming to this happy home. Robert King's two stalwart lads were both drowned

on the same day, during a sudden wild storm at sea; while Robert himself, though he escaped the fate which had overtaken his two dear boys, never recovered the shock of their death. He was seized with rheumatic fever, which passed on to typhus fever, of which he died. Thus, in the short space of two months, the three bread-winners of the family were carried off by death. Only Jenny was left to help her poor sickly mother and to look after little Elspie. How these three struggled through that terrible winter it would be hard to say. Friends and neighbours were kind, but even with their help it was hard work for Jenny to provide the little household with bread. At the same time she was further distressed by the fact that her dear mother was fast fading away. Never very strong, the sudden death of her sons, so quickly followed by the loss of her husband, seemed quite to overwhelm her, so that, by the end of the same year, she, too, was laid beside her dear ones in the village churchyard by the sea.

And now Jenny was alone; indeed, in one sense worse than alone, for she had her helpless little sister to take care of, and, though the parish would have taken little Elspie off her hands, she refused to part with the child. 'No, no,' she said; 'Elspie is all that remains to me; we must sink or swim together.' But, still, the outlook was indeed a dreary one.

However, just at this time, a ray of light and hope came to comfort her heart; she received a letter from an old friend of her mother's in Glasgow, who having heard of the desolate position of the poor orphans, offered to provide them with food and shelter till something better should turn up. 'I am but a poor old woman,' she said in her letter, 'and earn a scanty living by my mangle. You could help me in this work, Jenny, my dear, and I will give you both a welcome.'

As Jenny folded up this letter, her young heart was filled with gratitude. Her arrangements were soon made, but, ah! it did seem hard to leave the dear old cottage by the sea, where her happy young life had hitherto been passed.

The evening before she was to leave by the steamer for Glasgow, Jenny went up the heather hill, which lay at the back of the village. As she looked down on the old grey church, with the quiet graves of her dear ones close under its shelter, tears filled her eyes; but they were not entirely sad tears, for she knew that if she did her duty and worked to the best of her ability, God would take care of her and little Elspie all through the toil and the difficulties of life.

The following day, at an early hour, the steamer *Rob Roy* steamed away to Glasgow, carrying the orphan girls to that great smoky city, which was henceforth to be their home. And it was upon the whole a happy, though a lowly home, which sheltered Jenny and her little sister, until the time came when she left the good old woman for a home of her own, where little Elspie found a kind and a careful protector in her sister's husband. But the dear old home was never forgotten. Every Sunday night as the little family sat together by the fire, Elspie would say, 'Now sister, won't you tell me once more about dear father and mother, and our pretty home by the sea?' And Jenny would repeat once more the old, old story.

D. B. McKean.

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 343.)



TWO hours later George and Bernard resumed their voyage, but their progress was slow, as the stream ran against them pretty strongly, and it took Pete all his time to keep the nose of the birch-bark canoe straight.

However, as Bernard said, what did time matter to them? They had come out for the pleasure of the trip, and cared little how long they were away—as long as the stores held out!

Every now and then one or other of them got a shot at a mallard or other bird, and between them they killed two brace—none too much, for Pete was blessed with an enormous appetite. That evening at his supper he finished two wild ducks and then fried himself three large slices of ham!

About four in the afternoon the grating of the canoe warned them that they were aground. They all quickly got out into the stream, which was here flowing very fast over a bright pebbly bottom. All three of them set to work, and hauled the little craft a few yards up the tiny rapid, hoping to soon reach deep water again. However, no sign of navigable river presenting itself, Pete said that they might damage the bottom of the canoe on the stones if they persevered any farther, and they thereupon unloaded her, slinging all their few belongings over their shoulders; Pete then hoisted the empty canoe on to his own sturdy back, and they all trudged ashore.

Here the real difficulties of the journey began: the trees, both large and small, grew so closely together that in many cases, they were compelled to put down their burdens, and set to work to cut down saplings, and even fairly well-grown young trees, in order to make a path for themselves and the canoe.

All of the little party were pretty well tired out when the sun began to sink in the west.

They halted and set down their loads. Pete, as he deposited the canoe on the ground, remarking to it,— 'I like to sit on you, but I don't like you to sit on Pete!'

Then they all set to work to cut down small trees, saplings of all kinds, and the ends of the overhanging pine branches, together with half-a-dozen stout stakes for driving into the ground, as a framework for their wood cabin. Pete soon set out the shape of it: an open framework of uprights in front, facing the spot on which they intended to make their fire; then the light saplings were loosely sloped from the framework to the ground behind, so as to form a lean-to roof. The interior of the little shelter was then filled with a thick layer of pine branches—a sweet-smelling and comfortable bed. The next thing to do was to kindle a fire: the wood was dry, and sent up plenty of flame, with a little smoke, and this enabled them to get to work on the primitive cooking without delay. Slices of ham were cut off and put

into the frying-pan, whilst the wild duck which they had shot in the earlier part of the day were plucked and prepared by the handy Pete, and then run through with sharply pointed stakes, and spitted in the fiercest of the blaze. They hissed and spluttered with a sound welcome enough to the ears of the hungry travellers. As soon as the ducks were cooked out came the pocket-knives, and they all set to work with a will.

'A bit rough, Bernard, isn't it?' said George, as he hacked off the wing of a duck.

'Rougher where there is none!' was the young Viscount's answer, looking up from picking a bone.

'We will set some night-lines for trout in the river. Then, if we get any luck, there will be a breakfast fit for a king to-morrow morning.'

This they did as soon as their meal, washed down by milkless tea, was finished. Then they heaped big pine logs on to the fire—for the evenings were very chilly, and in strong contrast to the great heat of the sun at mid-day—warmed their feet thoroughly, whilst Pete smoked his pipe, and soon afterwards turned in for the night, dressed as they were, and with buffalo skins well wrapped around them.

They had hardly been asleep a couple of hours, when a curious sound of trampling the ground just around their little shelter roused all three up almost at the same moment. They sat up and peered out over the now much-reduced fire into the darkness beyond. The heavy foliage all round them made seeing a difficult matter at first, but soon Pete, who had thrown on to the fire another log when he awoke, exclaimed, 'Bears!'

'Oh, where? I have never seen a wild bear—never seen one at all, except in a cage!' cried Bernard.

Steadily came the sound of the crushing of under-wood, and the heavy 'pat, pat' of the clumsy paws again, this time nearer than before, and Pete jumped to his feet and grasped his axe firmly in his hand. 'Dere, now you see him!' he exclaimed, pointing straight over the fire.

Bernard and George peered through the surrounding gloom again, and at last the latter cried, 'Yes, there he is, Bernard! Pete, shall I fire?'

'Don't you fire for yer life, Mas'r George! Bear won't hurt us if we don't hurt bear. But we go and wound him and don't kill him, well—then perhaps we all have to skip, and Mr. Bear mighty quick after us—that's all!'

Then, picking up a piece of blazing pine wood, the half-breed flung it over in the direction of the dusky form, which could just be made out in the darkness of the night.

'Dere's a good half-dozen of them here, I know,' said Pete. 'We must keep a big fire up, and den dey won't come nigh us;' and, after throwing on some more logs, Pete coiled himself up again in his corner of the shelter, and was soon fast asleep again.

The boys quickly followed his example, and they were not disturbed any farther that night.

After breakfast on the following morning, Pete was left to cook the mid-day meal—for they had made up their minds to stay until the afternoon

where they then were—whilst the other two went a little distance up the river, fishing. They had good sport, taking nearly a dozen fair-sized trout in the course of the morning between them; then they made their way slowly back again in the direction of the camp.

As they approached within fifty yards or so of where they guessed the hut to be, they paused and shouted—for the forest was far too dense for them to see more than a few yards ahead of them, and they could not always do that—trying to make Pete hear that they were approaching. His voice in answer would guide them in the right direction. To their no small astonishment, Pete, instead of giving an ordinary 'Hilloa!' began to shout a lot of directions, amongst which all they could make out clearly was that they were to 'hurry up with the guns!' and to 'look out for themselves!'

'What on earth does he mean, I wonder?' said George, looking in utter amazement at Bernard.

'We haven't got the guns,' answered the latter. 'And why are we to look out for ourselves?'

'Well, let us go on, any how, and see what the trouble is. But we will go cautiously.'

Forcing their way through the dense underwood, the two boys soon came to a spot from whence they could see the little log cabin. And the sight that met their eyes was rather a funny one.

Perched on the top of the shelter sat Pete, his knees drawn up to his chin and his hands clasped round his ankles. The half-breed from this point of vantage was ruefully regarding a huge black bear, which, attracted by the fragrant odours of the frying-pan, had strolled into the little clearing and calmly seized the ham. This he removed to a few yards from the cabin, and then leisurely began to devour it. Not being able to get at the guns, which, as a matter of fact, were leaning against a tree not twenty yards off him, though he thought the boys had taken them, Pete had climbed up out of the way of the bear.

Later on in the day, George laughingly said to him, 'Why, Pete, you said if we didn't hurt the bear the bear wouldn't hurt us! Then why did you climb up on the roof?'

Pete raised his hat and scratched his head doubtfully. 'Well, Mas'r George, ye see, dat's all for true what I tole ye, but somehows I—I—I thought I might sorter be gittin' in de way of dat bear! an' I didn't seem to care much for de look he had in his nasty little red eye, you see! And it seem to me too, dat lots of things a body says when he is not in any danger himself, is better to read about in books than to act on when de big beast is fooling around you; so dat is why I climbed up on to de roof!'

But we must return to the ham-stealing bear, who had not yet caught sight of the two boys, though he now rose on his hind legs and snuffed the air suspiciously.

'Fancy being hugged by that great brute!' whispered Bernard in low tones to George.

'Hush! I'm going to try and sneak round to the tree where my rifle is' returned George; 'the more noise Pete makes, the better chance I shall have of getting the rifle without the bear seeing me. You



An Unwelcome Guest.

keep as still as a mouse; don't move hand or foot, or else, perhaps, the brute might come for you!' and with these words the Canadian boy began to creep

very slowly and with the utmost caution along in the direction of the tree against which rested the gun and rifles.

(Continued at page 354.)



"The trusty negro moved swiftly away through the overhanging woods."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 352.)

BERNARD waited in breathless suspense, whilst Pete kept up a continual fire of abuse at the bear, and of wonderment as to where his 'Mas'r George' could have gone to.

'Oh, you ugliest ting on de face of dis world!' cried the half-breed, shaking his fist in rage at the bear. 'What for you bring your pig-head to my camp for? What for

you come steal my ham?—de only ham we got here too. What you suppose me and dem two boys got to live on when you come and take away our pervisions?' This last was a word Pete had only recently learned the meaning of, and he was very proud of the knowledge.

'An' where can dat Mas'r George and Mas'r Bernard have got to? Dey was here jus' now. I heerd them shout. I don't know how I'se ever going to get down off dis —;' but at that moment his lamentations were suddenly and most unexpectedly cut short, for 'bang!' went a rifle, discharged so close to him that he gave a great jump and nearly fell off his perch. The next minute, as the smoke slowly cleared away, his delight was unbounded, for there lay the bear, shot clean through the heart, and even past struggling. George had taken his own time, resting the barrel of his rifle in the fork of a tree before firing, and the young Canadian had made no mistake in his deadly aim.

All three of them broke for the bear at once. It was, indeed, all over with the monster; he was as dead as a doornail.

'Well, you done that right pretty, Mas'r George!' exclaimed Pete in admiring tones. 'What a big one, eh? We will take his coat off now he has got no more use for it himself, and carry it home. It will be something for you to say, won't it, now?'

'Is bear-meat good to eat, Pete—fresh bear-meat, I mean? I know the hams are first-rate.'

Pete looked dubious.

'I don't tink you two gentlemen much like fresh bear, sir. He taste like pork dat's been fed upon saw-dust.'

Under these circumstances our two friends decided not to risk the experiment.

'It hardly sounds attractive, does it?' said Bernard, laughing; 'but we have plenty of trout and biscuit, although the rascal has stolen our ham. Let us cook the fish, and, after we have had our dinner, we will all go along through the woods higher up the river and see what we can shoot for supper.'

They made a hearty meal, and Pete, with a sigh of contentment, lighted his pipe and explained what had happened in their absence.

'You see it was like dis. I was cookin' de slices of ham, when I looked up fer a minute and there I see a bear settin' up on end, just close to me, an'

sniffin' de smell from de fryin'-pan. I calls out to him "Sho!" an' "Go 'way!" but he didn't seem to want to "Sho!" or "Go 'way" neither. He come right on, and grabbed de ham! and den Pete, he climb up dat roof, mighty smart, and dere he sat till you—hark! What's dat?'

For the distant report of a gun had just saluted their ears. 'Dat's some one up dis river!'

'Surely not, Pete. They say no one ever goes up here but Indians, and they very seldom. Perhaps it is Indians, though.'

Pete looked rather perturbed. Then, rubbing his chin and speaking with great deliberation, he said, 'S'pose now, you two gentlemens stay here, and keep quiet, while Pete go sneak up through de woods, and see if he can see nothin'.'

'Well, it wouldn't be hard to do *that*, I guess!' said George, with a look at Bernard.

'Mebbe some trader-Injuns, mebbe some whites come steal lumber, make raft and float away. If so him lumber Mas'r Watt's lumber, an' I tell 'em, so.'

'All right, Pete, fire away! we will amuse ourselves here, somehow, I expect. Only don't be longer than you can help, because if we are going as far as to the head of the river, we ought to be moving along soon.'

So, whilst the boys got out their fishing-tackle again, the trusty negro moved swiftly away through the overhanging woods and plunged into the depths of the forest.

For something like three miles he went on, forcing his way through the dense undergrowth, which was often so strong as to threaten to entirely bar his progress. At last, greatly to his own astonishment, he came on evident traces of the presence of white men. Though the forest was as impervious as ever, a narrow way—hardly to be called a path—had been trampled down through it, and this enabled the negro to proceed with ease. But he judged now that he must be near the men he had come to watch, and therefore he crept along with the utmost caution.

A gunshot report, coming from a spot within a few hundred yards of him, pulled him up short. Then he quietly dropped on all fours, and continued his progress until he caught the glimmer of a fire through the trees some distance ahead. Getting closer and closer, a yard or two at a time, and keeping well in cover of the thick brushwood and blueberry bushes, he was very soon able to make out, in a small clearing of the forest, a group of some half-dozen men seated round a blazing fire. One man was doing the cooking, whilst the rest lolled about, smoking and talking.

'Look sharp about that meat, Reuben!' growled one great red-bearded fellow; 'we are all as sharp-set as alligators! We reckoned on being back here hours ago to feed, but this plaguy forest—well, anybody might lose his way in it!'

'Yes,' chimed in another, with a bold, ruffianly aspect, 'a night here is quite long enough for me, I can tell you. I don't want any more of it. Why can't we take a slant down the river and on to the old man's crib to-night, instead of waiting till to-morrow, eh?'

The first speaker took the pipe from his mouth before replying, 'Because we can't. I'm in command of this outfit; so take it from me, to-morrow night,

not to-night, we will be there. I know what I'm doing, don't I? I have been one of the extra farm-hands there, and don't I know all about their movements? Course I do. Well, I tell you Friday's the day when all the hands that can be spared will be sent off to help unload the schooner that has been sent up to Quebec to get stores. I watched for her to come back, and I've seen her.'

'When did she pass?'

'Two days ago. She is calling at one or two places, and she will be down at the log house at Saulte de Mouton' (here Pete suddenly started and listened with all his ears) 'to-morrow. The hands will start off to get her unloaded, and that is our time to try the house.'

The three other men, who formed the party, had smoked on in silence up to this point; but now one of them, a tall, gipsy-looking fellow, with bushy eyebrows, jet-black hair and beard, and a shifting, restless eye, broke in with, 'What do you think the job will be worth to each of us?'

'Don't know. Old man has got plenty of the stuff, though, and always keeps a lot to pay the hands with at the end of each month. But that is all right. I know there is quite enough in the house to make it well worth our while, so don't you frighten yourself.'

Pete, straining all his senses to hear every one of these ominous words, had not caught the slight sound of a stealthy footfall behind him, and, as a hand was laid on his arm, he turned stone cold and shivered all over. It was a moment or two before he dared raise his eyes, and then, to his intense relief, he saw that the hand laid on him was George's, and that he was closely followed by the young Viscount. Pete saw that there was no necessity to caution them to be silent; they had taken in the situation at once. All three bent low, and listened intently.

The gipsy-looking man was speaking now.

'I don't much care how you get a bit of stuff, but what I say is, don't run any risks—that is, not if you can help it. That is why I like this wood for a hiding-place. Never a soul but Injuns ever comes up this perky little river, I should think.'

'What if they did? Haven't we as much right here as anybody else?' growled out the one with the long red beard.

'How will we get the stuff away afterwards?' asked the cook of the party as he dumped down the piece of meat he had just finished preparing, and they all got out their knives and set to work to eat it.

Pete then made a sign with his hand to the boys, and in absolute silence they all crawled carefully away.

None of them spoke until they had put nearly a mile between themselves and the group at the camp fire. Then George, turning to Bernard, said, 'We seem to have dropped upon a nice little conspiracy to rob our house. Bernard, did you recognise that dark, black-bearded fellow?'

'Gipsy Lee!' burst out the Viscount, excitedly. 'Over and over again I kept asking myself where in the world I could have seen that man; but if it had not been for your question, I might not, even now, have been quite certain of it. Yes, of course, it is Mr. Dan Lee—altered very much by that beard, and the sort

of half-trapper, half-hunter, dress he has got on; but there is not the least bit of doubt about the matter.'

'Oh, not the slightest,' answered George. 'I knew him again in a second, and only wonder that you did not. He is at his old games again! No turning over of a new leaf in a new country for Mr. Dan Lee, evidently. "Once a thief always a thief," seems to apply to him. And now, Pete, tell us all that happened before we came up. We got tired of waiting in camp, and as we had been fishing all the morning, we thought we would stroll after you.'

The negro quickly told them all he knew, and how he had first struck upon the band of desperadoes.

Then he added, 'Guess we don't want to stop foolin' around here any longer, Mas'r George and Mas'r Bernard! We wants to get out dat canoe an' leg it down the river for all we're worth, an' get home mighty quick. If these fellows was to catch us, and think we had *heard* any of their plans!—well, they are a mighty rough lot, an' we best git out of their way. An' then we'll break for home, an' tell the Mas'r he must jus' load up his gun, an' talk to them with it!'

(Continued at page 362.)

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

TIM and Sam had as comfortable a home as many other little street Arabs. Mother was cross sometimes, and gave them more cuffs than they liked; they were often hungry, and they had some bad times at school. But there was no reason for their running away as they did, and bringing such great trouble on themselves and their parents. The fact was that a craze had seized them for going to sea, mainly because they lived near the river, and were always running down to it, to listen to the yarns of an old sailor who was willing enough to talk to them when there was no one else to listen to him. The end of it was, that one fine day, having heard that a ship was about to sail for the Cape, they contrived to slip into the dock, pass the night under a tarpaulin thrown over some logs, and in the early morning they hid themselves among the ship's stores in the hold. It was only by a succession of what they called bits of luck that they managed it. Whether the luck was good or not, time would show. There they lay for four-and-twenty hours, cold, and sore, and hungry, in spite of the crusts with which they had filled their pockets. Sea-sickness added to their miseries; but the worst ills of all came upon them when they were discovered. The Captain was a rough man, and he had had enough of stowaways in his other voyages, and was determined to give the boys a lesson. There were other hard taskmasters among the crew, and the blows and the bullying they had to put up with—to say nothing of the sea-sickness, the home-sickness, and the hard work—seemed almost more than they could bear.

They might, perhaps, have fared better on another ship; but, whatever the *Bounding Bess* might reckon in her cargo, certainly pity was not found in it. The only man who showed them the slightest kindness



Two Little Street Arabs.

was the second mate. Matters came to a crisis at last when little Sam, having been struck by one of the crew, fell down in a dead faint on the deck. 'He is dead!' cried Tim, in an agony of grief.

'Not he,' cried the mate; 'he is only fainting, if he is not shamming.' And, kinder than his words, he applied some remedies to Sam, which soon brought him to again.

Perhaps, after all, it was a good thing he did faint, for not only the mate, but the captain, and one or two others, afterwards showed the boys a little mercy, even a little kindness. They were sharp lads and hard workers, which gave satisfaction; and as the days passed Sam grew less miserable, and Tim almost happy, on board the *Bounding Bess*. But there was one subject they could not bear to think of, and that was their parents, who, they knew, really cared for them, and would be wretched when they missed and could not find them. Many a secret tear did they shed at night when their thoughts went back to home. How and when should they ever get back to it?

Great was their joy, therefore, when on nearing a homeward-bound ship the Captain signalled her, and got her captain to take on board the two little runaways.

If Tim and Sam were not likely to forget the days they spent on board the *Bounding Bess*, neither were their parents. The grief of Mrs. Smith—generally supposed by her neighbours to be a better man than her husband—was of the most violent kind. When the boys did not return the first night, very hot was her wrath against them. 'They were sleeping out somewhere, as they had done once before when they had got into a scrape, and were afraid of the stick. They should have a double dose when they got back.' Mrs. Smith would not listen to any excuse and no suggestion from her milder husband. She shut him up with a snap whenever he ventured on a remark. They did all they could to find them; they gave notice at the police-station, where printed bills were at once put up; they tramped about making inquiries at every possible



The Saüba, or Parasol Ant.

place and of every possible person; they went down to the river and to the docks. Still the weary days went on and they heard nothing. Even the old sailor to whom Tim and Sam used to talk had gone away. They found that he had left his old lodgings, and the landlady did not know where he had gone. It was not till some months afterwards

that they learnt that he had been taken ill, and had gone to the Infirmary. Could the boys have been playing in the dark, close to the river, and have fallen in, unseen by any one? Perhaps careless little Sam had done so, and brave Tim had jumped in after him, to try and save him, and both had been drowned, and would never be heard

of again. There was no end to the terrors which surged through Mrs. Smith's distracted brain, and the more miserable she was, the worse time she gave her poor husband who was sent hither and thither till he was ready to drop, although she kept on telling him it was not the slightest good of his going, for certain sure they were drowned as dead as rats. She was, if possible, still more positive, when one day her husband came back from the river with one of Tim's shoes in his hand, if it could be called a shoe, so worn out and trodden down was it. But Mrs. Smith knew it at once by a hole burnt in it near the heel, and a great tear at the side which she had tried to cobble up. Whenever he tried to wear his shoes they were so big for him that they soon came off, and very often he put them under his arm and walked barefoot. As Smith had picked it up in the dock-yard and Mrs. Smith took it for proof positive that both boys were drowned, no one could help her, no one could comfort her, and two more miserable people than the Smiths could scarcely be found.

(Concluded at page 363.)

THE SAÜBA, OR PARASOL ANT.

OUR illustration shows us a very interesting little creature, the Saüba ant—distinguished by the long Latin name *Oecodoma cephalotes*. These ants swarm in great numbers everywhere in the suburbs of Para (South America). A famous naturalist, Mr. Bates, gives a very entertaining and instructive account of the Saüba in his book upon *Life in the Amazons*. He says, 'We were amazed at seeing ants an inch and a quarter long, and stout in proportion, marching in single file through the thickets. The Saüba, from its habit of despoiling the most valuable cultivated trees of their foliage, is a great scourge to the Brazilians. In some districts it is so abundant that agriculture is almost impossible, and everywhere complaints are made of the terrible pest.'

Amongst these ants, as among men and women generally, it is not the big and showy ones that do the most work. The working class of a Saüba colony are always small-sized. The larger ants have massive heads, some of which are highly polished, others being opaque and hairy. The big fellows take life easily, strutting about, apparently admiring themselves, but perhaps on the look-out for foes. The worker-minors, as the busy little fellows are termed, vary greatly in size, some being double the bulk of the others.

Imagine yourselves taking a walk through the plantations of Para, and coming suddenly upon large mounds of earth, of a different colour from the surrounding soil. You would observe that some of the mounds were very extensive, being forty yards in circumference, but not more than two feet in height. A careful search would reveal the fact that these mounds were the work of the Saübas, being the out-works or domes which overlie and protect the entrances to their vast subterranean galleries. The earth consists of minute granules, forming rows of little ridges and turrets. The fact that the soil is brought up from some depth causes the difference in

colour. It is not an easy matter to catch sight of the ants at work on these mounds. The entrances are generally closed, and only now and then when some particular work is going on are the galleries opened. The entrances are small and numerous. In the large hillocks it would require much excavation to get at the main galleries. The minor entrances converge, at the depth of about two feet, on one broad gallery or mine, four or five inches in diameter.

A habit of the Saüba ant which makes the natives dislike it is that it clips and carries away immense quantities of leaves. When the little creatures are employed on this work, their processions look like a multitude of animated leaves on the march.

'In some places,' writes Mr. Bates, 'I found an accumulation of such leaves, all circular pieces about the size of a sixpence, lying on the pathway. There were no ants near, and they were at some distance from any colony. Such heaps are always found to be removed when the place is visited the next day. In course of time I had plenty of opportunities of seeing them at work. They mount the tree in multitudes, the individuals being all worker-minors. Each one places itself on the surface of a leaf, and cuts with its short scissor-like jaws a nearly semicircular incision on the upper side; it then takes the edges between its jaws, and by a sharp jerk it detaches the piece. Sometimes they let the leaf drop to the ground, where a little heap collects until they are carried off by another relay of workers; but generally each ant marches off with the piece on which it has operated, thus suggesting the idea of a parasol. As all take the same road to their colony, the path they follow becomes in a short time smooth and bare, looking like the impression of a cart-wheel through the herbage.'

For a long time it puzzled naturalists to know what object the green leafy parasols served; one, more patient than his fellows, watched, and discovered that they are used 'to thatch the domes which cover the entrance to their subterranean dwellings, thereby protecting the young broods in the nests beneath from the rains.'

The Saüba ant robs more than trees of their leaves; it plunders the provisions in the houses. It works harder by night than day. Multitudes of these tiny creatures enter habitations and carry off, grain by grain, the farinha or mandioca meal, the bread of the poorer classes of Brazil.

There is no more interesting insect than this denizen of Para, South America. J. C.

THE CURLEW.

'Tis the place and all around it,
As of old the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland
Flying over Locksley Hall.'

IN these words, which occur in one of Tennyson's well-known poems, he is picturing what was a very familiar sight to him in his Lincolnshire days. Often and often, no doubt, had he as a boy watched the rapid gyrations of the curlew and listened to its singular call or cry. There are some boys and girls

who read *Chatterbox* who have heard the curlew, I dare say, and probably seen it by itself, or in company with other sea-birds, along the shore, and along marshes inland, but not far from the ocean. Though about the end of July, or early in August, many birds of the shore travel up the rivers a long distance, such as the sandpiper, the plover, the heron, and the bird we are now speaking of; very often too, the curlew goes inland in May, preferring to make its nest away from the sea, and choosing some lonely bog or moor.

The name given above to the bird was suggested by its usual cry of 'Cou-r-lieu, cou-r-lieu.' It has also another which sounds like 'Whaup,' and that is the name by which folk know it in some parts of Scotland. Those who have been great observers of the sounds made by birds, tell us that the curlew has few rivals in power of voice. Several instances are given where its call could be heard two or three miles away from their haunts, if the night was calm.

Now and then a curlew is seen alone, but usually they are in little parties of eight or ten, and when flying, they often go, after the style of aquatic birds, in 'strings,' one following another as steadily as it can. It is a 'lang nebbit thing,' to use the familiar phrase in Scotland, applied to birds of this group; there is much strength in the long curved bill, enabling the curlew to fish in the shallows, or dig into the marshes. The eye is bright, and its vision keen; its brownish-grey colour enables it to conceal itself, if alarmed, amongst the herbage of meres or commons. Like the heron, when at its ease, the curlew is fond of standing upon one leg. Sportsmen sometimes manage to get near one of them by cleverly imitating its peculiar cry.

J. R. S. C.

A NIGHT IN THE NORTH SEA.

A GALE blew furiously across the North Sea: ever and anon a blinding squall of mingled snow and hail came pouring down to meet the icy salt foam which hissed and bubbled up over the decks of a small sailing ship, a coaster, which, with rigging and canvas hauging in tatters, and mainmast snapped off but a few feet above her deck, laboured heavily in the dreary waste of waters. She had left port two days before, with a crew of ten hands all told. Of these, one great green sea had swept overboard the first mate, five able-bodied seamen, and a ship's boy. Only three poor fellows, including the captain, were now left, quite at the mercy of the winds and waves, for their combined strength could not work the pumps fast enough to keep the now water-logged vessel above the surface for many more hours.

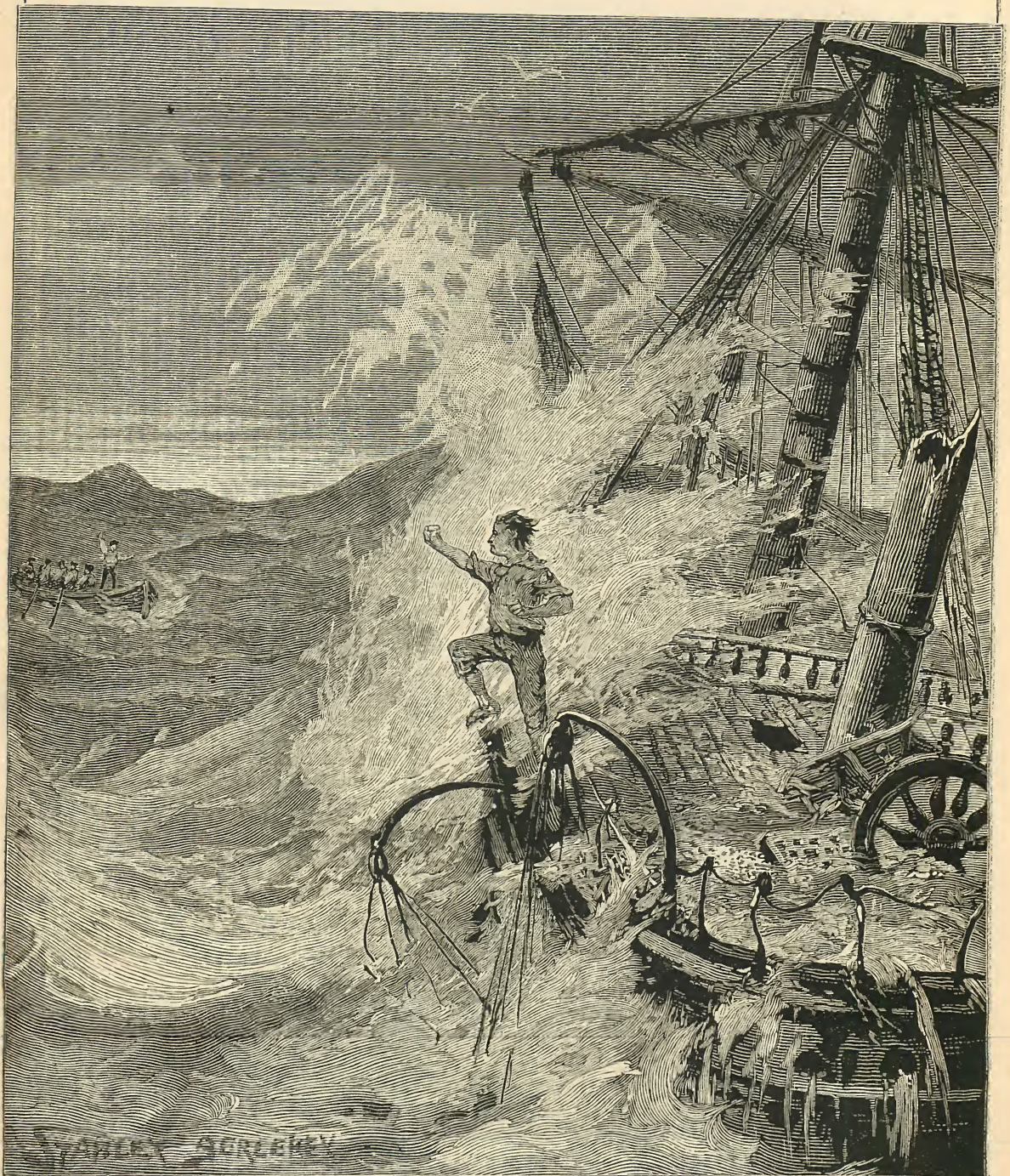
Up to the moment of their terrible disaster the ship had made fairly good weather of it; she had creaked and groaned on her way, slowly forging through the angry, chopping seas. Every now and then, certainly, a massive wave would strike her on broadside or quarter, and cause her to stagger for a few moments; but, whilst her crew was present and able to handle her in seaman-like fashion, all had gone reasonably well considering the force of the gale. Now, however, all was changed. Unable to shorten sail as the wind came in yet more violent gusts, the

spars had first bent like whips, then snapped off short. Sails had been blown bodily out of the bolt-ropes and gone flying away to the leeward. The vessel broached to, and now lay a helpless log, rolling heavily in the trough of the sea.

With senses which were at one time half-benumbed by the cold, and then sharpened by a feeling of their utter helplessness and the nearness of death unless some passing vessel should sight them and send aid, the unhappy trio left on the sinking ship strained their eyes across the hissing, foaming seas, which stretched before them as far as eye could reach, in search of a sail. For many hours they looked in vain. Greater and greater became the violence and force of the storm, until it seemed as if the partly submerged ship must be sunk speedily by the weight of the huge rolling seas which fell in thunderous masses on her decks. At length a great curling wave broke right over her; the deck was all awash, and when at last the water rushed away again over the bulwarks and through the lee scuppers, only one man of the devoted three was left. He had managed to save himself by clinging to the broken stump of the mainmast, whilst the other two had been washed overboard, the survivor, in the deafening noise of the gale, not even having heard their agonised shriek for help.

All through the night this one poor fellow, starved and half dead with the bitter cold, drenched to the skin, and with hardly strength enough left to mutter a prayer to God for mercy in his pitiable plight, clung to his post, every moment expecting the last horrible plunge of the ship beneath his feet into the countless fathoms of the roaring waters. Morning broke—and then relief came. A vessel, hove-to in order the better to ride out the gale, was seen less than a mile on the port bow of the wrecked coaster. Those on board were quick to make out the distress signal flying, and, as the sea had moderated during the night, it was just practicable to lower a boat. Manned by brave sailors, she was pulled across the still seething waves on her gallant work of rescue. The one wretched survivor of that ill-fated crew sprang into the rigging and then stood for a moment on the bulwarks. He was madly eager to get clear of the foundering vessel. The rowers waved him back, or he would have cast himself into the waves, probably to have quickly been swallowed up, or to have had the breath battered out of his enfeebled body in the struggle to reach the boat. With the most skilful of seaman-ship it was a hard task to get close alongside; at last, when within a boat's length of the wreck, the seamen called to the poor fellow to jump. He did so, and was quickly hauled aboard. Just as the almost senseless form of the unhappy sufferer was got safely up the side of the rescuing ship the morning sun broke through the clouds, and gilded everything, far and near, with its radiant glory. It warmed the air and put renewed life into the exhausted man lying on the deck, with those rough, bearded, friendly faces all around him. He opened his eyes and smiled: it seemed as though one who had been dead had returned from the tomb. Truly, 'Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'

F. R.



"The one survivor stood for a moment on the bulwarks."



" Ah ! you will have to remain there. A couple of men shall come up here and get your skin."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Continued from page 355.)

T was getting late in the afternoon and the shadows were lengthening, when Pete and the boys reached their little log shelter. The carcass of the slain bear still lay there.

'Ah, you will have to remain there for the present,' said George, addressing the dead bear. 'We have no time to attend to you just now; but a couple of men shall come up here, and get your skin, later on. What a splendid rug it will make!'

And then, without any further delay, they hastily loaded up the canoe after launching her, got in, and pushed off.

'I'm sorry our trip has had such a sharp interruption, Bernard,' said George, as, favoured by a sharply running current, they spun rapidly down the swirling river; 'but these gentry, had they come across us, might have proved themselves ugly neighbours, and, besides that, we must, of course, hurry back to put father and all of them on their guard. What a lucky thing that we happened to drop in at their little pic-nic, wasn't it?'

'Yes. But how are we to travel down this river in the dark, my boy? It is full of shallows and small rocks.'

'We shall have to stop and camp, I'm afraid—shan't we, Pete?'

The negro, without ceasing his exertions at the paddle, shook his head vigorously: 'No, no, Mas'r George! no stop! We go on, mighty quick, and reach the end of little river before dark. Den we can paddle slow up big river—don't matter how dark there, no rocks there. We get the current all with us down to the big river, we go fast.'

And they did go fast. Pete seemed tireless, and although, when they got to the shallows, they were delayed some time in carrying the canoe and its contents until reaching deep water again, they soon made up the lost time when once they got afloat. Without any pause for either rest or refreshment they went on, the boys now taking alternate spells at paddling, until the bend into the big river was made. Then they pushed the canoe into the right-hand bank, got out and stretched their limbs, took a long drink of the clear river water, and nibbled a hard biscuit a-piece. Ten minutes later and they were again under way, and paddling—now against the stream—along the shores of the settlement, and towards Mr. Watt's farmstead, some five miles above the bend.

The night was clear and starry, and the great Northern Lights illumined the glorious stretch of water before them. Before ten o'clock they had reached their destination, hauled the canoe out of the water, and a few minutes later were in the house and telling the farmer of their day's adventure, and of the discovery of the plot to rob his house.

Mr. Watt listened to their recital without saying a word. Then a grim, hard smile came into his face, as he glanced at the row of guns hanging on their pegs above the mantelpiece.

'We shall be ready for them, boys. This is a roughish country, and we cannot open the door and call in the police when anything of this sort happens. But we learn to take care of ourselves, instead of being taken care of by the police. The men have already gone off to meet and unload the schooner, but Pete, Hiram—who is worth half-a-dozen ordinary men in such circumstances—and the two stockmen, will be able to take care of these gentlemen, I have no sort of doubt. "Forewarned is forearmed," indeed. As to Mr. Devenish, he is not "a man of war," so we will say nothing to him about it. His bedroom is at the top of the house, and well out of the way; unless any firing goes on, he will probably come down to breakfast next morning, and be none the wiser. I shall tell Mrs. Watt, because she is a true squatter's wife, but, of course, I shall take care to keep her out of the way. And now we will come into the other room and get you some supper, for you must be hungry. Pete, go into the kitchen and get yours, but mind, now, you are not to say one word to the servants until I tell you you may. I know I can trust you;' and with these words the brave old farmer led the two boys into the dining-room, and they soon had a substantial meal before them.

Next morning nothing unusual was to be noticed about the house except that Mr. Watt and Pete spent an hour or more in cleaning up the guns and filling the cartridge cases. Then the farmer went about his day's work, quite in the ordinary way, and without saying anything to the boys on the all-important subject uppermost in their minds.

The two stockmen before alluded to lived in a small wooden hut about half a mile away from the farmstead. They were big, horny-handed Englishmen, who had lived for the past dozen years in Canada, half of which time they had spent in the service of Mr. Watt. When the latter told them he wanted them to sleep in the house that night, they looked slightly astonished, but said nothing at the time, and simply made preparations to carry out their orders.

As the first shades of evening drew on, the stockmen, carrying each a small bundle tied up in a coloured handkerchief—which primitive luggage represented all they wanted for the night—came into the kitchen and settled themselves down. The servants were very curious to know the reason of this, and eagerly questioned the two men; but, as those worthies did not know why they were wanted themselves, the questioners had to bottle up their curiosity on the subject. Pete lived in the house, but his lips were sealed by Mr. Watt's orders, which the negro would never have dreamed of disobeying; so the servants had to retire to bed, unsatisfied.

At ten o'clock, all the household, with the exception of the farmer, Pete, the two stockmen—who rejoiced in the names of Jake and Bill respectively—Mr. Hiram R. Madox, and the two boys, had gone to bed, and the house had sunk into a great stillness. Then Mr. Watt, looking doubtfully at the two boys.

and rising from his chair, said, 'My lads, I think you —'

'Now, look here, father, it really isn't fair to want us to go to bed!' broke in George. 'Bernard and I, together with Pete, brought you information of the whole affair, and we ought to be allowed to join in the fun!'

The farmer laughed softly. 'All right, boys, so you shall. Only promise me to keep out of the way if these ruffians begin to fire.'

They promised to run no risks, and highly delighted at the idea of the coming adventure, they settled themselves down to wait.

Mr. Watt had already explained matters to his small force, and every light in the house had been put out. The whole place was in thick darkness, and the party sat in silence, awaiting the arrival of their unwelcome visitors.

Presently a dog, chained at some distance from the house, began to bark, and the boys were instantly on the alert. Mr. Watt rose silently, and walked across the room to the shuttered windows, whilst Hiram R. Madox, slipping a revolver into his coat pocket, stole out to a peep-hole which he had established at the back of the house, to take a survey of the surrounding country, illumined as it was by the light of the harvest moon.

Still in perfect silence, the watchers in the darkened house waited, each minute seeming like an hour's span. Then, a low, scraping noise on the wooden veranda running round the face of the house, broke upon their ears, and they all, except the two boys, took a step nearer the closed windows to listen. Just afterwards, Bernard, who had been sitting beside George all this time, felt a hand laid on his arm and the Canadian boy whispered low in his ear, 'Come with me.'

And in silence they crept out of the room together.

The fact was that George's acute ears had caught a slight sound which seemed to proceed from a little lean-to building at the back of the house, and he wished to satisfy himself if his hearing had deceived him or no.

(Concluded at page 370.)

POLLY'S SONG.

WHAT is the matter with dear little May?
Why o'er her task does she linger?
Why has her thimble rolled out of the way?
It ought to be perched on her finger.

Polly is watching and shaking her head,
She fancies she knows all about it;
Her eyes are so bright, her beak is so long,
I'm sure that we never need doubt it.

She sways in her ring and tries hard to sing,
But only to chatter the faster:
She knows what is wrong, and fancies a song
Might serve to avert the disaster.

I think I can tell, if Polly could sing,
The song that she surely would try;
And if you will list, I'll sing it, dear May,
You will know it yourself by-and-by.

POLLY'S SONG.

Oh, never cry or pipe your eye,
But stick to your work the more;
Tears will not make a task more light,
Of that I am very well sure. G. E. M.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

(Concluded from page 358.)

SAD to relate, it was not only the loss of the boys, but Mrs. Smith's temper which found a vent at the end of her sharp tongue that made the home unhappy. Mr. Smith soon found that evenings spent at the 'Turk's Head' were more agreeable than those spent with his cross wife. John would come home a little the worse for drink, sharp words would be exchanged, she declaring that he made her more miserable than she had been before, and he insisting that she had never cared a brass farthing about him, and only thought of those precious boys. In the old times he had often come home for dinner in the middle of the day, as his work lay near home; but he seldom did so now. One day she was sitting down to her solitary meal, when suddenly there came a thump at the door—the door burst open, and, lo and behold! to her astonishment and delight there stood the lost Tim and Sam. She stared at them as if she had seen a couple of ghosts, and then with shouts of joy they rushed into one another's arms. It was long before each could hear and understand what the other said. They told her that she looked as thin as a lath, and she told them they looked as brown as red 'Injins,' but healthier than she had ever seen them, the heartless young scamps!

When they had talked hard for an hour, they suddenly remembered father. Where was he? Did he not come home for dinner? No, and a good job too, he would be back as soon as he was wanted. But he did not come as soon as the boys wanted him, at any rate; tea-time, supper-time, bed-time, ten, eleven, twelve o'clock all came, but no father.

Tim and Sam were snoring in their beds, and Mrs. Smith would have been glad to lock up the house and go to hers, but she did not quite like to do that. One o'clock struck and she grew nervous and miserable. Suppose he were to be lost too, like the boys! Suppose he never came back, as they had! She wished they had not had that sharp quarrel in the morning. Suppose she never saw him again! and tired, excited, and miserable, Mrs. Smith paced from door to window, and from window to door. Presently, on hearing steps outside, she opened the door, and the bright moonlight showed her a sight which made her start. There was poor Smith being carried home by two men. She rushed towards them, and gazed with terror at his face. It was deadly white, his eyes were closed.

'Here, missus,' cried one of the men, whom she recognised as an acquaintance of her husband's, 'we have brought you back your man, picked out of the river. We saw him walking along, close to the river, and it was all froze and slippery at the edge; it seems his foot slipped and in he went, till a man



"On hearing footsteps outside, she opened the door."

from a barge threw him a rope and lugged him in after a bit of a struggle. We gave him a pull at the brandy and a rub down, and dried his clothes a bit. He would not stop long, but said that he would walk home at once. We saw that he was going tottery, so we gave him an arm each side and went along with him. But presently he turned dizzy, and fainted dead off, and would have fallen down if we had not been holding him. So we picked him up and carried him home. He is coming to now,' went on the man, as they laid him down by the hearth. 'Give him some hot stuff and put him to bed. He will tell you all about it to-morrow.'

As it turned out, Smith was too ill to talk the next day, or, indeed, for a week after. His wife learned then how much she really cared for him. Her nursing was the chief cause of his recovery, but he always said that the joy of seeing his lost boys again had quite as much to do with it. Many good resolves were made on all sides, and still better, were well kept. And here we will leave them, a happy and once more a united family.

E. C. R.

ESKIMO AND SEAL-DOG WATCHING FOR GAME.



THE Eskimo (sometimes spelt Esquimaux) resorts to various stratagems in order to ensnare the seal. He clothes himself in a sealskin, and scrambles stealthily towards it, taking advantage of every hummock and lump of ice, and then, when he gets within range, bringing it down with his javelin or bow and arrow. Sometimes he prefers to try and charm the seal by talking to it. This consists in keeping up a peculiar bellowing noise, which engrosses the attention of the seal, and prevents it from observing that the wily hunter, as he lies on his side, is at the same time propelling himself so as gradually to lessen the distance between them. The seal is said to spend its time on the ice in alternate



Eskimo and Seal-dog watching for Game.

periods of waking and sleeping, neither of these lasting for more than two or three minutes. During the moments of repose the hunter makes his stealthy approach, the seal-song being executed with special vigour during the creature's intervals of watchfulness. This plan is not always successful, as the hunter tries to get too near his victim. The charm

is then broken, and the seal, alive to his danger, drops into the water, not head first, as with most amphibious animals, but with its tail to the water, the point of the nose being the last to disappear.

Another method employed for the capture of the seal is shown in our picture. The Eskimo is watching for his prey at its air-hole in the ice.

The seal cannot remain for more than fifteen minutes under the water without coming to the surface to breathe, and, in order to provide for this necessity of its nature when the water is covered with a sheet of ice, it makes a series of holes in the ice—how it does this naturalists are not yet certain—where at regular intervals it comes up to breathe. Nor can these be seen, owing to the thick coating of snow which usually covers Arctic ice, so that to find them the Eskimo hunter calls in the aid of his seal-dogs.

'Scenting the seal,' says a writer acquainted with the sport, 'this sagacious animal guides his master to within a few inches of the spot beneath which lies the air-hole. Here the latter usually erects a slight screen or snow wall to shelter himself from the bitter wind, wraps himself in his warmest garments, and settles down to watch for the coming of the seal to breathe. Nothing can exceed the patience with which these men wait for the seal.' Captain Hall, who lived among them for some time, states that he has 'seen an Eskimo sitting patiently for two and a half days and two nights, without food or drink, and even then not succeed in capturing the seal.' The presence of the seal at the air-hole is made known to the eager watcher by a puffing noise, known as its *blow*, which is no sooner heard than, quick as lightning, he sinks the harpoon unerringly into the unseen head of the seal. The creature immediately dives, and the hunter allows it to run out the full length of the line fixed to the harpoon; the breathing-hole is then enlarged so that the seal's body may be hauled on to the ice. J. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

50.—BURIED PROVERBS.

1.—1, 2. A COMPANY of strolling players will give an entertainment in the town this evening.

3. His name always stands first on every list.

4. She sang that beautiful song at her son's especial request.

5, 6. I am so tired I cannot walk any further. Let us sit and rest on this mossy bank, under the shade of the great oak-tree.

2.—1, 2, 3. It strikes me we shall have rain to-day, so we had better go out while the weather is fine.

4, 5. I declare, sir, on my word of honour, that what I have told you is perfectly true.

6. He shot two brace of pheasants and one hare.

3.—1. That man will never prosper while he is so idle.

2, 3, 4, 5. The book you want is not here. It is out, but I can lend you the life of Peter the Renegade.

6, 7. There is a ring at the bell, Edith; open the door and see who it is. C. C.

51.—GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. A TINKER. A lake in Scotland.

2. Lean dog. A county in Ireland.

3. Thou, Mary! A town in the east of England.

4. Now, Sir D. A town in England containing a royal residence.

5. Fine tree, F. An island off the coast of Africa containing a remarkable mountain.

6. Veto it. A river in Scotland.

7. In tram. A county in Ireland in which there is a great natural curiosity.

8. Risky hero. A large northern county of England. It has many manufacturing districts, and produces iron, coal, lime, jet, and alum.

9. A mint, Asa. An English colony belonging to Australasia.

10. Hire a bin. The ancient name of one of the British Isles.

11. I clear one. A town in Ireland famed for a very useful manufacture.

12. Haste, tram. A suburb of London. C. C.

[Answers at page 383.]

ANSWERS.

49.—(A.)—1. Peach. 2. Beach. 3. Teach. 4. Reach

(B.)—1. Dean. 2. Mean. 3. Lean. 4. Bean.
5. Wean.

(C.)—1. Hour. 2. Four. 3. Sour. 4. Tour.
5. Pour.

(D.)—1. Hound. 2. Round. 3. Mound.
4. Wound. 5. Pound. 6. Sound.
7. Found. 8. Bound.

THE LADY OF ST. OUEN.

A Story of Jersey.

IN Jersey's fertile isle, De Carteret—
 Brave son of a brave father—with his wife
 In peace and honour dwelt, until a foe
 Disturbed their happiness. The Governor—
 Whose name was Matthew Baker—in his course
 Of cruelty and extortion, was opposed
 By good Sir Philip, whom, therefore, he strove
 To bring to ruin. Fault he could not find
 In fair St. Ouen's Seigneur, so was forced
 One to invent. A letter Matthew wrote,
 Feigning the writing of De Carteret,
 And signing it with Philip's honoured name;
 This in a ditch he dropped, then sent his man
 To pick the letter up, as if by chance,
 And to his wicked master bring it back.

The thing was done, and with a loud pretence
 Of horror and surprise, the Governor
 To others showed the lying document;
 Told how Sir Philip offered to betray
 His trust, and sell the island to the French.
 Then straightway was the Seigneur seized, and sent
 Across the isle to wave-washed Mont Orgueil—
 Imprisoned in its dungeon dark and deep,
 There to await a traitor's dreadful doom.

But Philip's wife, Margaret de Harleston—
 Whose first-born son was but a few weeks old—
 Was planning means to circumvent the foe.
 The Governor, she heard, was sailing soon
 For England, there to lay before the King
 The fatal, lying letter. He had willed
 That no one but himself should leave the isle
 Without the bailiff's sanction. 'I will go!'
 Cried Margaret; 'he shall not hinder me!'

She left her child unto his nurse's care ;
 And when night came, she stole down to the shore,
 And stepped into the boat awaiting her.
 She took one boatman only. Perilous
 The voyage was, but safely Margaret
 Reached Guernsey, where heard she that De
 Beauvoir,
 Her husband's trusty friend, had just set sail
 For England. Somewhat comforted, again
 The anxious wife embarked, and suffered much
 In that small, open boat, but came at last
 To Poole. Amongst the crowd which thronged the
 wharves

She caught a glimpse of Matthew's cruel face,
 And blessed the wind and rain that hindered him,
 And forced him to seek shelter in the town.
 Herself not recognised, she sought a friend
 Dwelling in Poole, who gave her bed and board
 For one night only, urging her in vain
 To tarry longer. Then she hastened on,
 By Salisbury, to London and the King.

Good Bishop Fox had joined her now, and he
 An early audience gained for Margaret.
 At first she knelt before the King, but soon
 She rose, and pleaded thus : ' One boon alone
 We do implore your Majesty to grant—
 And that is a fair hearing—for thereby
 My noble husband's loyalty and truth,
 And his accuser's baseness, shall be shown.'
 'The right hath naught to fear!' And then she told
 Of Matthew's hardness to the islanders;
 His jealous hatred of De Carteret;
 The suddenness with which the thunderbolt
 Was launched against her husband, who had been
 Allowed no single word in his defence;
 The care with which all intercourse was barred
 With friends in England. Warming with her theme,
 Margaret grew eloquent, and her good friends,
 The Bishop and De Beauvoir, backed her tale.

The King was moved. 'Right well I know,' said he,
 'Thy husband comes of a long-loyal race.
 It is not likely he should traitor turn!
 Nor will I even listen to the charge
 Of his accusers, but will grant at once
 Order for his release.' With heart-felt thanks,
 All radiant with her joy and gratitude,
 The lady left the presence. On the stairs,
 She passed the Governor, her husband's foe,
 Who came to tell his falsehood to the King.
 He little dreamed how he had been forestalled
 By her whom, not observed, not recognised,
 He passed upon the stairs. Scant welcome gave
 King Henry to the faithless Governor!
 With stern upbraidings, sharp reproofs, he stripped
 Him of his office. But the lady sailed
 In gladness homeward—showed the order won
 From Henry for De Carteret's release—
 And so regained her husband. Long the twain
 Lived happily in Jersey's beauteous isle;
 And unto them were born eleven sons,
 Who all proved worthy of their parentage.

E. DYKE.

THE MULE AND THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE.

A Fable.

A THOROUGH-BRED Arab horse and a mule
 were lodged together for a night in the same
 stable. The mule could do nothing but complain of
 everything. 'How stupid these stablemen are!' he
 exclaimed. 'What a wretched building this is, and
 what rotten straw to lie upon! And the fodder, too,
 why, it is not fit for asses.'

Thus he went on, finding fault with one thing and
 then another, whilst his companion, the thorough-bred
 steed, uttered not a murmur or complaint, but seemed
 quite content with what had fallen to his lot.

MORAL.—Mark ye, my friends, among mankind as
 well as animals, true gentility is ever content and
 noble. Be assured that we may always recognise
 the traits of an ill-bred person, if such a one is con-
 stantly grumbling and discontented with his lot.

H. BERKELEY SCORE.

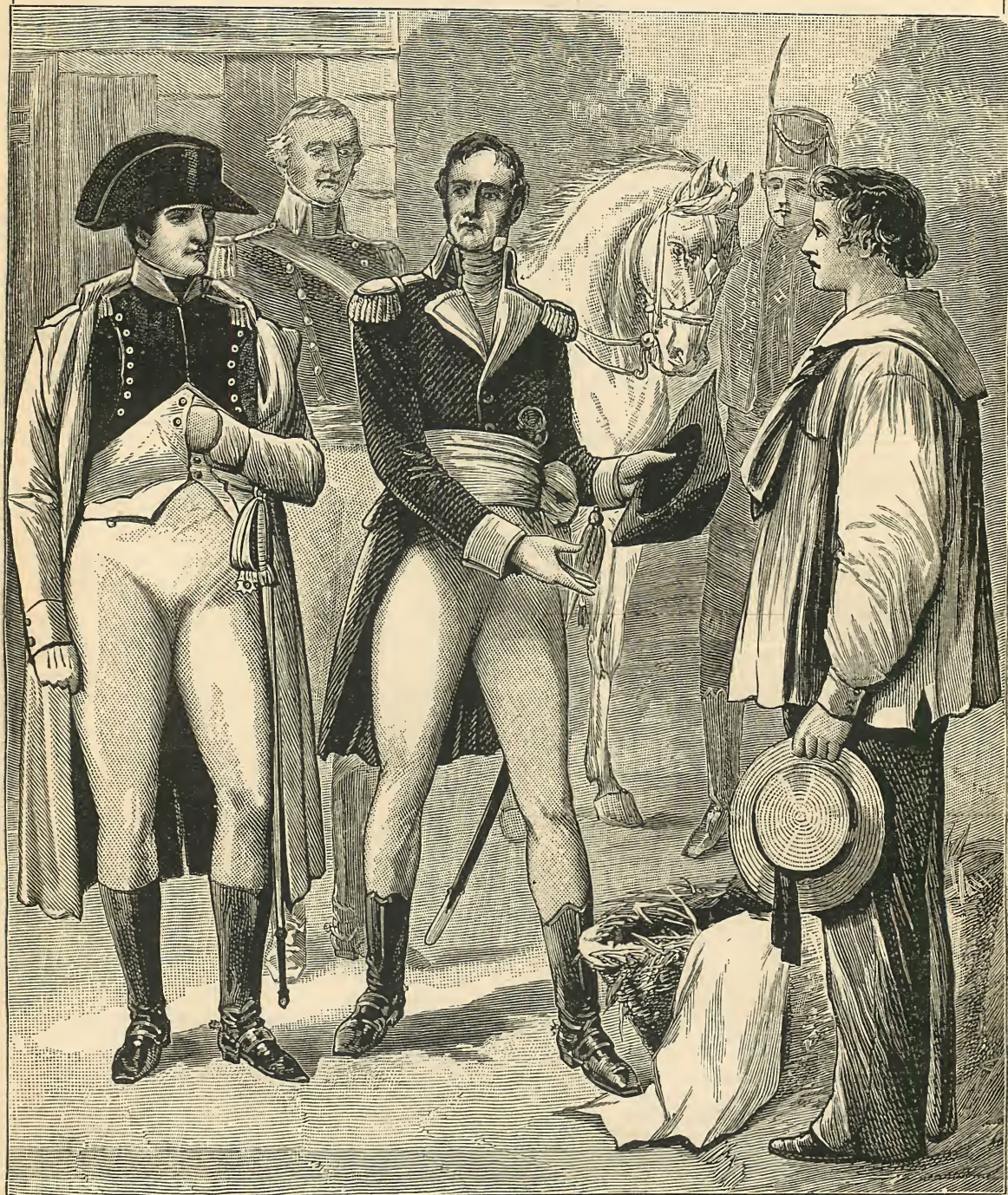
NAPOLÉON AND THE SAILOR-BOY.



URING the great struggle be-
 tween France, led by Napo-
 leon, and the allied forces of
 Europe, in the early part of
 the present century, many
 prisoners were taken on each
 side, and many a weary
 month they passed, sighing
 for a sight of their own
 native shores again. We
 held a large number of the
 French immured at Dart-
 moor; they, on their part,
 kept many of our people at Boulogne and Calais,
 almost within sight of the white cliffs of old
 England.

An English sailor-lad, who had been captured
 amongst many others, at the same time, was detected
 one day by his French warders making a basket, and
 covering it over with pieces of old sail-cloth. Un-
 able to understand this conduct, but still knowing it
 to be contrary to the prison regulations, the autho-
 rities brought the boy before Napoleon. In answer to
 the great Emperor's questions as to what he was
 making the basket for, the young sailor frankly said
 that he hoped one day to be able to effect his escape
 from the French prison in which he was then con-
 fined, and that, so great was his longing to see his
 mother again, he had made up his mind to set him-
 self afloat in this sail-covered basket, on the vague
 chance that it might perhaps drift him over to the
 opposite side of the channel, and enable him to once
 more set foot on English soil. Napoleon, who like
 all truly great men, knew how to be generous to a
 helpless foe, at once ordered him to be liberated, and
 sent him home by the next ship sailing for England.

F. R.



"The authorities brought the boy before Napoleon."



"Don't strike, Daniel — don't strike. This firing iron shoots awful straight."

'BEST OF FRIENDS.'

(Concluded from page 363.)

THE boys crept along a back passage until they came to the closed door leading into the lean-to. Here they hesitated, listening intently for any repetition of the sounds which had first struck on George's ear.

'There! did you hear that?'

There was a sound of scratching and scrambling;

both listened again, and then, together, exclaimed, in a loud whisper, 'They are tearing off the thatch! they are going to get in through the roof!'

'They can't do it! the rafters are too close together,' whispered George. 'Let us crouch down here on these coils of rope in the corner and watch.'

They did so, without another word being spoken. The man at work on the roof seemed to discover that to effect an entrance that way was hopeless, so he soon desisted. Then he tried the thatched side of the pent-house, and quickly made a hole big enough to thrust his head and shoulders through.

All was dark within. The fellow turned to speak a few words to those outside, and then again forced his head and neck through the opening. At that moment the young Canadian, who had quickly made a thin piece of the cord they had been seated on into a running noose, stole swiftly towards the intruder, and in a second had the slip-knot over his head and was pulling it tight round his neck.

So quickly had this been done that the fellow had had no time to utter a cry. He was half choked as well as being paralysed by fright and surprise. Young George held tightly to his end of the noose as he whispered to Bernard, 'Run! tell them the fellows are outside, and then come back to me!'

Bernard was off in a moment. He burst into the room where the watchers were still awaiting the attack, and in breathless tones told them what had happened.

'Hiram!' cried Mr. Watt to the American, 'you go to help hold this scoundrel. The rest of you come with me; we will run round and trap these fellows, unless they take fright before we get there! Now quick, all ready? Come along then!' and off they went in hot quest of the attackers.

Hiram R. Madox was in no hurry. He never was in a hurry. But he lost no time in dragging his long legs after Bernard, in the direction of the pent-house, merely stopping to pick up a dark lantern as he went.

'Got him still?' burst forth Bernard, excitedly, as they reached the place where George was standing.

'Rather!' was the expressive, if ungrammatical, reply.

'Say now, stranger,' began Hiram in a drawling, nasal tone, 'don't you struggle any, because, if you

do, I guess your hemp necklace might get a bit tighter than you like.'

He turned his lantern full on to the face of the captured man, and, as he did so, both boys cried out, 'Gipsy Lee!'

'Wall,' observed Mr. Madox, 'I didn't know as he was an old friend of yours; but, if that is so, we will ask him in—we will ask him in!' and, taking hold of the fellow's two arms, he gave him a mighty haul and dragged him inside the chamber.

The gipsy was half strangled, and looked a sorry object. He submitted in sullen silence to have his arms pinioned and tightly fastened behind him. Just at that moment three or four shots rang out on the still night air, and Hiram pricked up his ears.

'I guess, if there's any shootin' goin' on around, they will be wantin' me. So you two gentlemen might remain and keep your black-muzzled friend company, whilst I take a hand outside,' and he went off without any further delay through the back door, leaving the boys to guard their prisoner.

Meantime Mr. Watt's party of men had crept round the side of the house, and come plump upon the would-be house-breakers. For a moment or two they seemed inclined to show fight, but one of the stockmen, Jake, closed with the apparent leader of the party, the red-bearded man, and flung him heavily to the ground, whilst Mr. Watt, assisted by Pete, secured another of them, and the rest, after firing a shot or two from their revolvers—compliments which Bill very promptly returned with his own six-shooter—made off, as fast as their legs could carry them, in the direction of the woods. Then, leading their two captives with them, Mr. Watt and his men returned as quickly as they could to the house.

They were met by Hiram half-way.

'Oh,' he drawled, 'just in time to be too late, I reckon! Wall, it can't be helped, and' (indicating the prisoners by a nod) 'you have taken samples, I see, of the bulk. We have got a specimen, too, inside. What will we do with them?'

'They must be kept safely under lock and key to-night, and handed over to the police at Quebec for trial as soon as possible,' replied Mr. Watt.

'Think so?' queried Hiram in doubtful tones. 'Guess now it will give a lot of trouble. Seems too formal-like to me. Wouldn't it be more homely, as it were, to hang them all on a tree? That is what we should do with this lot out in Nebraska.'

Mr. Watt laughed. 'No, no, Hiram! we are not in Nebraska, you know, and lynch law is out of favour amongst Canadians. We must either send them off to Quebec ourselves, or tell the police to come and take them up there. And let us see this other man.'

The three prisoners were quickly disposed of. Each was locked up in a separate apartment, so as to prevent the possibility of any organized attempt at resistance or escape. A man armed with a revolver was posted at each door, and so they were left for the rest of the night.

Hiram was placed outside the door of Gipsy Lee's temporary prison, and, seated on a comfortable chair, he stretched his long legs out and soon began to feel sleepy. Ten minutes later, he had just fallen into a light doze, when a peculiar sound within his charge's room aroused his attention. He sat up and listened:

then, noiselessly turning the key in the lock, he suddenly opened the door and looked in.

As he had guessed, the gipsy, who had contrived to work his arms loose from the cord which had hitherto held them, was attempting to escape by the window. Foiled in this by Hiram's unexpected appearance, he turned savagely on his jailor. Before he could advance a step, however, the long American produced his revolver, and covered his foe with it.

'Turn round and throw up your hands, my friend,' he said, coolly. 'That rope seems to have got out of its place, and with your leave, by your leave or without your leave, I will just fix it again!' and with a savage scowl the gipsy was forced to submit.

'I reckon I will just pass the time right away with you here, inside this room, now,' said Hiram; 'seems more sociable than sitting outside, don't it?'

And, quietly seating himself in a corner on the floor, he settled down as comfortably as he could under the circumstances, and prepared to watch until he was relieved.

For an hour or more all was still. Then Hiram's head began to droop, and presently, in the half-light of the coming dawn, his chin sank upon his breast. Gipsy Lee could just see this, and a gleam of hope shot through him. The practised poacher was hard to bind with any rope that ever was made, and, after half-an-hour's strenuous work, he once more got his hands free. Then, with a wicked look in his dark, shifting eyes, he drew something shining and bright from the top of his high boot, and, holding it ready for action in his hand, he silently advanced towards the prostrate figure in the corner.

Within three feet of his intended victim, that intended victim leisurely sat up, and the young daylight fell plainly upon the gleaming barrel of Hiram R. Madox's six-shooter; at the same moment that gentleman's dulcet tones were heard, quietly saying, 'Don't strike, Daniel—don't strike. This firn' iron shoots awful straight, and if we were to fall out, just at this moment, why, you might get hurt, do you see!'

With a smothered oath, the gipsy sprang back. Then he flung himself on the floor at the farther end of the apartment. The game was up, and he knew it.

Two hours later all the prisoners were sent off under a strong convoy to Quebec, and it may here be mentioned that they were tried and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Gipsy Lee spoke no word to the boys from first to last, though it was perfectly plain that he knew them. They afterwards heard that he had worked his passage out to Montreal, fallen at once into evil courses on landing, and finally thrown in his lot with the party of desperadoes in whose company he was taken and, as we have seen, thrown into prison.

Thus was punishment for all Gipsy Lee's wrongful acts meted out at last. He had defied the law, but he was destined to make the unpleasant discovery that the law had a very long and a very far-reaching arm. Never had he done a worse day's work for himself than when he, in conjunction with his friend Reddy, made the attempt upon Brampton and followed it up by kidnapping Brampton's owner. From that time to the period when he was led out of the dock

at the Assize Court, a prisoner for many years, he had found that the ways of the wicked are hard indeed. Let us hope that when, on the completion of his sentence, he again finds himself a free man, he will give a fair trial to another and more reputable form of living, and find, however tardily, that 'honesty is the best policy,' after all.

The boys and their guardian stayed on at the hospitable Canadian farmhouse until long after the first fall of snow had come down and covered with its fleecy mantle the whole of the hard frost-bitten earth. Then fun in the snow-shoes, on sledges and toboggans, skating and shooting, afforded them an endless variety in their amusements.

And when at last the English travellers, furred to the tips of their noses, stood at the door of the house bidding good-bye to their kind host and hostess, to Pete and Hiram, and all the rest with whom they had been in such friendly contact for so long a time, it was quite an arranged thing that the parting was not to be a permanent one, for a bargain had been made that George should come to England in the spring to resume his education at Brampton Park under the fostering care of Mr. Devenish, whilst, in return, the young Viscount pledged himself to spend the following Christmas with his friends in Canada.

And here our story ends. 'The Best of Friends must part,' they tell us, and Bernard was obliged to say his 'good-bye' to George—but only for a time, as we know. 'Best of Friends' they had been throughout their strange acquaintance. 'Best of Friends' let us hope (as we thoroughly believe) they will be to the end.



FURNESS ABBEY.

THE Abbey of St. Mary of Furness, in the north-west part of Lancashire, was founded A.D. 1127. Situated in a remote and well-protected vale, it escaped the attacks of the Border freebooters, and its pile grew in beauty, and its monks led their contemplative lives undisturbed until the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry VIII., A.D. 1537.

The abbey and its precincts of sixty acres were then bought by the Preston family.

In the time of George I. it passed into the hands of Sir Thomas Lowther, Bart., who married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; and by his son, who died in A.D. 1756, the estates at Cartmel and Furness were bequeathed to Lord George Augustus Cavendish, and thus became the property of the Dukes of Devonshire.

The ruins of Furness Abbey tell of its bygone size and splendour. Besides the church, other conventual buildings, as the chapter-house, scriptorium, refectory, dormitory, and guest-hall, may be traced more or less distinctly in the piles of masonry which cover the site. The church must have been one of remarkable beauty. It was 300 feet in length and 65 feet in breadth.



Furness Abbey.

WORTH HAVING.

I WILL do my best, if you will try me, sir.'
'I don't doubt it, my lad; but there really is
nothing just now that I can put you to.'
'Please, sir, I don't mind what it is.'

'And you are a town boy, too. You don't know
anything about farm-work.'

'Please, sir, I can learn.'

David Carter was an old-fashioned man, and Joe's
words pleased him greatly. 'You will do your best,'
said he, 'and you don't mind *what* you do, and you



"I will do my best if you will try me, sir."

are willing to learn. Well, then, in my opinion you are worth having, though it is not a busy time, and I have no need of another lad. Come up to-morrow, and we will find you a job of some sort.'

So Joe got a situation, and as his actions were as good as his words, he kept it, and prospered in it.

Is not his example worth following? *Do your best*, boys, whether you like your work or not. Do

not be too anxious to pick and choose, but *take the work which lies in your way*, and if it is not exactly to your taste, it may be a stepping-stone to something better, and, last of all, *be willing to learn*. The boy who thinks he knows everything, and can do everything without being told, is too often a failure; but one who is not too proud to be taught, may be pretty sure of success in whatever he undertakes.

H. L. T.

KILLED BY RICHES.

ONCE there was a very rich king, who, sad to say, was a miser. One day a stranger appeared and said to him, 'Ask what you will, O king, and your wish shall be gratified.' 'Grant me then,' said the king, 'that whatever I touch shall be turned into gold.' 'Granted,' said the stranger; 'to-morrow at sunrise the golden touch shall be yours.' (This must have been a very long time ago, for nothing of the kind ever happens nowadays.) Whether the king slept that night the story does not tell, but early next morning he was up and walking in the fields. He picked up a handful of acorns, and they turned into lumps of gold. His cane dropped, and as he took it again into his hand it became a golden rod. On reaching home he ordered his butler to bring him a cup of wine, and no sooner did he touch the vessel than it was changed into gold. He attempted to drink, and on touching his lips the liquid became molten gold; he then tried to eat, but the food also turned to gold. 'Alas! alas!' cried the king in his despair, 'I shall starve to death in the midst of all my wealth!'

A YOUNG SOLDIER'S ADVENTURE.



RETIRED soldier of the reign of George III. used to tell his friends the following story of an adventure which he had while he was a young recruit. It happened during the long war between England and France, and when so many soldiers were required for service abroad, that the militia were called out for home duty, and this soldier, when a lad,

joined the West Middlesex Militia in the year A.D. 1798.

He said: I had just got through the usual drill and was pronounced ready to take duty, when our regiment was ordered to Gosport, where it had to furnish men for a guard mounted every twenty-four hours at Fortune Prison, in which several thousand Frenchmen were confined. This prison was a very queer place, built in a hurry, and partly of brick and partly of wood. All round it was a fence, along which thirty sentinels watched day and night. Every man's box was numbered, to prevent mistakes. Guarding these unfortunate prisoners had its risks, since there were amongst them some daring fellows, always on the look-out for a chance to escape. Especially was there peril for the sentry at the post No. 11. Close to it was a narrow lane, leading to the 'Blue Boar' inn, in which the sentry had to take his walk between two walls, and though most of the posts had lanterns hung up on the palings, this had none. Several of the French prisoners had escaped here, either by bribing the sentry with money, or by creeping out and stabbing him unawares. I had to go upon guard for the first time, and my comrades had no right to force me to take number eleven, but

they bullied me till I consented. What made it worse, my hour to mount guard was nine o'clock at night. During the day, I did not think much about it, but the evening set in with a storm of wind and rain, and I felt so uneasy that at last I made an appeal to the sergeant.

'It is no use bothering now,' was his sharp reply. 'If you determined to make a fuss about it, you should have done so in time. I am not going to alter the guard to please a ninny like you.' I trudged off to take up my place in the relief, and joined my comrades at the guard-house. I think I never was out in a rougher night. The wind roared amongst the palings and the chimneys of the prison, the rain poured down as if from buckets, and the darkness was so thick that you could not see a yard before you. The sergeant gave us his parting caution, as we went to our posts: 'This is just the sort of night when the rascals are likely to try some desperate act, so don't close your eyes or ears for a moment, and be sure to give the alarm on the first move. To me he was more kind than the rest: 'Mind what you are up to,' says he, 'for you have no lantern, so be alive and we will be with you in a crack, as soon as we hear your shot or call.'

This was not very agreeable or cheering, but it was no use growling. I promised to be watchful and they left me alone. In every sentry-box a great-coat was hung up, of which the soldier, tall or short, might have the benefit. When I tried this in number eleven, I found it would have held at least two of me. The sleeves came far over my hands, and the skirts dragged upon the ground for a foot at least. I might have passed as a scarecrow, but to wear it was impossible, and I hung it up again. Somehow I did not care to keep in the sentry-box, so I made up my mind to get wet in real earnest, and walked up and down. The lane was soft and muddy; I had shoes, which were then usual for soldiers, and sank over the tops at every step.

It was the rule of the prison guard, that every quarter of an hour the sentinels should give notice that all was well. Number one began it, by saying loudly, 'Number one and all's well!' Then number two took it up, and it went round the palings till it reached thirty. If any man did not take up and forward the cry, an alarm was given, and the patrol turned out to find out why he was silent. I had repeated the cry six or seven times, still walking, getting more muddy and more soaked, when some gutter above my head suddenly burst, and a deluge of water descended upon me, which formed a pool in front of the box. To escape from it for the moment, I took a sudden leap into the box, it rocked, and before I could think what was the cause of its shaking, down it came flat on the ground. I was caught in as perfect a trap as ever caught mouse. I kicked and sprawled, but it was of no use; worse still, the water kept on rising in the sentry-box, while I was powerless. Luckily, this happened just before the time for passing round the cry, or I should have been drowned, for I could scarcely breathe, and had to blow like a porpoise. How I prayed for the patrol to arrive! At last it came, the men lifted up the box, dragged me out and carried me to the

nearest officer's room, where restoratives brought me round.

But the curious thing was, that the fall of the box was caused by some of the French prisoners. They had been at work several months, having got a piece of iron hoop, by which they had managed to make a tunnel from one of the rooms in the prison, and they had carried it to the yard of the 'Blue Boar' Inn. This tunnel went right under the sentry-box, and the earth they dug out was hidden in their hammocks, the mouth of it being covered with loose bricks. One or two were actually escaping that night, but the heavy rain had loosened the earth, and so my jump into the box made it fall, and its weight also blocked up their passage. After this, care was taken that there should be no more tunnelling operations.

J. R. S. C.

TROUT-FISHING ON A HIGHLAND LOCH.

IT was in the month of August, some years ago, that three school-boys, brothers, intent on enjoying the holiday season, which had now begun, went by train from Edinburgh to one of the loveliest spots in the Highlands of Perthshire, where they were to be guests of their uncle, Colonel Playfair, who had a fine property in that county. This property, which was named Edgehill Manor, had on it forest, hill, and water. The hill at this season of the year was purple with heather, while the Edgehill Loch, as it was called, was swarming with fine trout.

Colonel Playfair himself did not care for fishing, his favourite amusement being to walk across the hill and the neighbouring moors with a friend and a couple of guns, to bag as many grouse as he could. But he was quite willing that his nephews should fish all day long if it pleased them to do so, and as there was a boat on the loch, we can easily believe that the boys were eager to get out their fishing-rods and baskets, and begin the fun at once.

Their uncle, however, would not let them go fishing alone, as they were not used to boats and might come to grief. 'But, boys,' he said kindly, 'my gamekeeper, McDonald, has a son, a fellow a good deal taller than any of you. His name is Lewis, and I will tell him to keep himself in readiness to go fishing with you at any time that you may want him. Lewis is a very useful lad; he knows a great deal about country life, and will help you to amuse yourselves. I have no doubt. But, remember, boys, that I expect you all home to dinner at seven o'clock, and if you do not appear by that time, why, I will not let you go out the next day at all! How would you like that?'

'Not at all, uncle,' said the boys, laughing; 'but we will try not to forget what you wish, and oh! it will be delightful indeed to have Lewis to go with us everywhere!'

And what did Lewis think about it? Why, he was quite delighted, too. His usual work was digging and raking in the garden, and this work he was not at all fond of; but to sail the boat on Edge-

hill Loch with these boys would be indeed jolly fun to him as well as to them. Well, the very next day after they arrived, the boys, under the guardianship of Lewis, set off for the loch. They had fishing-lines with them with fly-hooks, and these lines were thrown overboard, so that the artificial fly rested upon the surface of the water. Then Lewis took a small pair of oars and rowed gently along the clear, calm water, when soon a strong pull was felt, the fly disappeared below the surface—a trout was hooked; but the difficulty was how to get it on board the boat, for though it let itself be dragged along without much resistance so long as it was under water, yet the moment it perceived the boat and the boys it struggled so hard that it managed to break away, carrying the hook with it! This happened so often that out of sixteen fish which had been hooked, only seven were fairly landed in the boat, these seven having been secured by Lewis, who had a landing-net, which he skilfully thrust below the struggling trout, and thus lifted it by a sudden jerk into the boat.

It was a pretty sight to see the seven trout laid side by side upon a swathe of grass!—they were so beautifully spotted, while their flesh was a pale salmon-colour, very pretty to look at.

'Uncle,' said Charlie, the eldest of the three boys, 'our trout are almost like salmon—their flesh is quite pink. Is that the case with all trout?'

'No indeed, Charlie,' replied Colonel Playfair. 'Trout taken out of a river with a muddy bottom are not nearly so nice-looking as those taken out of clear water with a gravelly ground. The tint of the flesh, too, varies very much, the pink-fleshed trout being much the finest for the table. I reckon that the fish taken from Edgehill Loch are as fine as can be seen anywhere in Scotland, except in Loch Leven, where they are not only very rich in colour and taste, but are caught in amazing quantities. Loch Leven is quite a small loch, as I dare say you know very well, yet, in the year 1888, no fewer than 23,500 fish were taken out of its waters. We cannot come up to that, Charlie, my boy; but I am well contented with my own fish, too. Have you enjoyed your outing to-day, boys?'

'Oh, uncle! more than we can say. It is quite delightful to be here.'

'Well, to-morrow,' said the Colonel, 'you may cross the heather hill with me, and count how many grouse you can discover.'

'Are you going to shoot, uncle?'

asked Charlie, eagerly.

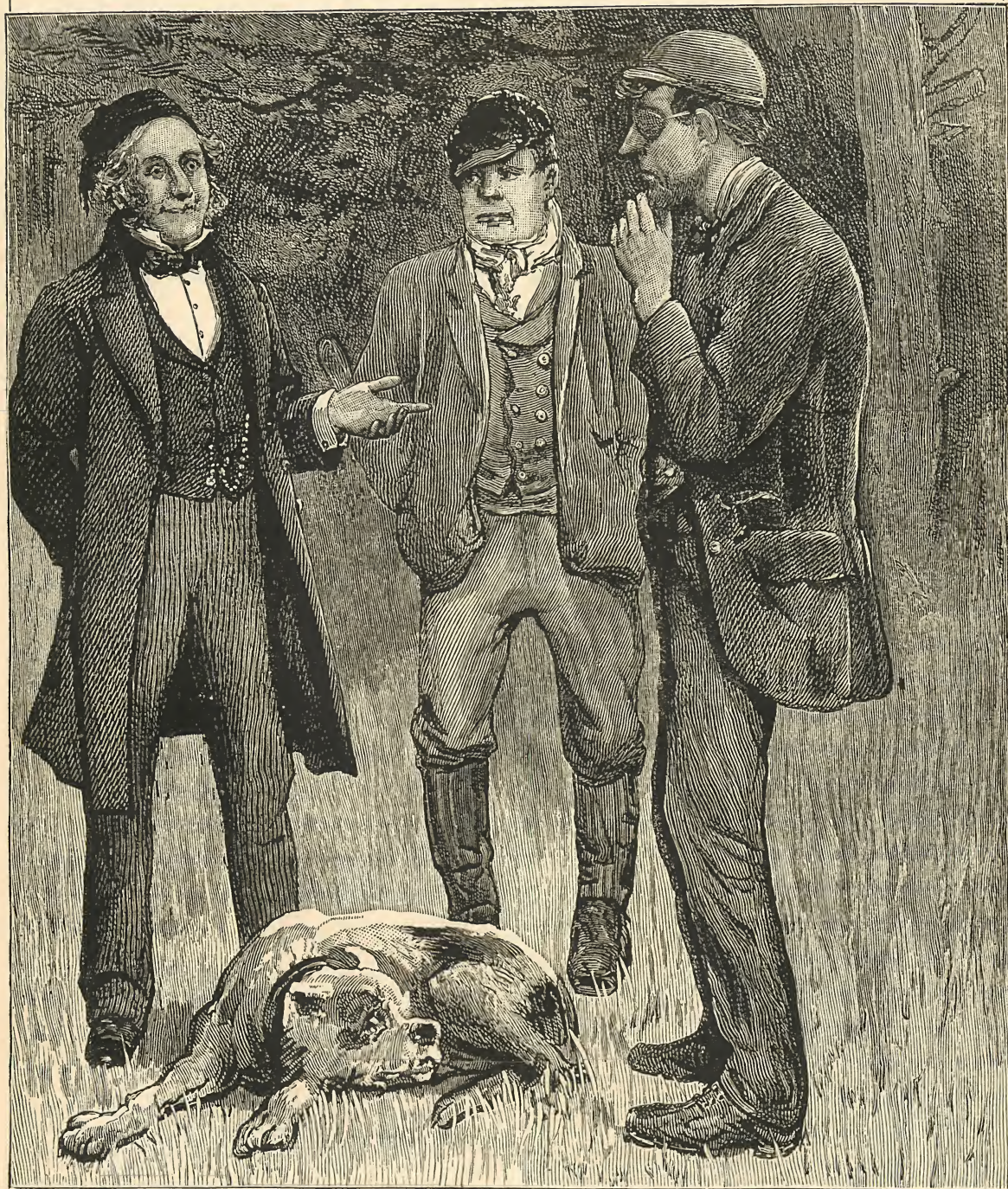
'Shoot!' ejaculated the Colonel. 'Shoot grouse on the fifth of August! Why, grouse-shooting only begins on the twelfth, Charlie. However, you will soon get to know all these facts without my telling you.'

Now, my readers, I have no space to tell you anything more of these boys, except that when they did go home, after a month at Edgehill Manor, their faces were finely sun-browned, while they talked so much and so loudly that their mother had laughingly to cover her ears—their last words being, 'And, mother, the best of it all is that uncle has asked us to come back again next year.'

DOROTHEA B. MCKEAN.



"The difficulty was how to get it aboard the boat."



"Here I say ! is this your dog, my men ?"

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

VI.—THE GRAIN OF GOLD.

Founded on Fact.



O you have made the acquaintance of Mr. Claud Haythorpe, sir,' remarked Sergeant Lundy, as we walked past Birchlands, the fine old family residence of the gentleman in question. 'Well, he is real clever and scientific—a naturalist, I am told; but, bless ye, sir, as simple and tender-hearted as a baby. Why, for the last twenty years, I have had my joke against Mr. Haythorpe, and I will tell you all about it as we jog along.'

Well, at the time I speak of, you see, our neighbourhood was a bit upset owing to the fact that two or three of the gentry's houses had been broken into within a fortnight. Several objects of value, including a fair amount of silver, had been carried away. But each of the burglaries was so neatly managed that there was no trace of the thieves to supply a clue to their whereabouts, and we were left completely in the dark.

Now it happened one morning that a strange dog was seen prowling about the village—a villainous mongrel, which had a queer lost look about him. 'Like dog, like master,' thinks I to myself, and most likely not far apart. So, for several hours, I contrived to keep half an eye on the brute, until somehow or other, in spite of my foxing, he suddenly disappeared.

However, I became still more on the alert when I learnt that the same afternoon two shabby-looking men had been noticed in the narrow lane which winds behind the churchyard. They had an air of trying to hide their heads from the light of day, so said my informer, which inclined him to the idea that they must be poachers or such-like folk. At the same time it was quite as likely they might be nothing worse than tramps—which, by the way, sir, is a pretty safe term wherewith to describe all wandering vagabonds.

Anyhow, I had my three hours' sleep as usual. Then I turned out at eight o'clock, hoping, of course, to strike a trail on my beat. And if it had only taken me in the direction of Birchlands, I might have come in for my share of the fun. However, as it chanced, I was away over the hills that night, and not a word of the matter reached my ears until the following day.

Well, it seems that after dusk, Mr. Haythorpe went into his grounds, where he is in the habit of watching the owls and such-like creatures of the night. His maiden sister who lives with him, and is one of the same sort, you see, had begged him not to go far alone. These recent robberies had made her very nervous, she said, and there were only female servants in the house.

'Why, what matter, my dear,' laughs Mr. Haythorpe, 'when you are supplied with a policeman's whistle and a railway bell?'

With that, he steps out by the French window on to the lawn, when the very first object that meets his eyes is that identical dog, calmly reposing itself under the old cedar-tree.

In another minute he catches sight of two men, slinking off, no doubt, behind the bushes.

'Here, I say!' shouts the naturalist gentleman, 'is this your dog, my men?'

Whereupon one of the pair turns round. He was short and squat, with an ugly scratch on his chin.

'Thank ye, sir,' says he, quite civil-like, 'we was just a seeking of him. Come, Lambkin,' he cries. 'Come on, old chap!'

But instead of budging so much as a square inch, the animal gives a growl.

'Ah,' says the man, 'he belongs to a pal of mine. He don't remember me.'

Meanwhile, upon hearing voices, Miss Haythorpe had followed her brother into the garden. And before very long, if ye believe me, sir, they were all four in a group, and making friends with one another as comfortable as possible.

'Look here,' says Mr. Haythorpe, in his hearty, innocent way, 'as you two happen to be here, maybe you can spare me a few minutes longer—eh, my honest fellows?'

No doubt it was the first time they had been called like that, sir, since they left their mother's knee, to run alone.

'You may perhaps have heard,' continues the worthy gentleman, 'that there has been some house-breaking lately in these parts. And as they tell me that two suspicious-looking men have been seen about the place to-day, I am just going to take a look round the grounds. Now you,' pointing to the first man, 'may as well accompany me. And you'—addressing the second man, who wore a patch over his left eye—'well, I shall esteem it a favour if you will take care of my sister until we get back again. We will be very pleased to give you both some supper in the kitchen afterwards. So come along!'

If I am not mistaken, sir, the men were more flabbergasted at being treated in such a fashion than if I had suddenly popped out upon them myself.

However, off goes the first man with Mr. Haythorpe, and is some time away. At least, that is what I heard from the parlour-maid at Birchlands, who, to tell you the truth, sir, considered it her plain duty to keep a watch over such mad proceedings. So she follows her master at a short distance to the further part of the grounds, where, down a slight incline, as perhaps you know, there runs one of the finest trout-streams in the county.

Now, this stream empties itself into a small mere. And what must the good gentleman do but point out the nest of a kingfisher which he had persuaded to build, in an artificial rock, close to the water's edge.

'There are young ones there, as well,' says he, quite excited-like. 'If you go and place your nose close to the hole, you will smell the fish they feed them on. That is how I found it out, you see.'

'You are fond of bird-nesting, yourself—eh?' He pointed to his companion's chin.

The man grinned broadly as he obeyed orders. And then Mr. Haythorpe went on to relate how he had been stuffing a squirrel, all the morning, that had been killed by the cat.

'Squirrels are nature's planters,' says he, in that highly instructive way he has. 'They bury the acorns in the ground to store them for winter food, and forget where they have put them when the winter comes by. So we have a number of fine young oak-trees springing up, here and there, thanks to the squirrel.'

He has told me this himself, sir, and many other interesting things as well.

Then the man gets back to the lawn, to find his mate in quite polite conversation with Miss Haythorpe.

A queer business that, sir, and no mistake. And all the while that strange dog lying under the cedar, as quiet as a statue, but showing his teeth ferociously if either of the men ventured near him.

They had naught to do with the beast, as it turned out later. The mongrel remained three days at Birchlands, where he was well cared for, you may be sure. Then, on the fourth morning, he vanished, as sudden as he came.

When the men refused Mr. Haythorpe's offer of supper (and the parlour-maid was thankful that they did), he pressed upon them half-a-crown each, quite as if he had taken a violent fancy to them. Then he shook hands with them—for that is a free-and-easy sort of way he has got.

Well, the men cleared off pretty sharp after that, and whether they were burglars, poachers, or tramps, has never yet come to light.

Many's the time I have chaffed Mr. Haythorpe about the way in which he entertained a couple of burglars that night. And it is certain we had no more house-breaking hereabouts for a long time. I drew my own conclusions, sir, from the information which I picked up. And I reckon that the men had no more to do with the burglaries which had taken place—why, no more than you nor I, sir. The burglars who committed those robberies must have been of the advanced sort—experts, I call them. While, as for those two fellows—I think they must have been in the poaching line, after all. For I haven't told you yet, sir, that the next morning some half-dozen large trout were discovered, lying close under the dining-room window. And, of course, we had a pretty good guess how they found themselves in that particular situation.

And now comes the moral, sir. For wise folk tell us that there is a grain of gold in the most depraved human nature. And I believe it only needs a bit of human trust and kindness to make that grain of gold shine out.

FLORA SCHMALZ.

THE loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl (Smoking Mountain), thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 17,784 feet above the sea-level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1000 feet deep.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

WALTER EVSON AND HIS FRIENDS.*



GOOD-BYE, Walter; good-bye, Walter, dear! good-bye,' and the last note of this chorus was 'Dood-bye,' from a blue-eyed, fair-headed girl of two years, as Walter disengaged his arms from his mother's neck, and jumped into the carriage which had already been waiting a quarter of an hour to convey him and his luggage to the station. Mr. Evson was taking his son to a large public school, and this was the first time that Walter had left home. Our hero at the time when we are first introduced to him is an active, bright-eyed boy of fourteen, and the eldest child of the young family. Up till this time Walter had never been to school. He had been taught by his father and a tutor, who for the last year had lived in the home. The book-knowledge which he had acquired was small; but he was full of intelligent interest in things most worth knowing. Mr. Evson was in easy circumstances, and Walter's home was a really charming place. The boys often went rambles with their father, and some object was invented for every week. They would hunt for rare flowers and pebbles, and their father would talk to them about them. They would climb the hills and catch the fresh breeze blowing from the far-off sea; they were taught to recognise the stars and planets, and to love and treat tenderly all living things.

In summer and winter too they bathed in the waters of the lake till they became quite bold swimmers; and they often rowed in the little boat kept for their amusement. They were healthy and manly mountain-boys, with all their senses admirably exercised and their powers of observation well trained. They were trained when quite young to be hardy, modest, truthful, unselfish, and obedient. But we must now follow Walter to school.

St. Winifred's school stood, and stands, by the seaside, on the shores of a little bay embraced and closed in by a range of hills, and on either side were lofty cliffs, fringed at the base by a margin of sand and shingle.

As Walter Evson entered the great schoolroom at St. Winifred's, he noticed a group of lads standing in the middle of the room amusing themselves at the expense of new-comers. Walter was highly amused at all that went on. Three of the group were named respectively Henderson, Kenrick, and Jones. Henderson was a wit; Kenrick a bright, sensitive lad; and Jones a big bully.

'Come here, you new fellow,' called two or three

* The story of Walter Evson, his friends and foes, is told at full length in Dean Farrar's book, *St. Winifred's; or, the World of School*. Every boy interested in school-life—and where is the boy who is not interested?—should read the book for himself.

of the group to a rather good-looking but slender boy, whose supercilious look betrayed his vanity.

'So you don't much seem to like the look of St. Winifred's,' said Kenrick to him, as the boy walked up with a delicate air.

'Not much,' lisped the new boy; 'everything looks so very common.'

'Common and unclean to the last degree,' said Henderson, imitating his manner.

'And is this the only place you have to sit in?'

'Oh, by no means,' said Henderson; 'each of us has a private apartment furnished in crimson and gold, according to the simple yet elegant taste of the owner. Our meals are there served to us by kneeling domestics on little dishes of silver.'

'I suppose you intend that for wit,' said the new boy, languidly.

'Yes; to do you, to wit,' answered Henderson. 'But seriously, though, that would be a great deal more like what you have been used to, wouldn't it?'

'Very much more,' said the boy.

'And would you politely favour this company,' said Henderson, 'by revealing to us your name?'

'My name is Howard Tracy.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Henderson, with an air of great satisfaction, and making a low bow.

'I am called Howard Tracy because I am descended lineally from both those families.'

'My goodness! are you, really?' said Henderson, clasping his hand in mock transport. 'My dear sir, you are an honour to your race and country! you are an honour to this school. We are proud, sir, to have you among us!'

'Perhaps you may not know that my uncle is the Viscount St. George,' said Tracy.

'Is he though?' said Henderson, yawning. 'Is he that St. George who

"Swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door?"'

But, finding that the boy's vanity was too obtuse to be amusing any longer, he was about to leave him to the rest, when another of the group, named Jones, caught sight of Walter, and called out—'Halloa, here is a new fellow grinning at the follies of his kind. Come here, you dark-haired chap. What is your name?'

'Evson,' said Walter, quietly approaching them.

'What is your father?'

'My father is a gentleman,' said Walter, rather surprised at the rudeness of the question.

'And where do you live?'

'At Semlyn.'

'And how old are you?'

'Just fourteen.'

'And how many sisters have you?'

Walter rather thought of asking, 'What's that to you?' but, as he saw no particular harm in answering the question, and did not want to seem too stiff-backed, he answered—'Three.'

'And are they very beautiful?'

'I don't know, I never asked them. Are yours?'

This last question was so perfectly quiet and unexpected, and Jones was so evidently discomfited by it, that the rest burst into a roar of laughter. A great deal of good-natured bantering followed, and

at last Henderson, turning to Tracy, asked him whether he thought Walter as common as the rest of them. Tracy, feeling that he was being laughed at, and noticing a smile on the good-natured Walter's face, said angrily, 'You are laughing at me,' and bully Jones, eager to produce a fight between the two boys, slipped a bit of orange-peel into Tracy's hand, saying, 'Shy this at him.'

Tracy threw it at Walter, and he, without hesitation, flung it back. Fired by taunts and encouragements, Tracy struck Walter, as he was bid, on the face. Seizing the aggressor round the waist, Walter fairly dragged him to a far corner of the room, where, amid a shout of laughter, he deposited him, saying, as he did so, 'Don't you be a fool!'

Walter's blood was now up, and thinking that he might as well show from the very first that he was not to be bullied, or made a butt with impunity, he walked straight to the stove, and, looking full at Jones (who had inspired him already with strong disgust), he said, 'You called me a coward just now. I am not a coward, though I don't like fighting for nothing. I am not a bit afraid of you, though you forced that fellow to hit me just now.'

'Aren't you? Saucy young cub! Then take that,' said Jones, enforcing the remark with a box on the ear.

'And you take that,' said Walter, returning the compliment.

Jones, astonished beyond measure, sprang forward, clenched his two fists, squared, and blustered with great demonstrations. He was much Walter's senior, and was utterly taken by surprise at his audacity, but he seemed in no hurry to avenge the insult.

'Well,' said Walter, heaving with indignation, 'why don't you hit me again?'

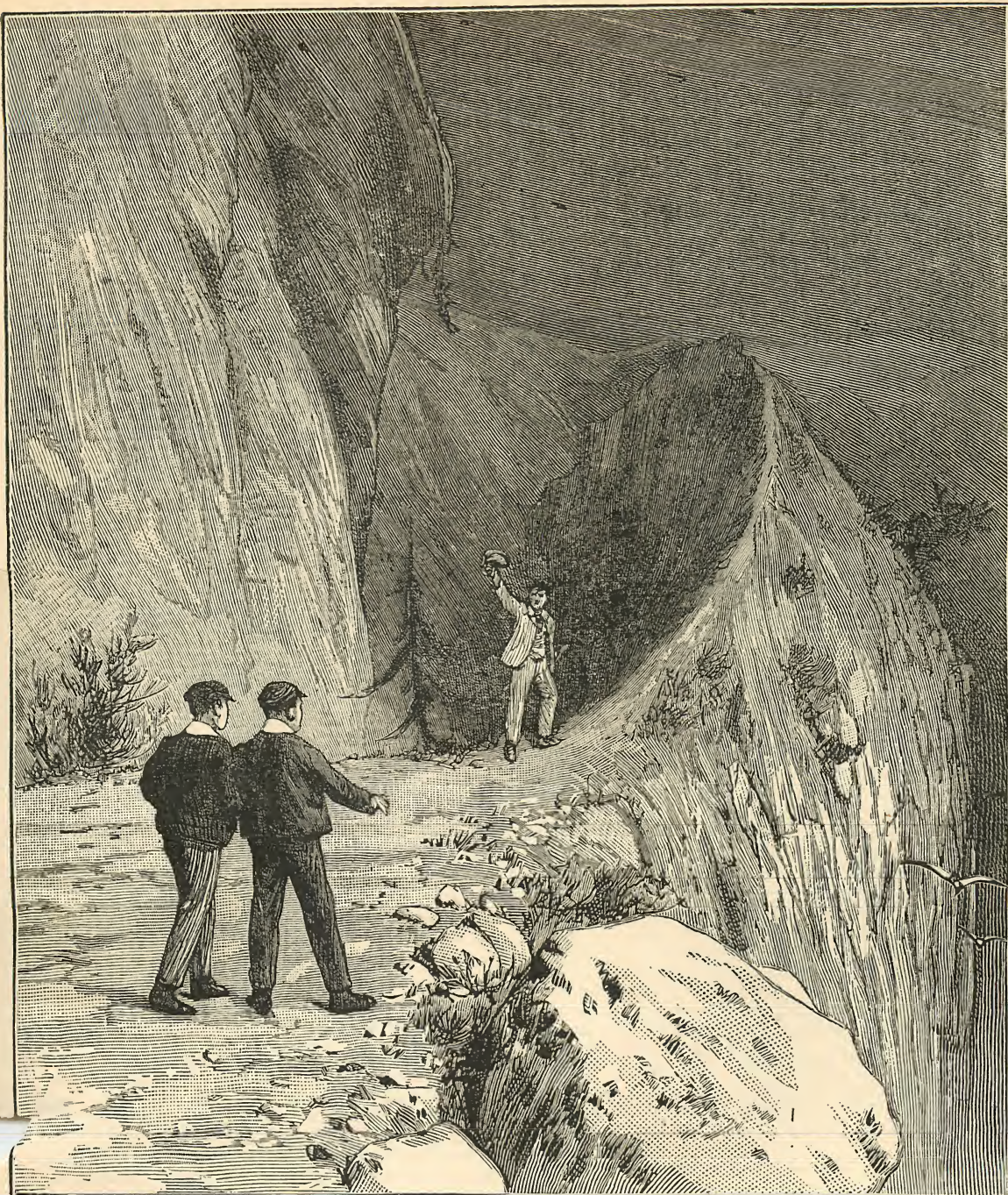
Jones looked at his firm and determined little assailant with some alarm, slowly tucked up the sleeves of his coat, turned white and red, and—didn't return the blow. The tea-bell beginning to ring at that moment gave him a convenient excuse for breaking off the altercation. He told his friends that he was on the point of thrashing Walter when the bell rang, but that he thought it a shame to fight a new fellow—and in cold blood, too,' he added, adopting Walter's language, but not his sincerity.

'Don't call me a coward again, then,' said Walter to him as he turned away.

'I say, Evson, you are a regular brick; a regular stunner,' said Kenrick, delighted, as he showed Walter the way to the Hall where the boys had tea. 'That fellow Jones is no end of a bully, and he won't be quite so big in future. You have taken him down a great many pegs.' And so Walter Evson established in St. Winifred's a reputation for pluck.

Walter Evson's form-master was a Mr. Paton, a good and just man, but a master unusually severe. He never accepted an excuse. The form went up to say a lesson; each boy was put on in turn. When it came to Walter's turn, Mr. Paton first inquired his name, which he entered with extreme neatness in his class-book. He then put him on as he had put on the rest.

'I had no book, sir, and didn't know what the lesson was,' said Walter.



Walter Evson sets off on his Perilous Journey.

'Excuses, sir, excuses!' said Mr. Paton, sternly; 'you mean that you haven't learnt the lesson.'

'Yes, sir.'

'A bad beginning, Evson; bring me no excuses in future. You must write the lesson out.'

And an ominous entry implying this fact was recorded against Walter's freshly entered name. Most masters would have excused the first punishment,

and contented themselves with a word of admonition; but this was not Mr. Paton's way.

It was some months after this that Walter Evson, in a highly excited state of mind, rushed out from detention, his task lines finished, and flung himself upon a grass bank beside his two chums—Henderson and Kenrick—who were reading Shakespeare.

'I'll tell you what it is, Henderson,' he said, 'I

can't and won't stand this any longer. It is the last detention breaks the boy's back. I hate St. Winifred's, I hate Dr. Lane (the head master), I hate Robertson, and I *hate, hate, hate* Paton,' he said, stamping angrily.

'Hooroop!' said Henderson; 'so the patient Evson is on fire at last. Tell it not to Dubbs.' (Dubbs was, perhaps, the hardest-working boy in the school, and very much attached to Mr. Paton.)

'Why, Walter, what is all this about?' asked Kenrick.

'Why, Ken,' said Walter, more quietly, 'here is a history of my life: Greek grammar, lines, detention, caning—caning, detention, lines, Greek grammar. I'm sick of it; I *can't*, and I *won't* stand it any more.'

'Whether,' shouted Henderson, from the volume on his knee—

"Whether 'twere nobler for the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them!"

'End them, I will,' said Walter, 'somehow. I will pay him out, depend upon it.' And the opportunity for the exercise of this bad and revengeful spirit came sooner than even Walter had hoped.

In a fit of desperation the next morning, when given a larger imposition than usual for not having prepared his lessons, Walter, upon hearing his sentence, purposely flung down his books on the desk, one after another, with a bang; and for each book which he had flung down Mr. Paton gave him a hundred lines, whereupon he laughed sarcastically, and got two hundred more. Conscious that the boys were watching with some amusement this little exhibition of temper and trial of wills, he then took out a sheet of paper and wrote on it, in large letters, the words, 'TWO HUNDRED LINES FOR MR. PATON,' and, amid the tittering of the form, carried it up to Mr. Paton's desk.

'Evson,' said the master, 'you must be beside yourself this morning; it is very rarely, indeed, that a new boy is so far gone in disobedience as this. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the most audacious and impertinent new boy with whom I have ever had to deal. I must cane you in my room, after detention, to which you will of course go.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Walter, with an impudent smile, and the form tittered again as he walked noisily to his seat; but Mr. Paton, allowing for his violent state of mind, took no notice of the last affront.

Whereupon Walter, taking another large piece of paper, and a spluttering quill pen, wrote on it, with a great deal of scratching—

'Due from W. EVSON to MR. PATON.

'For missing lesson	100 lines.
For laying down books	300 "
For laughing	200 "
For writing 200 lines	A caning.

'Detention, of course.

'Thank you for nothing.'

And on the other side of the sheet he wrote in large letters—'No Go!' Which being done, he passed the sheet along the form, to encourage the others.

'Evson,' said Mr. Paton, quietly, 'bring me that paper.'

Walter took it up—looking rather alarmed this time—but with the side 'No Go!' uppermost.

'What is this, Evson?'

'Number ninety, sir,' said Walter, amid the now unconcealed laughter of the rest, who knew very well that he had intended it for 'No Go.'

Mr. Paton looked curiously at Walter for a minute, and then said—'Evson, Evson, I could not have thought you so utterly foolish. Well, you know that each fresh act *must* have its fresh punishment. You must leave the room now, and, *besides all your other punishments*, I must also report you to the head master. You can best judge with what result.' And Walter's heart grew as hard within him as a stone, and the double caning he received did not serve to soften it, although he could not complain of the injustice of his punishment.

That evening Walter Evson, and a few to whom he had told his wrongs, burst open Mr. Paton's desk, took from it the imposition book, and flung it into the flames; Walter also added to the burning what looked like a bundle of old exercises. And yet, as he pressed the sheets of foolscap into the fire, the thought suggested itself they were more than exercises. Dubbs—honest and conscientious Dubbs—did his best to induce his schoolfellows to desist from their wicked intentions, even enduring the painful twisting of his arm by a boy named Franklin, sooner than raise a finger to assist them in the smallest particular in their wrong-doing.

That bundle of 'exercises' abstracted from the master's desk, and condemned into a heap of smut and ashes in the schoolroom grate, was Mr. Paton's Hebrew manuscript, which had been the hard result of fifteen years' continuous labour. Of course, Evson had never intended to commit such an irreparable wrong, to destroy writings which had cost his master years and years of toil, and when the full force of the terrible deed he had done was pressed home by Mr. Percival, the master whom he liked best in the school, and one who had shown him great kindness, he bent over his desk, and in agonies of shame and remorse covered his face with both hands. He sat there, not stirring, stunned and crushed, as though he had been beaten by the blows of a hammer. He quailed and shuddered to think of the great and cruel injustice—the base and grievous injury into which his blind passion had betrayed him, and thought that he could never hold up his head again. How Mr. Paton himself begged Walter off from expulsion, and how Walter Evson bravely and manfully set himself to re-establish the reputation he had destroyed, and did it, too, winning, after a time, the esteem, the confidence and the friendship of all the worthiest of his schoolfellows, is well told.

Very beautiful was the tenderness he showed to poor little Arthur Eden, a weakly boy, who ought never to have been sent to a public school, and who, but for Evson's kindly interest in him, would probably have gone altogether to the bad.

One of the saddest chapters in the book is that which tells of the death of the honest, plodding, and heroic Danbury—'Dubbs'—who over-taxed his brain, and passed away from the scene of his labours while still a schoolboy.

An exciting chapter, and one which shows the pluck and unselfishness of Walter Evson's natural disposition, is 'On the Razor.' The Razor is a narrow edge connecting Appenfell mountain with another mount, Bardlyn, much lower down. This edge is so narrow that it would barely admit the passage of a single person along its summit. It was across this that Walter Evson, to bring help to some of his schoolfellows, and in a dense fog, actually made his way. After this what wonder that Walter was considered a hero!

The second part of Dean Farrar's book is even more interesting than the first. It is largely the story of Charlie Evson, Walter's young brother; but we shall discuss him and his doings in our next paper.

JAMES CASSIDY.

HUNTING FOR THE RUBY TIGER.



DO you ever see a ruby tiger? Perhaps you may have seen one in a museum, and hardly noticed it, being small, if you are not a young entomologist. It is rather a singular creature, because it is not a quadruped, and at one time it has six legs, but when young it has as many as sixteen. This pretty insect belongs to the family of the Tiger Moths, so called

owing to the fact that several kinds have markings like those on the tiger's skin. This pretty little moth is not very difficult to find amongst the herbage in May or June, for though it has four wings, it seems to be fonder of crawling than it is of flying, but we have to stoop down and look carefully. The forewings are reddish brown, with one black spot, the hind wings pink and two spots; sometimes they are black. After they have been out a few days the wings look rather transparent, because the scales or 'feathers' get rubbed off. This moth is often taken about woods or under hedgerows.

Should you wish for the pleasure of rearing it yourself, you may have a hunt during the spring, and detect the caterpillars of the ruby tiger sitting upon stems, or reposing upon leaves, especially in the morning. Like others of the tribe, they are hairy, accounting for the popular name of 'woolly bears' given to the tiger caterpillars. The hairs in this kind are thick and short, usually yellowish brown, perhaps darker. When one of these caterpillars is full-grown, it makes a strong cocoon of silk and its own hairs, in which it becomes a chrysalis. These caterpillars, however, hatch out before the end of summer, and then feed on till the colder weather makes them hibernate. No doubt they are glad when the spring sunshine wakes them up again.

J. R. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

52.—ANAGRAMS.

Words with Definitions.

1. Cut some. A dress.
2. U. sin on. Many, as one.
3. I get men. An assemblage of persons for a special purpose.
4. Sure, man. A distinguishing appellation.
5. The race. One who instructs.
6. Ha! ten. A Saxon title.
7. No seat, R. An offence against a sovereign.
8. Try tea. An agreement between nations.
9. Nice bat. A receptacle for curiosities.
10. O, clear. An answer, but not always intelligible.
11. C. blames R. An irregular contest.
12. Go up, R. An assemblage.
13. Blow a gun. An Asiatic dwelling.
14. Camps. A worthless person.
15. Is J. cute? A valuable moral quantity.
16. Gone, sure. A moral attribute perhaps more pleasing, but not always so valuable.
17. Ne'er drag. A person whose employment may have both useful and beautiful results.
18. Leap bar. Having a hidden meaning.
19. O, met Jenny. Great pleasure.
20. He pats C. Once used as an ornament.

C. C.

[Answers at page 398.]

ANSWERS.

- 50.—1. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
2. Strike while the iron is hot.
3. While there is life there is hope.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| 51.—1. Katrine. | 5. Teneriffe. | 9. Tasmania. |
| 2. Donegal. | 6. Teviot. | 10. Hibernia. |
| 3. Yarmouth. | 7. Antrim. | 11. Coleraine. |
| 4. Windsor. | 8. Yorkshire. | 12. Streatham. |

VICTORIA CROSS HEROES.

CAPTAIN JOHN COOK, of the Bengal Staff Corps, earned his Victoria Cross at the action of the Peiwar Kotal. On December 2nd, 1878, the British troops, in face of a heavy fire, charged out of the entrenchments and flung themselves upon the enemy. During the hand-to-hand fighting which then ensued, Major Galbraith, Assistant Adjutant-General, Kurum Column Field Force, engaged an Afghan soldier. The Englishman was getting the worst of the encounter, when Captain Cook rushed to his rescue. He aimed a sword-cut at Major Galbraith's foe, but missed him. Then he sprang upon the Afghan and clutched him by the throat. Both fell heavily to the ground. Before Captain Cook could shorten his sword, or in any other way defend himself, his adversary bit him savagely through the arm. Just as things were beginning to look very awkward for the gallant Captain, a native soldier came upon the scene and shot the Afghan through the head.

F. R.



Victoria Cross Heroes : Captain John Cook.



The Dog with many Friends.

THE DOG WITH MANY FRIENDS.

ONE day a big Newfoundland dog, sauntering leisurely down the street, passed and saluted a number of his dog-friends. But none of them seemed to take much interest in him, and they returned his polite attentions very coldly. The big dog was not very popular amongst his fellows. A short time later, he happened to find a fine large mutton bone, with which he gaily cantered off up the street again. Then all was changed, and he discovered that every dog he met was, or wished to become, his friend! Can you guess why, reader? I think so!

F. R.

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

CHARLIE EVSON ; HIS FRIENDS AND FOES.*



A GROUP of big boys, fellows of the Upper School, are earnestly discussing St. Winifred's and the chance of a stormy half for the monitors. We know them: their faces, forms, and voices are familiar enough. Power, Walter Evson, and Henderson have grown a great deal since first we made their acquaintance, but not out of all recognition. They are bolder, manlier than in their untried days; there is a look of triumph on their faces—triumph over self and low aims. St. Winifred's should have been proud of its monitors so far as these three were concerned. And the best part of St. Winifred's was proud of them; the bullies, cowards, and ne'er-do-weels affected to despise them.

In the racket court are four lads of very different stamp to the three boys we have named. Bold, bad spirits are three out of the four; the fourth being vain, and, therefore, easily influenced by flattery. The three bad boys are Harpourt, now nineteen, and head of the cricket eleven; he has just enough cunning to escape detection in his wrong-doing, and he is identified with every form of evil which goes on in the school. He delights to instigate the boys to resist the authority of the masters, and he is the source of disorder and wickedness. The second bad boy is Jones. We know his red, puffy face; and easily distinguish his vulgarity as we look on the enormous gold pin in his cravat, the bunch of charms hanging to his chain, and the ring on his hand, which he loses no chance of displaying. The third boy is Mackworth, a dangerously plausible boy whose whole manner suggests the serpent lithely rustling in the grass towards its victim. The fourth of the set is a tall, slim fellow, with an air of feeble fastness,

an indecisive mouth, and a habit of running his hand through his light-coloured hair. His name is Howard Tracy, who, as a 'new fellow' in years gone by, Walter Evson had laid low for flinging—by the suggestion of Jones—a piece of orange-peel in his face.

Another of the monitors, a lad whom we also know, is Kenrick, but he is sadly altered. Something or other has left in its traces upon his face the history of two degenerate years. There is a scornful curl upon his lips due to mortified vanity and self-conceit. For a long time now he and Walter Evson have not spoken, and the fault is Kenrick's. The feud is a bitter one, and in the days to come Kenrick will find out—and so add to the bitterness of his regret—that it is groundless.

Power, Evson and Henderson felt that Kenrick, though a monitor, was not one with them; that he would not exert himself in the cause of right and justice, honour and truth. He was a monitor who seemed to recognise none of the monitors' duties; who openly broke rules and defied discipline; who smoked and went to public-houses and who associated with inferiors, and those the least creditable set in the school.

But look—for the monitors are looking—and what is it they see?—Arthur Eden, who has now attained a position in the school, is taking charge of a little new fellow; a pretty boy with fresh round cheeks and light hair, and with a strong resemblance to Walter Evson.

'He is younger than you were the day you came, three years ago, and made Jones look small,' says Henderson.

'O Walter, what a jolly place this is!' says Charlie Evson to his elder brother.

'Wait a bit, Charlie; don't make up your mind too soon,' replies Walter—and Arthur Eden looks at the new-comer with a somewhat sad smile playing on his lips.

Mr. Paton has gone from St. Winifred's—been presented to a quiet country living by Sir Lawrence Power. It was Walter who first talked to Sir Lawrence about Mr. Paton in tones of deep regard.

Mr. Percival has also left the school, and Mr. Noel, a new master, has been put in charge of the house over which Mr. Percival had so wisely ruled. Among the boys who helped to ruin Kenrick was one young in years, but singularly old in vice. Wilton, when we are first introduced to him, is a brazen, impudent, hardened little scapegrace. He had early gained the nickname of 'Raven' from his artful looks. He could tell a lie without the slightest hesitation or the faintest blush; nay, while he was telling it, though he knew that you knew it to be a lie, he would not abash for an instant the glance of his dark eyes. Yet this boy, like Charlie, was only thirteen years old. And for all these reasons, Wilton was the idol of all the big bad boys in the school; and in spite of all these reasons—for the boy had in him the fascination of a serpent—he was the favourite of Kenrick too.

The three boys who gave the tone to Mr. Noel's house were Kenrick, Mackworth, and Wilton. It was not that Kenrick had sunk so low that wilfully and consciously he lowered the character of the house,

* The story of Charlie Evson is told in Part II. of Dean Farrar's delightful tale, '*St. Winifred's; or, the World of School*'. This book may generally be found in the public libraries.

which as monitor he ought to have improved and raised. But he *did* so, whether with intention or not; he did so by neglecting all his duties, and by giving no direct countenance to what was right; he did so by not openly checking and by actually practising many things which he knew to be wrong. The bad work was carried on by Mackworth, who was the most prominent fifth-form boy in the house. Very crafty were the bad boys amongst the Noelites in the way they went to work to mould the new boys. This moulding generally fell to Wilton, and he accomplished it with astonishing success. A newcomer's sensibilities were not too quickly shocked. The Noelites for their own purposes behaved very kindly to him at first; the bad language, the school trickeries and deceptions, the dodges for breaking rules and escaping punishments, the agreed-on lies to avoid detection, the suppers and smoking parties, false keys to get out after lock-up, and all the other detestable symptoms of a depraved set, were at first carefully kept in abeyance.

Walter Evson's advice to his brother Charlie to 'Wait a bit'—when he remarked, 'What a jolly place this is!' upon his first day at school—was wise, as poor Charlie found out for himself.

In the chapter 'Disenchanted,' a conversation between Mackworth and Wilton is recorded.

'How do you get on with the younger Evson, Ra?' asked Mackworth of Wilton, with a sneer.

'Not at all,' said Wilton. 'He is awfully particular and strait-laced, just like that brother of his. No more fun while he is in the house.'

'Confound him!' said Mackworth, frowning darkly; 'if he doesn't like what he sees, he must lump it. He is not worth any more trouble.'

'So, Mack, *you* too have discovered what he is like?'

'Yes, I have,' answered Mackworth, savagely. 'For all his polish, his courtesies, and civilities had not succeeded in making Charlie conceal how much he feared and disliked him.'

'I say, young Evson,' said Wilton to him one night, 'we are going to have some fun to-night. Stone, like a brick as he is, has stood a couple of bottles of wine, and Hanley some cards. We shall have a smoke too. . . . Of course you will play and put into the pool?' said Wilton.

'No, thank you.'

'No, *thank you*,' said Wilton, scornfully mimicking his tone. 'Of course not; you will do nothing except set yourself up for a saint, and make yourself disagreeable.'

During the evening Stone brought him some wine, which Charlie again declined with 'No, thank you, Stone.' Wilton repeated Charlie's refusal in mocking tones, and a dozen others took up the words, and from that time Charlie was duly dubbed with the nickname of 'No-thank-you.' He was forcibly christened by this new name, by being held in bed while half a wine-glass of port was thrown in his face. The wine poured down and stained his night-shirt, and then they all began to dread that it would lead to their being discovered, and threatened Charlie with endless penalties if he dared to tell. There was, however, little danger, as the Noelites had bribed the servants who waited on them and cleaned their rooms.

The same scene, with slight variations, was constantly repeated, and every fresh refusal was accompanied by a kick or a cuff from the bigger boys, a sneer or an insult from the younger; for Charlie himself was one of the youngest of them all. One night it was, 'I say, you fellow, you No-thank-you—will you fork out for some wine to-night? No? Well, then, take that and that, and be hung to you for a little muff.'

Another time it would be, 'Hi, there, No-thank-you, we want sixpence for a pack of cards. Oh, you won't be so sinful as to part with sixpence for cards? Confounded little miser!' 'Niggard,' said another; 'Skinflint,' shouted a third. And a general cry of 'Saint!' which expressed the climax of villainy, ended the wordy portion of the contest. And then some one would slap him on the cheek with 'Take that,'—'and that,' from another—'and that,' from a third—the last being a boot, or a piece of soap shied at his head.

But now, the better that we may understand what heroic little Evson was called upon to suffer for his principles, let us enter the dormitories occupied by the Noelites.

(Concluded at page 398.)

THE HOP.



HERE are few plants more picturesque than the hop, either in its wild state, as it creeps along the tops of hedges, covering them with a rich and many-coloured carpet, or in the hop-grounds, where, tended by the hand of man, it clings to the poles placed for its support, or droops from them in massive, but graceful, festoons. The hop is

not noticed by ancient writers, with the exception of Pliny, who names it among herbs 'which grow of themselves, and are used as meat with divers nations.' In this country Henry VIII. forbade its use; and it was not until two hundred years later that it began to be cultivated, when so strong a feeling was raised against its being put in beer, that Parliament was petitioned against it, as 'a wicked weed that would spoil the drink and endanger the people.' But this opinion seems to have soon died away; for in A.D. 1710 we are told that hops made ale 'more wholsom and gratefuller to the palate.' The only parts of the flower which enter into the composition of the beer are the seeds and the yellow adhesive matter surrounding them, which is valuable on account of its bitter, aromatic quality.

Hops naturally prefer strong clay land, and are a very exhausting crop, as the scientific name, *Lupulus*, or 'little wolf,' indicates. A change in the hop-grounds is, therefore, always beneficial. Nevertheless there is a celebrated hop-ground near Farnham, in Surrey, which has been in cultivation for about



The Hop.

three hundred years. The hop is a powerful narcotic, and so a pillow stuffed with hops is an old recipe for easing pain and producing sleep. Such a pillow was used by George III. in his last illness.

R. B.

THE COST OF A JOKE.

‘Oh, I say,’ said Horace Barton to his brother Mark one day,
As they hurried out together for a gambol in the hay,
‘Such a fuss about a linnet I am sure I never heard,
As our Marjory is making of her precious little bird!’

‘Girls are often very silly when they have a pet,’
said Mark,
‘And, I say, old boy,’ he added, ‘it would be a jolly lark

If we played a trick some morning, so that to her great dismay

She would find the cage-door open and the linnet gone away!

‘Ha! I fancy I can see her—it would be such splendid fun!

Now then, Horace, are you willing? Shall the little trick be done?’

‘Yes, oh yes, agreed with pleasure!’ Horace very quickly said,

‘But I vote when we take Dicky we leave something in his stead.

‘If we let her find a *stuffed* bird in her darling linnet’s place

There will be a look worth seeing on our sister’s rosy face!

We can get one at the toy-shop which is kept by old John Halls—

Where we bought our caps and pistol and our jolly bats and balls.’

Well, they very soon decided that their gambol in the hay

Should be put off till the morrow, and they gaily went their way

To the shop, and were delighted when they found that they could get

A stuffed linnet for a shilling, *very* like the living pet!

So it came to pass next morning, when their sister Marjory

Went to feed her pretty singer, she was startled not to see

The delightful little fellow, with a graceful flutter, fly
From his perch, to meet and greet her with a twinkle in each eye.

Yes; her brothers, slyly watching with delight outside the door,

Saw upon her face such wonder as they had not seen before;

Ah! poor Marjory stood silent, with a very puzzled face,

As she quickly saw that something *very* strange had taken place.

Then her rosy cheeks grew redder, and she said, ‘Ah, *now* I see!

Mark and Horace have been playing yet another trick on me;

Yes, *this* bird is but a stuffed one! What a scolding they shall get;

I must go at once and find them and demand my little pet.’

Then she turned and saw them watching, and their gayest laugh was heard

As they ran up to the tool-house to bring back the hidden bird;

But their merriment soon vanished, for they met an awful sight,

And their laughter sank to silence, and their cheeks turned very white.



"Yes, her brothers, slyly watching with delight outside the door,
Saw upon her face such wonder as they had not seen before."

Ah! they saw the pretty linnet in the clutch of
Mr. Tim—
Tim, the naughty stable pussy, and they wildly
rushed at him,
And they took from him his victim, but alas, the
bird was *dead*!
You can guess how very bitter were the tears their
sister shed.

And the boys looked very solemn, and were very sad
indeed,
But they learnt a useful lesson which I hope you all
will heed,
And be sure that you are careful that your fun is
harmless fun,
That it will not cause you trouble nor give pain to
any one.
D. H.

PHIL'S BROTHER.

By ELLEN A. BENNETT, Author of 'Little Missie,' 'Dick's Christmas Present,' &c.



OLD, bitterly cold outside, and quite as cold within, in the wretched garret where the frozen snow lay on the roof, and the wind whistled through the broken panes stuffed up with rags and through the crevices of the badly fitting door. The room was small and bare, the only furniture being a rickety table—on which stood a cup containing a few drops of what could only by courtesy be called milk—a three-legged stool, and a bed. The dim light of a winter day scarcely made its way through the small window, and the corners of the miserable room were still in deep shadow, but neither of the occupants took any notice of the gloom that surrounded them. From below in the street rose the ceaseless hum of voices, sometimes raised in anger, sometimes in bursts of merriment; but no sound broke the stillness of the garret save now and again a moan from the boy who lay on the wretched bed, covered only with a thin, dirty rug.

On the floor beside him, his face buried in the covering, knelt a lad of eighteen. From time to time he raised his head and looked anxiously at the white face on the pillow, and then dropped into his former position with a suppressed groan. At last, as if unable to rest any longer, he got up, and taking the cup from the table, he brought it to the bed.

'Phil!' he said, hoarsely. 'Phil! drink some of this, there's a good lad.'

With a battered teaspoon, he tried to get the other to swallow some of the milk, but in vain, and after calling him two or three times, he gave up the attempt, and put the cup back with a deep sigh. However, his efforts seemed to have roused the other, for he moved his head restlessly about, and opening his eyes, he murmured something that sounded like 'Jem!'

'Yes, lad, what is it?' said Jem, bending down and trying to hear the faint voice.

But there was no recognition in the big grey eyes, and after a few indistinct words, they closed again.

Jem stood for a moment with a look of fierce determination on his dark face.

'I can't stand it any longer,' he muttered; 'I shall have to do it. I don't care what happens to me'—throwing himself down on his knees again, and clenching his hands, he said, 'O God, if You'll only let him get well, You may punish me any way You like. What has he done that he should die like this? He has never done any harm—it's all me; and now how am I to leave him and what am I to do?'

As if in answer to his question, the door was pushed open and a shaggy head of rough red hair appeared. After looking eagerly and with evident uneasiness at the bed, the new-comer advanced and

proved to be a lad of about Jem's age, but shorter, rougher, and if possible more ragged and dirty.

'How is he?' he asked, in a whisper. 'Any better?'

Jem got up and shook his head.

'Alive, is he?' the other went on, coming closer and peering at the pale, unconscious face. 'My word, he do look bad! Can't you get him to eat nothing?'

'No, not to-day; it hurts him so if I try to lift him. And he don't know me now.'

The other shook his head sadly, and the two stood in silence for a moment, Jem leaning against the wall, his broad shoulders and dark, handsome face looking a great contrast both to the white-faced, light-haired boy on the bed, and to his sharp-featured red-haired friend. 'Jack,' he said, breaking the silence, 'will you do something for me?'

'Ay,' was the brief reply.

Jem searched in his pockets, and produced a stumpy bit of pencil, and looking at his companion he said doubtfully, 'I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a bit of paper?'

Jack shook his head, but brightened in a minute and said hopefully, 'I shouldn't wonder if Bob has. I'll cut and see.'

He disappeared and was heard stumbling down the stairs. In a few minutes he returned. 'Bob says you are quite welcome to it, and he asked how the poor little chap was getting on, and he will let you have some more milk if he can drink it.'

'He's very good,' said Jem, taking the paper the other held out. It was certainly not a very clean sheet, but Jem spread it out on the table and began to write, a work of some difficulty, needing many frowns and much biting of the end of the stumpy pencil; but it was done at last, to the great admiration of Jack, who stood watching the process with wonder not unmixed with awe. Jem folded the paper carefully, wrote an address on the outside, and then turned to Jack. 'Now, Jack, I want you to take this and get a doctor to come to Phil. It's a goodish way, but you'll go, won't you—for him?' he added, pleadingly.

'It don't make no odds to me where I goes,' responded the other with a broad grin. 'Time is not so very precious in my trade. Only you must tell me where the doctor hangs out, and what is his name.'

'His name is Leslie, and he lives in Waterford Square.'

'Mercy on us!' exclaimed Jack, staring with wide-open eyes, 'but he is one of the tremendous swells. Hadn't I better go to one as lives a bit closer?'

'I want him in particular,' returned Jem. 'Jack, do go. I'll never forget it, and I'll do you a good turn some day, though I haven't got nothing to give you now, or—'

'What d'ye mean by that?' Jack said, angrily. 'Who says I want you to? You know I would do anything for Phil. It's not that, but I don't believe he will come to the likes of us.'

'He will, I tell you. If you will only take him that, he'll come.'

Jack eyed the letter he was holding in his dirty hand as if he doubted it was capable of any mysterious

influence, but he said, 'I'm doubtful what he will say about it. Have you seen him?'

'Ay, Jem answered, 'I have.' Was it the cold of the room that made him suddenly turn pale and shiver violently. 'You try and see him yourself, and tell him about Phil, and say he will die if he doesn't come. If he is not at home, you will hang about till he comes, won't you, Jack, so as to make sure that he gets it?'

'Right you are,' replied Jack. 'Shouldn't wonder if I could pick up a copper while I'm waiting. Keep up your heart, my boy—I will do my best,' and putting the important letter into the depths of a dirty pocket, Jack departed on his errand.

At first he went on in high spirits, exchanging greetings and friendly chaff with nearly every one he met in the alleys surrounding Red Lion Court; but when he emerged into the more open streets, he appeared to think that he ought to conduct himself with more gravity and propriety. He even refrained from more than a passing witticism at the expense of a smart groom, who was vainly trying to coax the high-mettled horse he rode to pass a barrel organ that was shrieking loudly in his ears. It is true he allowed himself to indulge in a little chaffing with a cabman, the wheel of whose cab had become entangled with that of a costermonger's barrow; but recollecting himself, he went on his way, and soon found himself in Waterford Square.

Here a new difficulty presented itself. Among all the brass plates on the doors, how was he to discover the name that corresponded with the one on the letter Jem had given him? It was evident that to ring in a chance sort of way at the first door that came handy, would be to bring down on his devoted head a storm of indignation at the 'imperence' which the sight of his ragged clothes was sure to suggest. And though that was a matter of indifference to him, still he did not wish to run the risk of attracting attention as a supposed beggar before he had discharged Jem's commission. He decided to wait for a chance of something turning up; and fortune, which is commonly reported to favour the brave, and may be supposed sometimes to cast a favourable eye on a courageous if somewhat ragged messenger, was kind enough to 'turn up' an excellent opportunity in the course of the next half-hour.

As Jack was aimlessly strolling along one side of the square, a well-dressed middle-aged woman came hurrying across from the opposite side. She carried a basket in one hand and an umbrella and two or three paper bags in the other. Just as she reached Jack, a sudden violent gust of wind came whirling round the corner, nearly blowing her against the rails and causing her to slacken her hold of her cherished bags, one of which was blown down the road. In her efforts to save the rest, she tilted the basket on one side, and a shower of beautiful winter apples rolled hither and thither on the pavement.

This was Jack's chance, and he seized it. He started in pursuit of the flying bag, captured it just under the wheels of a passing cab, brushed the mud off with his sleeve, returned in triumph, and was down on his knees picking up the apples, before good Mrs. Markman had recovered her breath.

'There, mum,' he said, as he put the last apple back into the basket. 'Beauties they be, too, and not very dirty neither. 'Tis a bit of luck as it didn't happen in one of them streets where there's a lot of hosses and carriages allus backards and forrards, else we might have lost most of them.'

'Well I never!' gasped Mrs. Markham, rather breathlessly. 'What a wind to be sure! I was near being down, I believe. You are a good lad, that you are. If you hadn't been sharp, my new cap would have been ruined. Just like me, to go carrying more than I can hold on to properly. I am much obliged to you, that I am, and,' eyeing him all over and rummaging in her pocket, 'you would like a penny, wouldn't you?'

'Yes, mum, thank ye,' returned Jack with a grin, 'and might I be so bold as to ask a favour of you, mum—would you tell me where Dr. Leslie lives?'

'Dr. Leslie! What do you want with him?' asked Mrs. Markham, rather sharply.

'I wants to give him a bit of a letter from a chum of mine, and, you see, mum, I can't read the writing on them brass things, and, besides, I be afraid of walking on them beautiful white steps,' looking admiringly at the nearest flight to them; 'it must take such a sight of scrubbing to keep them like that! It seems a shame to walk on them.'

Lucky Jack! Those steps happened to be the pride of Mrs. Markham's heart, and she regarded the speaker with fresh interest.

'Well, it is something to do to keep them anything like decent in this smoky place, lad, and as for Dr. Leslie, there is nobody can tell you better where he lives than I can, seeing that I've known him ever since he was a baby, and been his housekeeper nigh on ten years.'

Jack gave a whistle of delight, and with difficulty restrained a violent inclination to turn a summer-sault.

'Then, mum, do ask him to let me speak to him for a minute. We do so want him to come and see Phil. The little chap's awful bad, and Jem somehow thinks he would get better if the doctor would come and see him.'

'What's the matter with him?'

Jack shook his head.

'Dunno; he's bad and don't eat nothing, and he don't know Jem or me either.'

'Poor little chap!' said Mrs. Markham. 'Well, you carry my basket down there,' pointing to the area steps just behind her, 'and I will see if he is in. Not that I can say whether he will have time to go, so don't you set your heart on it,' she added severely, as though to keep up her master's dignity.

'No, mum, and it will be very good of him if he does,' returned Jack, much impressed by her tone, and, taking up the basket, he followed her down the steps.

On reaching the kitchen they were informed that Dr. Leslie had been out some time, and the housemaid, being dispatched to ascertain from the slate in the hall at what time he might be expected to return, reported that he would not be back till after five.

Jack's face assumed so woe-begone an appearance



"My word, he do look bad!"

at this announcement, that kind-hearted Mrs. Markham told him if he would come back in an hour, she would give him a cup of coffee to warm him, and something to eat to pass away the time. Jack needed no second invitation, but punctually returned, and the warmth of the kitchen feeling very comfortable, he prolonged his meal to such an extent, and enlarged so much on Phil's illness and Jem's grief to his

sympathising audience, that the clatter of horses' hoofs above, announcing Dr. Leslie's return, came quite unexpectedly to them all.

"Give me the letter, lad, and I will take it up to him, and see if he is going out again," exclaimed Mrs. Markham, "and you run up and wait on the doorstep."

(Continued at page 394.)



"You'll come and see him, won't you, doctor?"

PHIL'S BROTHER.

(Continued from page 392.)

DOCTOR LESLIE, tired and cold after a hard day's work, was just contemplating the comfortable arm-chair and blazing fire with cheerful anticipations, and he may be excused if the sight of Jem's grimy letter, lying in the middle of Mrs. Markham's waiter, did not rouse in him any great feeling of pleasure. 'If you please, sir, the lad would like to see you,' began Mrs. Markham, 'and he is waiting on the doorstep; not but what he wouldn't walk on them till I told him to for fear of dirting them, which is more than most of them would think of—impudent young rascals the lot of them! And an honest lad, too, for he picked up all the apples, which he might have run off with when he saw I had no breath from being blown against the railings, and my cap under the wheels of the cab too, and quite a new one that I have just been buying!'

'Buying a cab, my dear woman!' said Dr. Leslie, laughing. 'What can you want to set up a cab for? and a new one too. How very extravagant, to be sure!'

'There you go, poking fun at me as usual, Master Charles,' returned Mrs. Markham, good-humouredly. 'What should I want with a cab? Those two great rampaging horses of yours are enough to frighten anybody to death, and me always expecting you will come home with your neck broke—leastways with three or four arms and legs smashed!'

'Why, Mrs. Markham, you make me feel as if I were a centipede! And did your honest and doorstep-respecting friend write this excessively dirty note?'

'No, sir; he brought it for his friend Jem, and it is his brother that is ill, and he does so want you to go and see him. I am afraid the poor boy is very bad, by what this lad says, and very nearly starved with cold and want of food.'

'So am I!' remarked Dr. Leslie, taking up the note with a comical grimace. 'Turn up the gas, you soft-hearted woman, and go and fetch me a cup of coffee and something to eat, while I see what Jem says.'

And this was what he read:—

'Doctor Leslie, sir.—Please come to Phil, he is very bad and I don't know what to do for him, I know you are kind and please make haste for he doesn't know me now, and you will not be sorry when you see me but I don't care what happens to me if only you will make him better. Jack will show you the way, do come soon or Phil will die and he is all I have in the world to love or to love me.—JEM.'

Good Mrs. Markham, bustling back with her tray, found her master still holding that dirty letter in his hand, but his thoughts had wandered. He was thinking of his own life, past and present: of his

well-loved and well-tended childhood; of his loving parents, of the brothers and sisters who were so dear to him and to whom he was so dear; of one dearer now, perhaps, than all; of his prosperous career and the happiness soon to be his, and—'he is all I have in the world to love or to love me.'

Yes, Jem's confidence was not misplaced. Dr. Leslie would come, and, if human skill could do so, he would 'make him better.'

'Did you say the other boy was waiting?' he asked. 'Tell him to come into the hall, will you?'

Jack, who had been standing patiently on the doorstep, rather alarmed lest he should be accused of begging and driven from his position, was not a little relieved to find himself face to face with the 'swell doctor.'

'Where does Jem live, my lad?' inquired Dr. Leslie.

'Red Lion Court, number eight, sir,' said Jack, briefly.

'What's the matter with Phil? How long has he been ill?'

'He was took bad about a fortnight ago, all shivery-like, you know, and an awful pain in his side.'

'Hurt him when he breathed, I suppose?'

Jack nodded. 'Yes, sir! and he was queer-like; sometimes awful hot, and sometimes crying because he was so cold; and then he took to having pains all over him, and screamed when we tried to move him, like as if we was a-killing him.'

'Phil has been getting a wetting, eh?'

'Why, guv'nor, how on earth did you know that?' said Jack, opening his eyes to their widest extent. 'You see, a lot of boys was a-larking on the barges, and somehow or other Phil got shoved over the edge. Jem and I was after him in a jiffey, and he hadn't no cause to be frightened; but he is a bit skeary-like, along of his not being very strong, and he shook and shivered till we couldn't tell what to make of him. We don't take no notice of a bit of a ducking; but Phil's only thirteen, yer see, and small for that.'

'Ah! I should think a ducking now and then did you good,' said Dr. Leslie, laughing; 'but I am afraid it doesn't do for poor Phil. Has Jem got anything for him to eat?'

'Well, no, sir,' said Jack, hesitating; 'you see, sir, it's like this. Jem's been a bit down on his luck lately, and since he's had to stay with Phil, he has only had what I could pick up; and Phil didn't seem to fancy bread; and now he won't even drink the milk Bob gives us for him, and so Jem said I was to come and fetch you. You will come and see him, won't you, doctor? He is a nice little chap, and Jem thinks an awful lot of him.'

'Yes, I'll come, Jack. Run and get me a cab to save time, and come and show us the quickest way there.'

Jack's face beamed with delight as he departed on his errand, and by the time Dr. Leslie had made a hasty meal, and put a few things he thought likely to be useful into a bag, he returned with a cab.

'A clean one it is, too, and a good hoss,' he remarked, when Dr. Leslie went out. 'Catch me having one of them scarecrows. He will get over the

ground in less than no time, won't he, cabby? Jest make him step out, won't yer? for we're in a desprit hurry, like.'

Upon which the cabman called him a saucy young rascal, and good-humouredly flicked his whip at him, but let him hang on in some mysterious fashion behind, on hearing from Dr. Leslie that he wanted him as a guide. Perhaps Jack's talk about the sick boy touched his heart, for certainly the 'good hoss' proved himself worthy of Jack's praise, and they soon reached the narrow street leading to Red Lion Court.

As he picked his way across that dirty court, and noticed the poverty-stricken appearance of the dwellers in that miserable place, the doctor felt that circumstances were sadly against any hope of Phil's recovery, and still more did he feel this as he entered the house, and followed his guide up the dark staircase by the help of a light that Jack borrowed from a friendly occupant of the lowest room.

'Jem, I've brought him,' he said, in a voice of triumph, pushing open the door; 'now we will be all right.'

Dr. Leslie smiled at Jack's confident tone, and in the dim light of a guttering candle made his way to the bed.

Poor Jem had spent the greater part of the time that had seemed to him so long crouching on the floor, and even now that the longed-for help had come, he did not get up; on the contrary, he buried his head deeper in the rug.

'Well, Jem, I have come to see what is the matter with your brother,' Dr. Leslie said, cheerfully.

Still Jem did not move, and Dr. Leslie, thinking from his attitude that he had come too late, stooped over the bed and listened attentively.

'He is still alive, my lad,' he said, kindly, thinking that Jem thought it was all over. 'Come, get up, and tell me all about him.'

He laid his hand on Jem's shoulder as he spoke, and Jem started, and with a shiver got up slowly, and stood facing him.

'What a fine, handsome fellow,' was Dr. Leslie's first thought; and his second—'where have I seen him before?'

In another moment, as he met the glance of those dark eyes, and Jem's face became scarlet and then pale, the remembrance flashed into his mind, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Did you know who I was when you asked me to come?' he inquired, looking with some curiosity at the downcast face before him.

'Yes, sir,' muttered Jem, in a low, hoarse voice.

'And you knew what would happen to you if I found you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then why on earth did you send to me?' asked Dr. Leslie, still more astonished; 'there are other doctors nearer who would have come. Did you think I should not recognise you?'

'No, sir, I knew you would, but——' he hesitated, and then he burst out passionately, 'I wanted to get punished. I don't care about myself at all, but Phil has never done anything wrong, and it must be because I am a bad fellow that he is dying like this, and I thought—I thought,' struggling hard to say what

he meant, 'that if I was punished, he might be let to get well.'

'You think this is your punishment, you mean, and that if you were punished in some other way you would save him? I am afraid, my lad, we cannot choose our own punishment! But don't you think Phil's illness may have been meant to make you sorry? and if you are really sorry, you will try to do better, whether God lets your brother live or not. Remember, it is no use to *pretend* to be sorry, just as a hope of saving him.'

Jem stood for a moment twisting his hands together. 'It is not pretence,' he said, looking full at Dr. Leslie, his dark eyes flashing with his feelings. 'If it had been that I could have asked some one else to come. I wanted *you* to come, that He might know I was sorry, and did not want to get out of it; and, whatever happens to Phil, I shan't get off. Oh, Phil, Phil!' throwing himself down again, 'if you live, what will you say, and who will look after you when I am gone?' He buried his head again, and his shoulders heaved with the sobs he vainly tried to repress.

Dr. Leslie looked at him with pity, but he made no remark. He saw that the poor lad was worn out with trouble and want of food, and he left him to himself, while he looked at his poor little patient and felt his pulse. 'Now, Jem,' he said presently, 'we must look after poor little Phil first. Bring the candle here. I want to get him to take something, and then you must tell me all about him.'

Jem rose, and held the candle while Dr. Leslie poured some medicine into a glass.

'There, that will do him good,' he said cheerfully, as after several fruitless attempts he succeeded in getting Phil to swallow a spoonful. 'Now we shall be able to get him to drink some milk in a few minutes. How long is it since he knew you?'

'Not since yesterday morning, sir,' and finding it a great relief to be able to talk about it, Jem poured forth the history of Phil's ducking and fright, ending by asking anxiously whether Dr. Leslie thought he might get better, and what was the matter with him.

'It is a bad attack of rheumatic fever for one thing,' replied Dr. Leslie. 'The fever has gone off now, but he is terribly weak. He is very ill, my lad, and it is impossible for me to tell you whether he will rally or not. The only thing I can do is to try and get him to take something to strengthen him.'

And to Jem's surprise, Dr. Leslie produced a bottle of warm milk and a cup, and lifting Phil's head, he held it to his lips. To Jem's great delight Phil seemed quite willing to drink it, though evidently quite unconscious, and moaning at the slightest touch.

'This room is too cold for him, Jem; we must have a fire. Go and get some coals,' putting some money into his hand, 'enough to last all night, and do you think one of your neighbours could lend us a blanket to put over him to-night?'

Jem thought Mrs. Thomas would.

'Well, see if you can get one then, and be as quick as you can.'

Jem hurried off, glad to be able to do something and feeling much easier now that Phil was in such



In the Wild Wood.

good hands. He would have been very much surprised had he known that Dr. Leslie's thought as he watched him go was, 'What a fine thing for a lad like that to do.' He was standing patiently waiting, when a loud whisper came through the half-shut door.

'I say, Jem, what did the swell say?'

'The swell is here to answer for himself,' returned Dr. Leslie, much amused. 'Come in, Jack; I want you.'

Jack entered, rather abashed, and looking round for his friend.

'I can't tell you yet how Phil is, but he has had some milk, and that is a good sign. Jem has gone to get some coals, and look here, Jack, I want you to go and get him something to eat. Take that and get a good meal for yourself and him, and mind you make him eat it.'

'That I will, sir, and thank ye very much. No fear of our not tucking in when we gets a chance. I wonder now,' considering deeply, 'what it would be best to get?'

'Ah, I must leave that to you,' said Dr. Leslie, smiling, and Jack went off deeply gratified.

(Concluded at page 405.)

IN THE WILD WOOD.

DEEP silence all around!
And yet I almost think I hear a gentle,
rippling sound.

Yes, 'tis the far-off crystal stream, that wanders
through the glen,
Soft tumbling o'er each mossy stone, far from the
haunts of men.

A little bird I see.
Among the clustering leaves it sits, and shyly watches
me;
Its tiny home is there, embowered in foliage soft and
green,
The sweetest little home that eye of man has ever
seen.

Oh, happy little bird!
Your early morning music, when our little ones have
heard,
Their hearts are filled with rapture, which they
scarcely understand,
They only know that they are glad, and in a glad-
some land.



The Doomed Tiger.

Oh, childhood, fair and sweet !
I love to watch the sunny curls, the swiftly flying
feet ;
I love to hear the merry voice, as o'er the grass you
run,
To gather sweet wild flowers beneath the glowing
summer sun.

Dear little ones, when you
Have grown to men, so strong and brave ; to gentle
maidens too,
May you be swift to choose the right, and hold it
with a will,
And, while each duty well is done, be loving-hearted
still !
D. B. McKEAN.

TIGER AND CROCODILE.

FEW things can be more terrible to watch, in regard to the animal creation, than the fierce life-and-death fights which constantly occur between the larger-sized creatures of forest and stream. A not unfrequent occurrence is a combat between a crocodile, watching for its prey in the sedgy, reedy margins of the water, and a lion or tiger coming down to slake its thirst. Our illustration shows a fearful fight going on between a tiger and a crocodile which has seized upon its enemy's forepaw, just as the animal was in the act of drinking at a stream. Opening his huge jaws, the crocodile has caught the splendid beast with a grip which the latter cannot shake off. Slowly and surely the tiger is dragged nearer and nearer to the water, the object of the crocodile being to drown him. The crocodile has an extraordinary structural arrangement by which water is prevented from rushing down its throat and so producing the suffocation of drowning. This enormous advantage naturally encourages it to try and fight all its battles in the water. And in truth even on land a crocodile is a thing hard indeed to hurt, for the scales by which its body is covered are so tough and leathery that even a rifle-bullet, unless fired at very close quarters, will be turned aside and rendered harmless. The eye is the place at which all hunters of crocodiles aim — by hitting this, the bullet will pierce the brain. However hard the tiger may struggle, he is doomed from the moment of the crocodile making good his fierce grip: for the tiger-claws, so deadly when used in combat with a human being, or even against an animal of its own strength and size, avail nothing against the iron-bound body of his attacker. Foot by foot the luckless animal is hauled to the water's edge: then both of them plunge beneath the surface: a minute later, and the tiger rises again—dead. And then the crocodile tears the flesh off his victim and settles down to his meal. F. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

53.—LOGOGRIPH.

- My whole will name a tree of great renown,
 1. My one, five, six, an old Cathedral town.
 2. A drinking vessel is my three, two, seven,
 Which was to Edward at Corfe Castle given.
 3. My five, two, three, and six, a girl will name;
 4. My seven, four, two, and five, a man of fame.
 5. I live in three, four, ten, eight, five, and one.
 6. You'll know my one, four, ten, eight, by the sun.
 7. My three, one, five, eight, names an early race;
 8. My three, nine, six, seven, holds a painter's place.
 9. My six, one, ten, affirms and gives full force.
 10. My seven, four, eight, shows favour to your horse.
 11. My three, nine, one, the temper of your mind,
 If readily this logogriph you find.

54.—CHARADE.

My first, you'll tell me, is not cold,
 My next will urge the warrior's horse;
 My whole will name a leader bold,
 Who headed once a valiant force.

[Answers at page 411.]

ANSWERS.

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------|----------------|
| 52.—1. Costume. | 8. Treaty. | 15. Justice. |
| 2. Unison. | 9. Cabinet. | 16. Generous. |
| 3. Meeting. | 10. Oracle. | 17. Gardener. |
| 4. Surname. | 11. Scramble. | 18. Parable. |
| 5. Teacher. | 12. Group. | 19. Enjoyment. |
| 6. Thane. | 13. Bungalow. | 20. Patches. |
| 7. Treason. | 14. Scamp. | |

YOUNGSTERS IN POPULAR TALES.

CHARLIE EVSON; HIS FRIENDS AND FOES.

(Concluded from page 387.)



ARELY are the lights put out when at the end of the passage a scout is posted, the candles are lighted, and Mackworth and his set crowd in.

'Now, you No-thank-you, you have got one last chance—here is this paper for you to sign; fellows have always signed it before, and you shall too, whether you like or no. We are not going to

alter our rules because of you. We want to have a supper again in a day or two, and we can't have you sneaking about it,' said Mackworth.

[The paper was a promise to deny that any smoking had taken place in the dormitory should there be any inquiries by the masters.]

'I don't want to sneak,' said Charlie, firmly; 'you have been making me wretched, and knocking me about, all these weeks, and I have never told of you yet.'

'We don't want any orations; only Yes or No—will you sign?'

'Stop,' said Wilton; 'here is another fellow, Mac, who hasn't signed,' and he dragged Elgood out of bed by one arm.

Elgood was a poor, weak little fellow, but of high principles. Child as he was he had stood much persecution sooner than do what he knew to be wrong.

'Oh, you haven't signed, haven't you? Well, we shall make short work of you. Here is the pencil, here is the paper, and here is the place for your name. Now, you poor little fool, sign without giving us any more trouble.'

Elgood trembled and hesitated.

'Look here,' said Mackworth, brutally; 'I don't want to break such a butterfly as you upon the wheel, but—how do you like that?' He drew a cane from behind his back, and brought it down sharply on Elgood's knuckles, who, turning very white, sat down and scrawled his name hastily on the paper; but no sooner had he done it than, looking up, he caught Charlie's pitying glance upon him, and running the pencil through his signature, said no more, but pushed the paper hastily away and cowered down, expecting another blow, while Charlie whispered, 'Courage.'

'You must take the other fellow first, Mac, if you want to get on,' suggested Wilton. 'Evson, as a friend, I advise you not to refuse.'

'As a friend!' said Charlie with simple scorn, looking full at Wilton. 'You are no friend of mine; and, Wilton, I would not even now change place with you.'

'Wouldn't you? Pitch into him, Mac. And you,' he said to Elgood, 'you may wait for the present.' He administered a backhander to Elgood as he spoke, and the next minute Charlie, roused beyond all bearing, had knocked him down. Twenty times before he would have been tempted to fight Wilton, if he could have reckoned upon fair play; but what he could stand in his own person was intolerable to him to witness when applied to another.

Wilton sprang up in a perfect fury and a fight began; but Mackworth at once pulled Charlie off, and said, 'Fight him another time, if you condescend to do so, Raven; don't you see now that it is a mere dodge of his to get off? Now, No-thank-you, the time has come for deeds; we have had words enough. You stand there.' He pushed Charlie in front of him. 'Now, will you sign?'

'Never,' said Charlie, in a low but firm tone.

'Then——'

'Not with the cane, not with the cane, Mackworth,' cried several voices in agitation, but not in time to prevent the cane descending with heavy blow across the child's back.

Charlie's was one of those fine, nervous, susceptible temperaments, which feel every physical sensation and every mental emotion with tenfold severity. A thrilling cry broke from his lips, and the next moment, when the cane again tore his shoulders, a fit of violent hysteria supervened, which alarmed the brutes who were trying to master his noble resolution.

At this crisis the door burst open with a sudden crash, and Bliss entered in a state of burning indignation. Bliss was a 'dull, stupid boy,' in the estimation of many of the masters and a large number of his school-fellows, but he had on more than one occasion interfered to save Charlie from being bullied. It was with clear flaming anger and eyes lighted up with honest purpose that the usually dull Bliss had addressed Kenrick upon the subject of his duty as a monitor, when some flagrant wrong-doing of the Noelites had attracted his attention. 'You may sneer, Kenrick,' he had said, 'at my being stupid if you like; but, for all your cleverness, I would not be you for something; and if you won't interfere, as you ought, I will, if I can.'

The opportunity for the interference of Bliss had arrived. 'Oh, I am too late,' he said, stamping his foot; 'what have you been doing to the little fellow?' and thrusting some of them aside, he took up Charlie in his arms, and gradually soothed and calmed him till his wild sobs and laughter were hushed, while the rest looked on silent. But feeling that Charlie shrank as though a touch were painful to him, Bliss unbared his back, and the two blue weals all across showed him what had been done.

'Look there, Kenrick,' he said with great sternness, as he pointed to the marks; and then, laying Charlie gently down on his bed, he thundered out, in a voice shaken with passion, 'You dogs, could you look on and allow this? By heavens, Kenrick, if you mean to suffer this, I won't. Out of my way, you.' Scatter-

ing the rest before him like a flock of sheep, he seized Mackworth with his strong hands, shook him violently by both shoulders, and then, tearing the cane out of his grasp, he demanded, 'Was it you who did this?'

'What are you about, Bliss?' said Mackworth, with very ruffled dignity. 'Mind what you are after, and don't make such a row, you ass's head,' he continued, 'or you will have Noel or some one in here.'

'Oh! that's your tone, you cruel, reprobate bully,' said Bliss, supplied by indignation with an unusual flow of words; 'we have had enough of that, and too much. You can look at poor little Evson there, and not sink into the very earth for shame! By heavens, Belial, you shall receive what you have given. I will beat you as if you were a dog. Take that!' The cut which followed showed that he was in desperate earnest, and that it was by no means safe to trifle with him in such a mood as this. Mackworth tried in vain to seize the cane; Bliss turned him round and round as if he were a child; and as it was quite clear that he did not mean to have done with him just yet, Mackworth's impudent bravado was changed into abject terror as he received a second weighty stroke, so heartily administered that the cane bent round him, in the hideous way which canes have, and caught him a blow on the ribs.

Mackworth sprang away, and fled, howling with shame and pain, through the open door, but not until Bliss had given him two more blows on the back, with one of the two cutting open his coat from the collar downwards, with the other leaving a mark at least as black as that which he had inflicted on the defenceless Charlie.

'To your rooms, the rest of you wretches,' said he, as they dispersed in every direction before him. 'Kenrick,' he continued, brandishing the cane, 'I may be a dolt, as you have called me before now, but since you won't do your duty, henceforth I will do it for you.'

Kenrick slunk off, half afraid that Bliss would apply the cane to him; and, speaking in a tone of authority, Bliss said to the boys in the dormitory, 'If one of you henceforth touch a hair of Evson's head, look out; you know me. You little scamp and scoundrel Wilton, take especial care.' He enforced the admonition by making Wilton jump with a little rap of the cane, which he then broke and flung out of the window. And then, his whole manner changing instantly into an almost womanly tenderness, he sat by poor little Charlie, soothing and comforting him till his hysterical sobs had ceased; and when he felt sure that the fit was over, he bade him good-night, and went out, leaving the room in silence, which no one ventured to break but the warm-hearted little Hanley, who, going to Charlie's bed-side, said:—

'O! Charlie, are you much hurt?'

'No, not very much, thank you, Hanley.'

Hanley pressed his hand and said, 'You have conquered, Charlie; you have held out to the end. Oh, I wish I were like you.'

Yes, Charlie had conquered, thanks to the grace that sustained him, and thanks, also, to a good home-training and to Walter's strong and excellent influence. And in gaining that one point he had



"I will beat you as if you were a dog. Take that!"

gained all. No one dared directly to molest him further, and he had never again to maintain so hard a struggle. He had resisted the beginnings of evil; he had held out under the stress of persecution; and now he could enjoy the smoother and brighter waters over which he sailed.

The story of Wilton's disgrace, following upon his detection as a thief; of Kenrick's reformation and of

his mother's death in the hour of his triumph; of the reconciliation of Kenrick with his old friend; of his rescue by the two Evsons from a perilous position, this capital book has much to say; but having introduced Charlie and his friends and foes, we may leave *Chatterbox* readers to secure and enjoy Dean Farrar's book for themselves, as soon as possible.

JAMES CASSIDY.

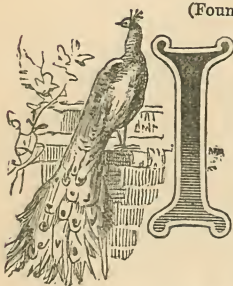


"A child's cries rent the clear, frosty air."

THE CONSTABLE'S STORIES.

A CHRISTMAS WAIF.

(Founded on Fact.)



IT was a fine, old-fashioned Christmas, sir, the one as I am going to tell you about, with the snow lying thick on every roof and tree. The country was looking like white purity—and it always seems to me a pity the snow can't keep like that, for smoke and smuts and snow will never

agree—nohow.

Sergeant Lundy and I had happened to fall in with one another on our way to the village. While discussing the festive season, which was close at hand, he had been reminded of a certain Christmas Eve, long years ago. Nothing gave me greater pleasure than to hear the fine old ex-officer relate his experiences of the past. He was always deeply attached to the force; and to recall the varied incidents, which his active life had afforded, seemed to fire him anew with the zeal and energy of his youth.

There was something Christmas-like in the very air, I thought, as I stepped briskly along this very same road. The carol-singers had just been round, you see, and the hymn they sung was still ringing in my ears. Somehow, I didn't feel a bit like turning in for my usual sleep that evening afore setting forth on my beat.

'Well, well, I can take it out to-morrow morning, quite comfortable,' says I to myself, 'and be ready for church all the same.'

The dusk was falling early, I remember, and the sky looked darkish, as if it held more snow to come down. The place had a deserted appearance, and I hardly met a soul until I reached the shops. For, being Christmas Eve, you understand, I wanted to buy some little extra comforts for Molly and our first baby.

The shop-windows were gay enough, with the holly and the red berries and nicknacks all lighted up. However, I made my purchases as quick as possible, never being much of a hand at shopping.

That well-known carol seemed to pursue me, for the singers had now reached the village, and as I hurried away, I could hear them singing it still:—

'While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down——'

But here the voices were drowned by another, and a nearer sound. It was the sound of a child's cries which rent the clear, frosty air. Leaving the high road behind me, I turned into our lane. There, standing almost in the ditch, as if to escape notice, I caught sight of a fellow who was beating a tiny boy.

The man was ragged and dirty, with a red neckerchief knotted loosely round his throat, and a shabby wide-awake stuck on the back of his head. The child wore a velvet suit with a large lace collar, and his velvet cap was lying on the ground.

These observations I was able to make, sir, as I strode along at my seven-league pace. And meanwhile a recollection flashed through my mind of a gipsy caravan I had seen pitched in a field, when making my rounds, the night before.

'What, ye won't put them on, won't yer? Then until ye changes yer mind, my stick won't change its tune. D'ye hear me, brat?'

Here there came another whack, the villain having no notion that a guardian of the peace was not far off. And to-night, above all nights, there should be peace on earth. So up steps I, and collars him in a jiffy. 'Unhand the youngster,' says I, in a voice that startled him considerable. For all of a sudden, down drops his jaw, and he turns from red to yellow. Like all big bullies, sir, the man was as arrant a coward as ever trod.

He had let go his hold of the child, and the little chap was now clinging to my knees with might and main. 'I want to go home,' says he, still struggling with a sob, but trying to speak up boldly like a man.

'And where may your home be, my young gentleman?' says I, mightily pleased at the good British pluck that he had just shown.

'At the Hall,' says he, looking suddenly sheepish; 'but I ran away.'

'Ho, ho! so that is the time of day. And how about this ruffian here?' I pointed to the cringing gipsy, while I made the handcuffs jingle in my pocket.

'He is the Devil,' says the boy, in an awestruck tone. 'Nurse told me he would catch me the next time I was naughty.'

'It may be so,' says I, quite gravely. 'Anyhow, you will come along with me for the present. As for you,' turning to the tramp, while I gripped him tighter, 'afore I let you go, you have got to tell me whereabouts you stole this boy. Was it far from here?'

For knowing that there is no Hall near us, I made sure the child lived at a distance. And so it turned out.

'Maybe six mile away,' returned the man, in a sneaking sort of way. 'I say, guv'nor, let go my collar, will ye? Didn't mean no harm by little chap. Was only trying get him say where he holds out, d'ye see?'

'Were you going to dress him in that toggery, to take him home?' says I, pointing to a bundle of ragged clothes that lay near his feet.

'Oh, those 'ere things belong to my own little lad,' said the gipsy, and no doubt he spoke the truth, so far as it went. 'I expect him, in a minute, to put them on.'

'Indeed!' says I, with great contempt, and giving him a final shake. 'Well, you may be off, as fast as you like—unless you want to hear more of this affair.'

Thereupon, I let him go free. He snatched up his rags, and was away, like a shot.

'You had best keep clear of these parts, my man,' I shouted after him, and then I turned to the child.

'Now we will go home,' says I, with a sigh of relief, 'where I am thinking you will have to bide the night, my little gentleman.'

Upon which he linked his hand in mine, right willingly, and we marched up the lane abreast. He seemed to be leading me, and lumbering giant though I be, I knew that he had me in his power. For that was the most taking little chap, sir, as ever drew mortal breath.

'Why did you run away, sir—if I may ask such a question?' says I, quite humbly.

'It is a terrible secret,' says he, in a hushed sort of way. 'Promise you won't tell.'

Of course, I assured him that he might place confidence in me.

'Well, you see, Uncle Will has been reading a lot to me about Robinson Crusoe. So I was going to find a desert island, 'cos I want to live like he did. S'pose you've heard about him and Friday?'

'Yes, sir,' says I, 'they were living when I was a boy.'

At this, he lifts his little face up to me, all in wonderment.

'Why, what old men they must be!' says he, cocking his head, meditative-like, on one side.

'Now if I were you, sir,' says I, persuasively, 'I would give up that island scheme until I had found a Friday. You would be very dull all by yourself.'

'How would you do?' says he, examining me with a critical eye and half-doubtfully.

'It is a pity, sir,' says I, feeling that I owed him an apology, 'but you see I have got a wife and baby at home. And here we are, I do declare, for we had reached the garden gate, almost without my knowing it.'

It was not until we were ensconced by the warm fireside that I perceived how sadly my poor little gentleman had been mauled about. But he bore up most bravely, in spite of his bruises, while Molly was that tender and pitiful over him, he might have been one of her very own.

'My name is Robbie,' says he, when I asked him, and nothing more could I get out of the little man. Then staring stedfast at the baby, that seemed uncommonly to take his fancy, he added, 'What's yours?'

We told him the infant had been christened Susan Jane.

'I wish we had got a baby, just like Susan Jane,' says he, so prettily that Molly made a fool of herself, and kissed him once more.

Soon we sat down to our evening meal, and after a cup of warm milk, and some harmless plum-cake, our little visitor grew still more chatty. 'God's birthday will soon be here,' says he, and he pulls a small black case out of his pocket. 'I've got my nice new telescope to give Him. Then He can look at the stars through it, and count them up quite easy. I am going to send it by Santa Claus, when he brings my presents down the chimney. So you see, I will have to lie awake all night. . . . But if it is Christmas Eve to-day, I ought to be at home,' says he, with a suspicious quiver passing over his face. Then he braced himself up again, in a moment.

'P'raps you will take me back to-morrow?' says he, addressing me with tears in his trusting blue eyes.

'Why, certainly, sir,' says I. 'You may be sure of getting home some time to-morrow. And I expect you will find a very full stocking waiting for you there. But you won't see Santa Claus this Christmas, I am thinking. So you had best go to sleep and dream of him instead.'

'You are a deal more likely to see him in that way, my dear,' pops in Molly, with a sly look at me.

However, when the morning came, and we were all seated round a cosy breakfast-table, Master Robbie informed us that he had been dreaming all night of the Evil One and of his own misdeeds.

Now, I was feeling a bit disturbed in my mind, because I had not been able so far to find out where was the Hall—let alone which particular Hall it might be. For it seemed as if the little fellow either couldn't or wouldn't remember his surname. And I pictured to myself the rare state of fright that his parents were bound to be in, concerning such a treasure.

Then, well-nigh unthinkingly, I took up the *Guildford Journal*, published every Tuesday, and which had just arrived.

Bless my soul, sir! If one of the very first things that caught my eye, wasn't relating to this very matter.

'Strayed from home, on the morning of Christmas Eve'—the notice ran somewhat to that effect: 'a boy of five, answering to the name of Robbie. Blue eyes, curly brown hair, and frank, confiding manner. Dressed in brown velvet with a Vandyke collar. The Hall, Elmford.'

'I will have to miss church this morning, Molly, my lass,' says I, and it was the first Christmas I had done that, sir, since my confirmation. 'I am off to Elmford with this young gentleman—for I have just got hold of his address.'

'Well, if you believe me, sir, there was Molly that cut up at losing the little chap, she had no eyes left even for the baby. Anyhow, we started off at last, in a gig which belonged to our nearest neighbour, and was always at my disposal. It was a bright, frosty morning, the Christmas bells were ringing across the snow, and we both enjoyed the drive.'

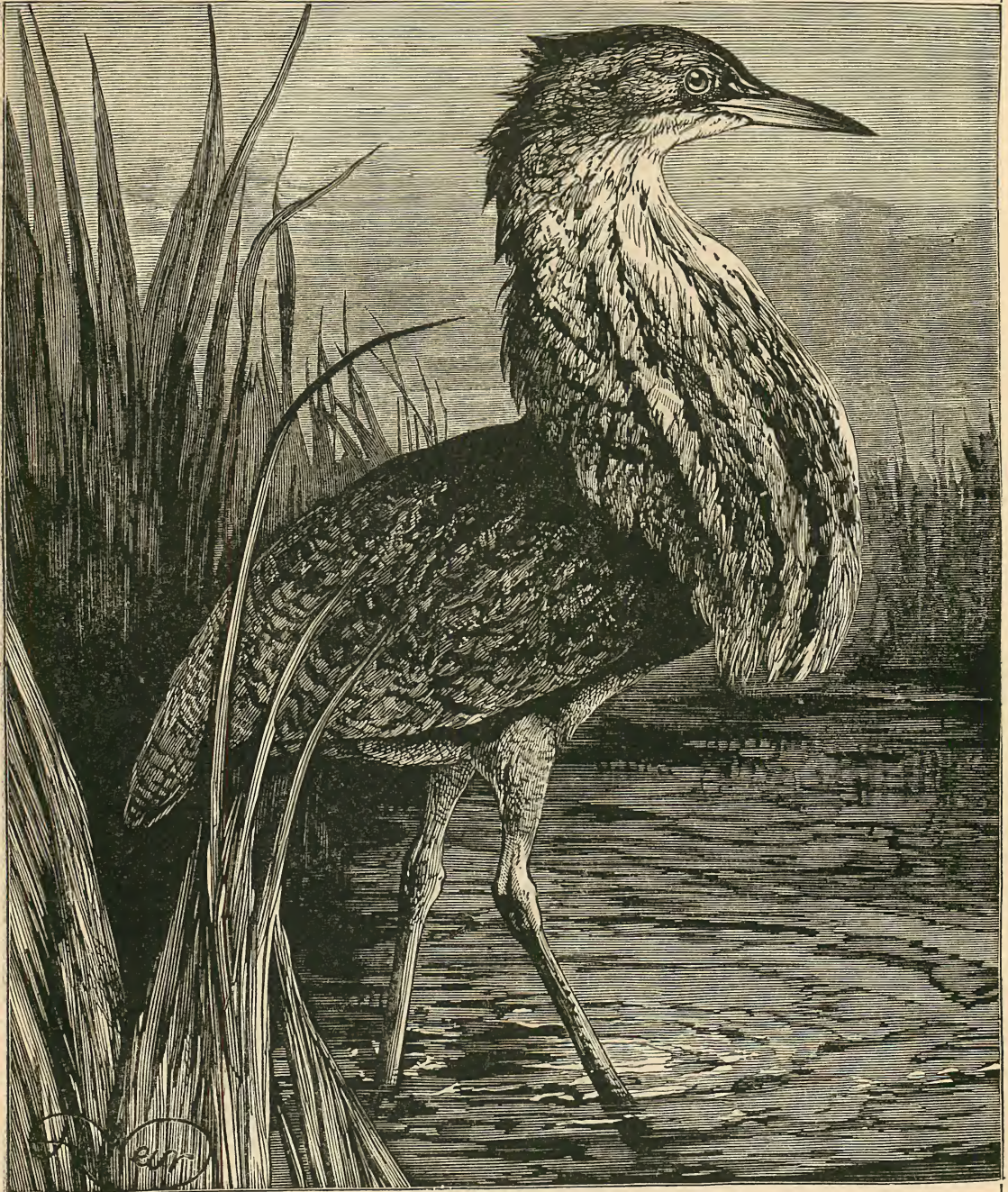
Dear me, what a happy meeting that was, to be sure! Not a single reproach did the boy receive, only broken words of love and joy. For he was their only one, you understand. And they insisted upon my accepting a crisp bank-note, did Mr. and Mrs. Temperley, in spite of all I could say to the contrary. It was for Susan Jane, they urged, of whom Master Robbie had made mention at once.

Well, well, that same little chap, sir, is now captain in a crack cavalry regiment, and as gallant an officer as ever drew sword for our good Queen Victoria.

As for the good-for-nothing gipsy, it was my luck to come across him some years later, on a certain Bench day. He had been at his old tricks again, and he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for stealing—well, this time, sir, I am forced to admit, it was only turnips.

Good-day, sir. A Merry Christmas, and many of them.

FLORA SCHMALZ.



THE BITTERN.

THE Bittern is a solitary bird belonging to the Crane tribe. Standing erect, it measures nearly four feet in height! It has a smooth, black head, and a white throat streaked with red and black. It is found in many parts of Europe, Asia, and America. The bittern lies hidden during the day, and at night

feeds upon frogs and fish, small birds, and even quadrupeds. It frequently rises to a great height in the air, and makes a loud, screaming noise. It is terribly fierce, and when attacked by birds of prey it erects its sharp bill and receives the shock on the point, thus compelling the enemy to retreat.



"A hamper from the dear old home,
With granny's tender love."

GRANNY'S HAMPER.

A HAMPER from the dear old home,
With granny's tender love!
Oh, how I like to think of her,
All earthly friends above!

I almost think I see her now:
Her meek and patient air,
Her gentle face, her calm, sweet brow,
Her soft and silvered hair.

She writes that, though confined to bed,
Not able e'en to move,
Her thoughts this happy Christmas-tide
Are thoughts of tender love—

For you, for me, for every one;
That all may happy be,
And that when this poor life is o'er,
Our Saviour we may see.

PHIL'S BROTHER.

(Concluded from page 396.)



WHEN Jem returned and had lighted the fire, Dr. Leslie gave Phil some more milk, and telling Jem what to do in the night, prepared to go, promising, in answer to those wistful eyes, that he would come again the next day if possible, and, if not, that he would send some one who would do as well.

'Remember, Jem,' he added, 'you are not to tell Phil anything till I give you leave, and you will stay here for the present.'

'I shall not leave Phil, sir, unless they make me,' was Jem's reply.

Dr. Leslie gave a final look at the boy, and was

moving to the door when Jem stopped him. 'Dr. Leslie—sir,' he stammered, 'will you—take them—back?'

Without venturing to raise his eyes, he held out a well-filled purse and a handsome gold watch and chain.

'They are not hurt,' poor Jem went on, as Dr. Leslie looked at him in utter amazement, 'and the notes are all there. It is only the money, and—and I will own I did it—only I want to get rid of them, if you will let me.'

'I understand, Jem,' said Dr. Leslie, kindly, 'and I am very glad to get the watch back. I valued it very much. I shall not say anything about you till we see how Phil gets on.'

'I can never thank you enough, sir,' said Jem, chokily, and Dr. Leslie wished him 'Good-night,' and departed.

'What a very strange thing,' Dr. Leslie thought, as he took his way out of the wretched streets and got into a cab. 'I never dreamed of seeing my watch again. I suppose that is what the poor lad meant by saying I shouldn't be sorry if I went, and he was right enough, too. There must be more good in him than any one would think that he should be willing to sacrifice himself for the sake of his brother. I wonder whether he will keep his word and not make off: I shall leave him quite free to go, and see how he stands the test. I must send Mrs. Markham in the morning to see to Phil, so that he may have a rest.'

So, to Jem's great surprise, a comfortable, motherly woman, carrying a large bundle, made her way to his room early the next morning, and announced that Dr. Leslie had sent her to take care of Phil, and that he was to go and have a good sleep. Jem was too worn out to make much objection, and after watching her put his brother between two warm blankets and wrap his thin arms and hands in cotton wool, he felt that he could safely leave him to her care. Indeed, if it had not been for her help, Jem did not know what would have become of them, as day after day went on and Phil got no better. He would have been quite in despair if it had not been for her hopeful words, that as long as he could be made to take nourishment, Dr. Leslie did not think it hopeless. And at last, to his very great joy, the doctor told him that he saw a little improvement, and that he was getting a trifle better. For a long time Phil could not make out what had happened; all he knew was that he was warmer and better fed than he had ever been in his life before, and though he was often in a good deal of pain, he was quite content to lie still and ask no questions. A very red-letter day it was to Jem and to the devoted Jack, when Phil, carefully wrapped up, was carried to an arm-chair, borrowed for the occasion from the sympathising occupants of one of the lower rooms, and allowed to sit up to tea. It is true he was a perfect skeleton and too weak to stand; but Jem was very thankful to see him up once more, and to hear him laugh at some of Jack's comical speeches. But though Phil picked up a little, he did not gain much strength, and one day Dr. Leslie called Jem out of the room.

'Jem,' he said, 'Phil won't get strong as long as he stays here. He wants fresh air to breathe, and he has not a chance of getting it in this shut-up place. I

think we must send him off to the sea, to some warm place where he can be out in the air without any risk of getting cold.'

'It would be first-rate for him, sir,' said Jem, slowly, 'only—'

'You wouldn't like to be separated from him?'

'No, sir, it is not that,' said Jem, colouring. 'I am only afraid he wouldn't like going amongst strangers while he is so weak.'

'It should not be amongst strangers. Mrs. Markham has a sister living by the sea, and I have arranged with her to take Phil for a month and perhaps longer. Mrs. Markham will be glad to pay her sister a visit, and she will take Phil down and settle him there. He will soon be at home with them, and it will be the best thing for him and for you too, he added meaningly.

'Yes, sir; it is very good of you and indeed I am very grateful. But will you, sir?'—Jem looked waited and made a long pause, while Dr. Leslie waited, wondering whether after all Jem was going to appeal to his mercy—'will you please,' Jem went on in desperation, 'let him be taken care of till I—' another long pause, 'and tell him why I can't come to him or write to him, and don't—*don't* let him fret,' and poor Jem turned his head away and leant against the wall.

'Yes, I will see that he is happy, at least as happy as he can be without you, and I will take care that he is well looked after, I will promise you that. We will send him off on Monday, then, and in the evening or some time the next day,' Dr. Leslie looked keenly at Jem, 'I shall expect you to be found here.'

'I shall be here, sir,' was all Jem said, and he went back into the room.

Great was Phil's delight at the prospect before him, only dimmed by having to leave Jem; but the latter said that it would be such a comfort to know he was getting strong that he should not think about that. Phil thought his brother rather odd sometimes; he was very dull, and hardly seemed to take much interest in the wonderful things he expected to see. He would not promise to write, saying it took him such a time, and Dr. Leslie would hear about him and tell him, nor would he say when they should see one another, or what they should do when they met.

'I do wish we could get some work—some real respectable work,' Phil said, one day. 'Mrs. Markham says it is such a pity for a fine strong fellow like you to be idling about, picking up odd jobs and half-starving. She says it would be so much better for you to have regular work, and I think I might do something too, when I come back.'

Jem thought rather dismally of the 'regular work' that was before him, but he only said, 'Well, some day we will get away from all this, and do some respectable work if we can, Phil.'

So, though very low-spirited beforehand, when the actual moment came, Phil departed in very good spirits, and Jem returned to his solitary garret. Dr. Leslie had paid for the room during Phil's illness, and he had some bread for his next meal, so he busied himself with cleaning the room, and having made it tidy and returned the borrowed chair to its owner, he sat down to wait. But the morning and

the afternoon passed and no one came but Jack, who shared his meal and his bed and slept peacefully, while his companion lay awake half the night, listening to all the familiar noises of the restless court, and wondering when he should hear them again.

Early next morning Jack went off on some mysterious errand of his own, and Jem waited on. But it was mid-day before a firm step on the stairs made Jem turn pale, and though he went to the window and stood looking out with his hands in his pockets, his heart beat so fast when the door opened as nearly to choke him.

'Are you James Price?' asked the new comer.

'Yes,' said Jem, without moving.

'Come here and let me see if this description agrees with you,' taking a paper from his pocket.

Jem turned at once without raising his eyes.

'Yes,' said the other, looking him over, 'and you know what you are wanted for. Did you expect some one to come?'

'Yes,' muttered Jem.

'And you stayed here knowing that? Why didn't you make off? You know this means gaol, don't you?'

'Yes,' returned Jem. 'I know that, but I promised Dr. Leslie I would stay here.'

'And you mean to own to it, I understand?'

'Yes, I took the things; but if he hadn't held me, I wouldn't have been so rough. I am sorry enough now he has been so kind to Phil, and I will be glad to get it over.'

'You will come quietly and not make a fuss about it?'

Jem nodded.

'Come along then,' and the other turned and went downstairs.

Jem followed him across the court and through the narrow alleys to the broader street, where, to his surprise, a cab was waiting.

'Get in,' said his companion, and Jem obeyed without a word.

They drove in silence for some way, till suddenly Jem discovered that they were not going in the direction of the police station.

'Dr. Leslie wants to see you first,' said the other briefly, as Jem looked at him inquiringly, and in a few minutes they reached the house.

'Have you got him?' called out Dr. Leslie, as they went in.

'Yes, here he is,' was the reply.

'Well, Jem, I am very glad you kept your word,' said Dr. Leslie, as Jem entered the room, 'though I felt sure you would. Didn't you feel tempted to bolt when you were left so long?'

'No, sir,' said Jem, getting very red. 'It wouldn't have been fair now Phil has got well.'

Dr. Leslie nodded approval. 'I think he is worth trying, don't you?' he remarked, looking at Jem's companion, who was standing beside him.

'Yes,' he returned. 'Look here, Jem. How would you like to come with me and do some "real respectable work," as Phil calls it?'

Jem stared at him in such blank amazement that the others laughed outright.

'You think you haven't much choice, eh? But I'm not a policeman, Jem, though you made up your mind that I was. You are still free to choose for

yourself whether you would like to be a respectable lad or a half-starved loafer.'

Jem gave a gasp, but said nothing.

'I am Dr. Leslie's brother,' the other went on, 'and I think from what he has told me, that you might get back your character and do well, if you make up your mind to it. I will find you work in my stables, and Phil shall come and live with you and see what he can do. I shan't pay you at first, but I will keep you and Phil, and if you work well, I shall take care that you get on. What do you say, Jem?'

But Jem still said nothing—he only rubbed his eyes with his dirty and ragged coat-sleeve.

'I think the matter is settled, Frank,' said Dr. Leslie, to his brother, seeing that Jem was too much upset to speak. 'Besides, he belongs to me, and I claim a right to dispose of him as I like! I never intended to send the police after you, my lad, but I left you alone that I might see whether, when Phil got well, you would think it did not matter and break your promise. Now, if Colonel Leslie trusts you, will you try and not disappoint us, but be an honest fellow for the future?'

Jem raised those dark eyes which had recalled to the doctor's mind his midnight assailant, and said quietly and decidedly, 'Yes, sir, I will.'

'That's right, Jem. Mrs. Markham has got some clothes to make you look a little more respectable, and you can make those over to Jack. I told him to come and say "good-bye" to you here, for Colonel Leslie is going this afternoon and will take you with him, and when you have had some dinner, it will be time to start.'

Very different did Jem look in his new clothes, and Jack declared, if he had met him in the street, he shouldn't have known him.

Brown, rosy-faced Phil had some doubts too, when Jem met him at the pretty little village station, and took him proudly to the coachman's house, where he was living and where Phil was to live with him. And it was out in the pleasant country fields, far away from the miserable garret in Red Lion Court, that Phil heard the story of his illness and what it had led to; of how Jem had fully expected not to see him for many a weary, miserable month, and of Dr. Leslie's great goodness and his brother's kind offer.

'And I do love those horses,' he said, 'and the Colonel says I shall make a good groom if I take the trouble, and I shall, too.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Phil, 'we shall have to be very good after all this; and I do believe, Jem, we shall grow to be real, proper, respectable working men.'

Which in due time they did.

As for Jack, he became the fortunate possessor of a barrow, which at that time was the height of his ambition, though he has since become fired with a burning desire to rise to a donkey, or even a horse and cart! But he always makes a point of calling with his goods upon Mrs. Markham, and it is observed that he leaves the best vegetables and the choicest fruit at Dr. Leslie's door.

'Because,' as he remarks to his many friends, 'he took such a lot of trouble to cure our Phil, and was so awful good to Phil's brother Jem.'



"But Jem said nothing ; he only rubbed his eyes with his dirty and ragged coat-sleeve."



“Your Majesty, here is my right hand.”

GENEROUS APPRECIATION.

THE following anecdote of our great naval hero, Lord Nelson, illustrates his generous appreciation of those who served under him:—When he was presented to King George III. at his *levée*, his Majesty congratulated him on his great victories; after this praise, he condoled with him on the loss of his arm. Nelson turned round to Captain Berry, who had been the companion of many of his exploits, and introduced him to the King with this remark: 'My loss, I assure your Majesty, is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand.'

THE LEGEND OF THE THIMBLE.



(From the French.)

THE Breton women have a curious legend concerning the origin of the thimble. They say that it first came into use during the times of the Crusades.

All the gallant lords and knights were far away in Palestine, fighting for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Silent were the castles,

deserted were the high roads.

Only now and then the warder on the summit of some tower might descry a troubadour in plumed cap, or a pilgrim in travel-worn coat.

At the last full moon, couriers had brought large wax-sealed missives, which, upon being read to the ladies by their chaplains, informed them that the war must be prolonged. God willed it! was the devout thought of all; they must submit to His most holy will!

But how were these long, dreary, silent days—with no tournaments, jaunts, or pleasurings of any kind—to be whiled away? What consolation remained for those whose hearts were throbbing with such painful anxiety for their absent dear ones? What better solace than work?

The dames and demoiselles betook themselves to their needles. Banners embroidered in gold, scarves that shimmered with silver stars, emblazoned standards, and rich church needlework, littered the ladies' apartments.

This state of things, says the quaint old legend, was highly displeasing to the Evil One, who knew that so long as a woman was busily engaged in embroidering sacred names or noble devices she was fairly safe from his wiles.

Thus, beholding the piety and diligence of all these women, Satan gnashed his teeth in rage. For both piety and industry he hates.

He said to himself, 'I must alter all this!' So he summoned his council of evil spirits, of which a prominent member was Dame Idleness.

'My very dear and precious Idleness,' implored Satan, 'mother of all vices, aid me in my difficulty!'

Dame Idleness stretched herself, yawned, stretched

herself, and yawned again. 'I am doing what I can,' she said at last.

'You must do more!'

'Oh, dear!'

'Ha! I have it!' suddenly exclaimed Satan. 'Fetch me—some of you—that Roman poisoning woman who has been with us now some five or six centuries. I will get her to smear all the needles in Brittany with viper's oil, so that their owners will prick themselves and soon toss them away in disgust!'

The following day, all the castles of Brittany resounded with cries and groans. Many a piece of good Flanders cloth, many a delicate bit of tapestry, was spotted with blood.

The self-indulgent quickly yielded and threw away their work; the braver ones endured throughout the first day. The second day, no one worked save Yvonne, the betrothed of the handsome Alain de Kergolec; the others admired themselves in their mirrors, or went to dance upon the greensward.

Furious at the patient perseverance of Yvonne, Satan came forth from his abode. What cared he for his easy victory over the others so long as this one saint-like maiden withstood his devices?

Assuming the sweet voice of a troubadour, he began to sing beneath Yvonne's window:—

'Fairer and fresher art thou
Than a woodland rose!'

Charmed with the beautiful singing, Yvonne rose to look out at the singer, but as she did so her eyes fell upon an image of the Virgin which stood near her.

With a prayer to be strengthened against temptation, she resumed her seat and her task, although her finger was badly wounded with a hundred pricks of the needle.

Then Satan assumed a sad, hollow-sounding voice. 'Yvonne, my child, have you neither food nor drink to bestow upon a poor pilgrim, lately come from holy Palestine?'

Yvonne glanced at the image, and it seemed to her that its eyes said, 'Go!'

She descended the staircase. No troubadour was in sight, but by the drawbridge stood a wretched-looking old man, with trembling hands.

'Come hither, good father!' cried Yvonne. 'Take this wheaten loaf and this wine. They will revive and strengthen you.'

'Thank you, my young lady! Your reward awaits you in Paradise; but accept this shell, with my thanks, for your charity. It has touched the Holy Sepulchre.' And the old man handed to Yvonne a shell.

'Adieu, good pilgrim,' said she. 'Many thanks! May the blessing of Heaven go with you, and give you a prosperous journey!'

Again Yvonne took up her needle, with sore and bleeding fingers.

As she did so, she murmured a little prayer: 'O Lord! I offer my sufferings unto Thee; only protect my Alain, my beloved!'

And in wiping off the blood with her handkerchief, Yvonne somehow caught the middle finger of her right hand in the shell, which completely covered the tip. Her burning wounds felt an instant relief.

'Heaven be praised!' exclaimed the thankful girl. 'It must be because this shell has touched the Holy Sepulchre!'

But it was soon found that other shells had the same soothing and protecting qualities. The following day, all the maidens of the neighbourhood were on the sea-shore, gathering shells. Then, armed with the shells and with good resolutions, they went back to their needlework.

Sundry rebellious needles, it is true, broke themselves against the hard shell-shields, but these were speedily replaced by new needles, and all went merrily as before.

Thus, according to the legend, was the Evil One made to defeat himself, and that which he had intended to aid him in his plan brought his wicked devices to nought.

The thimble was born. It was, to be sure, rather awkward and clumsy, but it was destined to rapid improvement. Soon it was made of iron, then of ivory, then of silver, then of gold.

Such is the Breton legend of the thimble.

E. D.

THE HOLLY.

IF we look out of the window on some cold winter morning, the prettiest tree in sight is the old Holly on the lawn. Its crumpled leaves form little troughs, and in every trough lies a dainty heap of snow. The scarlet berries gleam in the pale sunshine, and I am sure we shall be quite sorry when the birds have eaten them all.

Some people think that in old days this was called the Holy Tree, because the monks used its branches to decorate the churches at Christmas-time. We use it also, both in the churches and in our houses, together with ivy and mistletoe. In Norfolk, the country people call it the hulver-tree. *Hulver* is supposed to mean 'hold fair,' and you know that the holly keeps fair or beautiful all the year round.

Hollies grow very slowly, and they are not very particular about the soil in which they live. They do not mind the weather either, and may often be found on bleak moors, where the sweeping winds would be too cold and strong for any other tree. The leaves of the holly are so stiff and prickly that it makes a capital hedge, but it is much more handsome when it is allowed to grow into a large bush or a tall tree. There are some grand old hollies in England which are thirty or forty feet in height.

Holly blossoms may be seen in June. The tiny flowers are white and waxen, and form pretty clusters round the brown stems; but they are not so often noticed as the fruit which follows them. September is the month in which the berries change their green dress for a bright red one, and all through the winter they gleam out cheerily amongst the glossy leaves. But if the weather is severe, the birds soon find them, and feast on them with great delight.

The wood of the holly is white and hard, and is valued by cabinet-makers. The pretty little fancy boxes for which Tunbridge Wells is famous are made of it, and sometimes it is dyed black and polished to imitate ebony. The long tough shoots are often used for whip-handles.

H. L. T.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS.

53.—*Eucalyptus*.

- | | | | |
|----------|------------|-----------|----------|
| 1. Ely. | 4. Paul. | 7. Celt. | 10. Pat. |
| 2. Cup. | 5. Castle. | 8. Cuyyp. | 11. Cue. |
| 3. Lucy. | 6. East. | 9. Yes. | |

54.—Hot-spur.

THE KEA, OR NEW ZEALAND PARROT.

IN New Zealand there is a peculiar kind of parrot found, which does not seem to exist in any other place. The natives call it the 'Kea.' It inhabits only South Island, in mountainous regions, and was formerly a vegetable and insect-eating bird, but when sheep were introduced into the country, it began to frequent the various stations, especially where sheep had been killed, and it was observed to feed upon the offal. Later on it acquired the strange and objectionable habit of destroying live sheep, for which purpose a number of these parrots band together and hunt out a weakly member of the flock, which they worry and torment till it falls to the ground. Then the voracious creatures attack it on the flank, where the skin is thinnest, and even before the animal is dead they are devouring the kidney fat, which they seem to prefer to all other food. This seems to be one of the most remarkable instances known of a sudden change of habit.

D. B. McKEAN.

A CRIMEAN HERO AND HIS VICTORIA CROSS.

AT the close of the Crimean War our British heroes, who had by their personal bravery before the enemy earned the Victoria Cross, were paraded before her Majesty, to have the British soldier's most valued decoration pinned on their breasts by their sovereign's hands. One by one the Queen lifted each medal, and pinned it by its ribbon to the brave man's breast. As she was about to fasten one, it slipped and fell. A young lady in attendance upon her Majesty lifted the cross, and was about to fix it in its place; but the soldier stepped back a pace, and said: 'I pray that her Majesty may pin it on. I do not value that bit of metal; the honour comes from the hand which gives it.' While the gifts which God showers upon us are in themselves deserving of our gratitude, His children value them more when they remember that it is their Heavenly Father Who bestows them. When a private soldier in the British Army receives the Victoria Cross, the guard has to salute him when he passes. If he be wearing his cross, he receives the same salute as an officer. The decoration which he bears places him, for honour, on the same platform as his officers.



“The honour comes from the hand that gives it.”

SPLENDID BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS,

Author of "Captain January."



Margaret Montfort.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Illustrated with full-page drawings. A new volume in the series of which "Three Margarets" was so successful as the initial volume. 16mo, cloth, **\$1.25** handsome cover design.



Three Margarets.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. A charming story of three cousins who meet for the first time at the country place of their bachelor uncle, and enjoy themselves to the utmost in the company of their newly found relatives. It is one of the most clever stories for girls that the author has written. 1 vol., **\$1.25** square 16mo.



THE HILDEGARDE SERIES.

Hildegarde's Holiday.

A companion to "Queen Hildegarde." By LAURA E. RICHARDS. Illustrated with full-page plates by Copeland. Square 16mo, cloth. **\$1.25**

Hildegarde's Neighbors.

By L. J. Bridgman. Square 16mo, cloth.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. A companion to "Queen Hildegarde," etc. Illustrated from original designs **\$1.25**



Queen Hildegarde.

A story for girls, by LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "Captain January," etc. Illustrated from original designs by Garrett. (292 pp.) Square 16mo, cloth. **\$1.25**

"We would like to see the sensible, heroine-loving girl in her early teens who would not like this book. Not to like it would simply argue a screw loose somewhere." — *Boston Post*.

Hildegarde's Home.

designs by Merrill. Square 16mo, cloth.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS, author of "Queen Hildegarde," "Captain January," etc. Illustrated with original **\$1.25**

Hildegarde's Harvest.

cuts. Square 16mo, cloth.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. The *fifth* volume of the Hildegarde Series. Illustrated with eight full-page **\$1.25**

A new volume in the "Hildegarde" Series, some of the best and most deservedly popular books for girls issued in recent years. This new volume is fully equal to its predecessors in point of interest, and is sure to renew the popularity of the entire series.

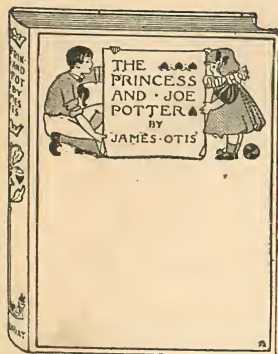
The Hildegarde Series

as above. Five vols., square 16mo, put up in a neat box. Next to Miss Alcott's famous "Little Women" series they easily rank, and no books that have appeared in recent times may be more safely put into the hands of a bright, intelligent girl than these four "Queen Hildegarde" books. **\$6.25**

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



The Princess and Joe Potter.

By JAMES OTIS. A new volume in the "Jenny Wren Series." Illustrated with numerous full-page and text drawings by Violet Oakley. Small quarto, handsome cover **\$1.25** design.

An excellent story of newsboy life in New York City, in the delineation of which the author is best known.



Little Mr. Van Vere of China.

By HARRIET A. CHEEVER, author of "Little Jollyby's Christmas," etc. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. Small quarto, hand- **\$1.25** some cover design.

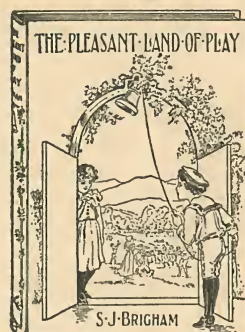
An extremely interesting and pathetic story of a lovable little boy, who, becoming weary of the drudgery of his life in a New York City attic, leaves it, when his guardian dies, and goes as a stowaway to China, where, after seeing many wonderful sights, he finds his father, whom he long since supposed dead.



Stories True and Fancies New.

By MARY W. MORRISON (Jenny Wallis). A very entertaining collection of rhymes and chimes for young people, many of which have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas* and *Harper's Round Table*. The cover design is by Amy Sacker, and the volume will be

profusely illustrated with quaint conceits by L. J. Bridgman. Small quarto, handsome cover design. **\$1.25**



The Pleasant Land of Play.

By SARAH J. BRIGHAM. Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury, the well-known illustrator of children's books. A collection of stories and poems for the little ones. Small quarto, handsome **\$1.25** cover design.

The "Stories of American History" Series.

By JAMES OTIS, author of "Toby Tyler," "Jenny Wren's Boarding House," etc. Each story complete in one volume; with 17 original illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Small 12mo, neatly bound in extra cloth. Each **75c**



When Israel Putnam Served the King.

By JAMES OTIS. A story of the French and Indian War. The 7th volume in his "Stories of American History" Series. Illustrated by L. J. Bridgman. **75c** Small 4to, uniform cover design.

A new volume in the author's deservedly popular "Stories of American History" Series.

2. **The Signal Boys of '75:**
A Tale of the Siege of Boston.
3. **Under the Liberty Tree:**
A Story of the Boston Massacre.
4. **The Boys of 1745**
at the Capture of Louisburg.
5. **An Island Refuge:**
Casco Bay in 1676.
6. **Neal the Miller:**
A Son of Liberty.
7. **Ezra Jordan's Escape**
from the Massacre at Fort Loyall.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent postpaid upon receipt of price by

DANA ESTES & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.